Crossing Izuku (and the consequences there of)
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Crossing Izuku (and the consequences there of)

by HeadcaseKiller

Summary

To stand against Izuku Midoriya is a grave mistake here are some examples.

- Inspired by Offense Taken by ScoutSquid
- Inspired by Going On Strike by RandomAssRaven
- Inspired by solidarity (was the movement that turned the direction of history) by daylightbreaks
- Inspired by With Confidence by TimelessTears
- Inspired by no stability (without solidarity) by daylightbreaks

Hurt Feelings

'Crossing Midoriya Izuku' is typed in, the entity quickly turns to those gathered and asks "Any guess what that means?"

Many students raise their hands but Monoma barks out "Someone hurts his *precious feelings.*"

"Exactly right, Monoma Neito," Headcase begins "in these stories Midoriya will be insulted, incensed, and/or wronged in some way."

"And we'll have his back right?" Ururaka asks with a combination of worry and rage.

"Sometimes," many are shocked that their other selves might turn on, or ignore him "other times you are the problem."

"So these are all stories of us turning on him?" Todoroki asks in restrained rage.

"Not all of them, in fact, some of these worlds have the entire class rallying around him."

"But what kind of things trigger this?" Momo wonders aloud.

"Yeah Midoriya," Kaminari draws attention to him "what would *really* set you off?"

"I-if I had to pick the most likely thing would be discrimination." Izuku looks up thinking "Any type really," he scrunches his nose "It might be the only thing to make me seriously angry," he pauses "abuse is a close second though." Nods and murmurs of understanding and agreement fill the theater.

"Ms. Headcase," the principal starts " how many of these stories do you have for us?"

"Three so far." she says simply.

"What are their names?" Aizawa sighs.

"And what are they about?" Mic adds.

"Well the first is 'Offense Taken' and in it, 1-A is doing an interview with a reporter."

"Oh that sounds so fun!" Ashido cheers.

"Yes, I thought it best to start with a less stressful entry."

"And the second?" Midnight reminds.

"That is called 'Going On Strike', and involves the near entirety of 1-A *royally* screwing up." She replies carefully.

"What did we do?" Hagakure asks timidly.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait and see." The room goes quiet for a few.

After a while Bakugo speaks up "So what about the last one?"

"The third story is called 'solidarity' and is Nezu's mistake." she informs staring the rat down, daring him to challenge her. "I hope you all learn from this, be it mistakes you have already made, that you are unaware of, or ones you could have made, take note."

Now Playing

Offense Taken

Offence Taken

Chapter Summary

dumbass reporters

Chapter Notes

{on screen}

Now Playing

Offense Taken

{Izuku… wasn't sure about this whole *interview* thing.

It was meant to be some kind of practical activity, a whole-class interview on an actual, live news show. They'd all been extensively briefed on what (and what *not*) to say, and Aizawa was there to stop them from doing anything *absolutely* stupid, but it was still well out of Izuku's comfort zone. It was hard enough to talk to people *without* it being on *live air*, after all.}

"It's not even really happening to me and I'm nervous." Izuku comments.

"I think we all are." Ururaka replies.

"And we probably will be when the time comes." Iida adds.

{Still, he supposed that if he wanted to be an effective hero in the future, and have civilians trust him, he would have to connect with the public. Not *everyone* could be a cryptid (*cough cough* Aizawa) who avoided the media at every turn. Plus, using the media to advocate for important social issues might be good in the future, and having a myriad of small interviews like this up his sleeves would be useful. It would give him more credibility and his opinions more weight, at least in the public's eyes.}

"Yeah, I guess, based on what you said, Midoriya," Hagakure draws his attention "you want to tackle discrimination, don't you?"

"Absolutely." He says firmly.

{Despite all the logic in the situation, Izuku still felt like he could faint as the cameras went live.

“Good evening, Mustafu! Tonight we have, as promised, an exclusive interview with the one and only class 1A and their teacher, Eraserhead!” The reporter waved her obnoxiously bright salmon pink nails in the air in a dramatic gesture, and Izuku could practically *hear* fake, sitcom laughter in the background. His discomfort increased. “This class has gone up against *real* villains time and time again, and prevailed, despite being 15 and 16 years old!”

Yeah, Izuku was *really* beginning to hate this.}

"Why does everyone try to paint fighting for our lives as a good thing?" Jiro snaps.

"I wish I knew." Yaomomo sighs.

{The reporter turned to the class. Izuku was in the *front row*, for some reason, and he struggled not to fidget, in view of the cameras as he was. “Tell me, what were your first impressions of your classmates?”}

"Chaotic."
"Strange."
"Slightly unhinged."

{The interview progressed smoothly from there, to Izuku’s relief. He answered a couple of questions but mostly left it to the other students so they could get their brands out there. They were all simple, mundane questions with simple answers; *Yes*, Yaoyorozu and Iida made for very diligent class representatives, *no*, there were no couples in the class (or, at least, no couples that wanted to announce that they were dating on live air, which was unsurprising), *yes*, Sato often baked for the class.}

"That's how he won the 'best room' competition." Ojirou grumbles.

"Did you really expect to win?" Hagakure asks.

"Well, no. But it was still unfair." He replies making Hagakure giggle.

{They got through a full *three minutes* without any incidents, which should have made them all *very scared*. Izuku had expected an outburst within the first thirty seconds, but he guessed that

everyone was more nervous than he had thought.}

"A new record!" Cheers Ashido and Kaminari.

{Really, Izuku should have seen it coming. *Nothing* went this well for them, something was bound to happen at some point. Class 1A was the living embodiment of Murphy's law.}

"That's one way to put it." Aizawa deadpans. Mic and Midnight chuckle at their friend.

{And, true to form, at four minutes and twelve seconds in, it all went sideways.

And, as it often goes for these things, Izuku Midoriya was the unwilling center of the chaos.}

"Why is it always me?" Izuku whines. His friends offer pats on the back in comfort and camaraderie.

{"So, what do you think of UA's entrance policy for quirkless students?"

The rest of the class floundered, off-guard and unsure, but Izuku had researched this. "I think they're incredibly progressive! Quirkless people are so often marginalized and underestimated, and it fills me with the hope that one day, we might live in an equal society." With a quick thought, he added, "Or, at least, a society that is *mostly* equal. Equality is still a *long* way off, but it's a step in the right direction."}

"Well said." Nedzu comments.

{The reporter almost *recoiled*, her features distorting in revulsion for a split second before she covered it up with a nondescript smile. "Oh? I thought, at UA, they would teach you certain values?"

Her words made Izuku freeze. He felt a humming, rumbling feeling in his bones, a discordant roar that made his ears ring.

'Values'?}

"And what exactly is *that* supposed to mean?" Izuku growls at the screen causing tension in the theater.

{The smile dropped off Izuku's face, replaced by a stoic, almost

predatory gaze. Calm, collected, angry.

"And by *'values'*, do you mean bigotry?" His voice was soft but sharp, like razorblades hidden in velvet and silk.

Izuku, in his focused state, didn't notice the rest of the class preparing to book it out of the studio, interview be damned. They had never seen Izuku like this, and they weren't sure if they wanted to.}

"This is terrifying." Kaminari shivers. Ashido and Kirishima nod along. Bakugo is strangely quiet.

{Aizawa was contemplating whether he should stop him or not, but decided to see where this was going.

(*It was entirely possible that Aizawa wanted to see this bastard get ripped to shreds by a teenager. Sue him.*)}

"Shred the fucker!" Dabi cheers with a sadistic grin.

"I'd prefer death but this should be entertaining." Shigiraki comments absentmindedly.

{The reporter stuttered, unsure. "Why, that's a rather harsh way to put it. I would believe *judgment* is a better term."

Izuku let out a short laugh, light and musical, and everyone watching all took a collective gulp.

"Oh, UA fosters *judgement*. The logical kind, however, instead of needless prejudice." Izuku cocked his head, his curls bouncing slightly. "What is *your* opinion of UA's entrance policy for quirkless students, I wonder? Such a loaded question implies a strong value behind it."}

"Oh how the tables have turned." Midnight grins with pride.

{Aizawa disguised a laugh as a cough behind his hand, head ducking into his capture weapon to hide his grin.

"I-I-" The reporter shook her head and stood her ground. "I believe that it is a silly rule. It's not like a *quirkless* person would be able to make it into a hero school, anyway, let alone such a prestigious one."}

"Yes dear," Momo muses at the screen "keep digging, that always

works out so well."

"Nice burn, Yoamomo." Jiro compliments.

"It felt appropriate for the situation." Momo replies blushing a bit.

{The humming in Izuku's bones grew louder, his eyes growing wider in a mockery of innocence. "But Miss," he said sweetly, "you haven't passed the entrance exam either. Aren't you saying that you have the ability of a quirkless person? Which would mean that quirkless people are just as capable as people with quirks?"

Aizawa was going to find a clip of this, and watch it *over and over* again. And get Izuku to do this more often. *So much* more often.}

"I'll send it to your phone before you leave." Headcase chuckles.

{The camera crew was practically *cackling*, albeit quietly.}

"They ain't the only ones!" Monoma calls out, and it would appear throughout the room most, if not all, are trying to suppress their laughter.

{"I haven't ever tried to pass the exam!" The reporter was on the defensive now. "I'm sure I could if I wanted to."

Oh, that was the *wrong thing* to say.

"Are you saying that you are better than the thousands of applicants that get turned down by UA each year?"

This time, class 1A chimed in.

"Yeah!"

"I know heaps of people who failed the entrance exam!"

"What the heck? That's so rude!"}

The boos continue into the audience.
"How dare you!?"
"I barely made it!"
"Do you know how hard this was?!"

{The reporter was growing paler and paler, clearly not knowing how to react to being heckled by a *bunch of kids*. Izuku heard a

slight beep, before the reporter relaxed, looking back at the cameras. “Sorry, that’s all we have time for today. Thank you for coming onto our show!”}

"Saved by the bell." Toga wines.

"Though I'm loathed to agree with an entity such as yourself," Tokoyami begins "perceiving sunshine cast such darkness upon the rot of this world is a fascinating endeavor."

{The camera crew counted down from behind the camera, and Izuku sighed as the ad break was signaled. He turned to Aizawa, ready to apologize, only to be met with a feral grin.

“Do that more often.”

Izuku blinked, before smiling back sadistically. “Gladly.”}

"I have permission to cause chaos." Izuku whispers reverently to himself.

{Izuku walked over to the reporter, tapping her on the shoulder to get her attention.

“What?” She sounded annoyed, and perhaps a little fearful.

“We never finished that chat, now did we?”

The reporter paled.

Izuku smiled.}

As the screen darkens comments and compliments along the lines of "Savage" and "well said" are directed to the Green Bean even from the villains.

"Wait didn't Headcase say *we* screwed up in the next one?" Kaminari calls over the din and silence follows. 1A turns to the screen with trepidation and the rest follow.

Now Playing

Going On Strike

Going On Strike ch1

Chapter Summary

1A fucked up

Chapter Notes

{on screen}

Now Playing

Going On Strike

Chapter 1

{***SHATTER***

The sound of breaking glass cut through any conversations happening in the common room, leaving cold and heavy silence in its wake.

Standing in the kitchen area was Midoriya Izuku. Shattered glass shards and puddles of water scattered around at his feet, while small cuts on his hand started bleeding.}

"Of course Problem Child would hurt himself when he's angry." Aizawa groans.

{Midoriya Izuku, the resident sunshine boy with a reputation for being one of the kindest and most caring people in the class, dawned one of the most *hateful* and *betrayed* looks to ever grace someone's face.

Time seemed to completely stop.}

"I'm not the only one that feels like they're suffocating am I?" Hagakure strains.

"Nope, no definitely not." Ojirou replies.

{The air felt heavy, so heavy it could probably be mistaken for waves of a raging torrent crashing down on them.

It was weighing them all down. Everyone's instincts seemed to be screaming some form of *get away, run away, get as far as you can.*}

"I didn't even know you *could* get this angry until today." Uraraka whimpers.

"I don't like being angry so I tend to avoid it." Izuku explains.

"Thankfully." Iida murmurs.

{All the while everyone's bodies couldn't move.

It was terrifying.

"Waddup guys, ***YAWN*** I heard a cra—" Shinsou stopped dead in his tracks as he paused in rubbing the tired out of his eyes and took in the scene after just coming down the stairs.}

"Ha, that purple fuck is so confused." Dabi chuffs.

"Like who wouldn't be?" Toga pondered.

{That seemed to snap whatever trance the class was in as the pure waves of *rage* that were weighing the room down suddenly lifted, instead leaving Midoriya with a cold and closed-off look as he started swiftly making for the stairs. He stopped for a moment to take a long, over-the-shoulder glance at Shinsou before finally ascending the stairs. Out of sight.

No one dared move to stop him.

"What the fuck?"}

Cries of 'that's what we want to know' and 'what did we do?' echo through the theater.

{Hitoshi liked to think he was a people person.

No, not in a sociable way. God no. Instead, it's more in the way of reading people and learning the type of person someone is so that they can be easier to predict and therefore easier to avoid. Midoriya, by all accounts, was no exception to this rule. Sure, he'd surprised him on a multitude of occasions, like with his complete absence of fear towards his quirk and his distinct lack of opinions about how "villainous" it was. But overall, Hitoshi thought he had a good mental profile on him-- at least kind of.}

"There's no such thing as villainous quirks!" Izuku calls out "Quirks are tools for their users, that's it, just tools. A gun isn't evil because a drug dealer took out their rival with it. Who a person is is so much more important than what they can and can't do anyhow." He stops his rant looks around sees everyone staring at him and settles down after turning bright red.

{That is, until he stumbled upon *that* shit show, whatever the hell that was.

Now, Hitoshi knows better than anyone that everyone has a breaking point. It's kind of the reason he's able to use his quirk so effectively. He digs for what makes his opponent tick and uses that against them so they lash out. Midoriya, again, is no exception. In fact, Midoriya is usually the most susceptible to it because of his complete unconcern about it and the trust he gives Hitoshi. He's seen Midoriya get defensive, determined, and even occasionally agitated, but *never* has Hitoshi seen such pure malice radiating from the green hair teen as when he did at that moment.}

"Dude he's not even on-screen anyone and I'm still shaking." Kaminari mentions.

"Well it doesn't help that we don't know what we did." Ashido wines.

"Maybe if you shut up you could figure it out." Bakugo grumbles.

{So, excuse him for standing there like a doofus and casually letting a "what the fuck" roll off his tongue like some kind of unrealized prophecy.

"Sho- Should someone go talk to him?" The first to snap out of it was, surprisingly, Momo.

For a while, that question went unanswered. People just kinda shuffled around, not really knowing what to do. Iida and Todoroki at first glance looked as perturbed as everyone else, though there seemed to be an underlying unsettled feeling that was only unique to them. Why Hitoshi couldn't tell you.}

"He looked a little like that during the Hosu incident." Todoroki whispered.

"I have a feeling our other selves have made a grave mistake." Iida replied quietly.

{“I don’t think that's a good idea man… did you see how-- how mad Midobro looked?” said Kirishima, voice laced with uncertainty and wavering slightly.

“But what was he even mad about!?!” perked Kaminari “Last time I checked, most of us were just sitting here chatting about the news!!” He said while pointing to the paused flat screen for emphasis.

That’s when Hitoshi let his gaze flit over to the paused tv. The headline was: *Quirkless teen once again falls to the new suicide trend “journey for the weak”.*}

A collective breath was sucked in, hoping that the kids on screen did *not* just make the same mistake as that foolish reporter.

{Hitoshi scowls, he’d heard passings of that challenge when he was in middle school but it had supposedly vanished before the beginning of his 2nd year in said middle school. Basically, there was a set of “tasks” that the person participating had to follow, eventually leading to the last “task” which isn’t really that hard to guess. Frankly, Hitoshi doesn’t blame Midoriya for his reaction. Though, something still nagged at the back of his head that told him there was something *more* at play here.}

"Well that all depends on whether or not your classmates decided to run their mouths." Izuku growled.

{Walking over to the couch area where most of 1-A was strewn, Hitoshi picked up the remote to un-pause the Tv when he suddenly stopped himself, thinking.

Slowly, he turned to face Kaminari.

“What… what were you talking about...?” He asked, slowly.

“Whatchu mean? I just said we were talking about the--”

“Yes I know, that’s not what I meant.” Hitoshi leveled him with a glare.

There was once again silence, the awkward energy getting to everyone present. Everyone in the common room collectively glanced at each other, seemingly waiting for someone to answer.}

"The fact that they don't know what to say means on some level they

know whatever they said was not okay." Midnight comments.

"That makes it worse." Eraser grumbles.

{“Well…” Iida, this time, started slowly.

“We were just discussing the quirkless and how they are… how do I put this… underdeveloped” Iida concluded with a hand chop.}

"I don't think I've ever wanted to swear so much before," Iida comments "much less at myself."

{“Yeah! I’ve personally never met one, but if you think about it, they’re just kinda… there? Like- what can they even *do*?” Kaminari said almost dismissively, waving his hand around like he could physically swat the topic away.}

"Says the guy that short circuits his own brain." Kaminari complains.

{“Not to mention their overall suicide rates are pretty high- according to the news at least.” Momo said, looking at the paused headline on the screen.}

"Have some compassion!" Momo cries scandalized.

{“Maybe they just can’t handle it, you know? Being around a bunch of kids with quirks and not having one yourself would make me pretty envious. Not to mention you couldn’t really do-- anything, really.” Sero piped in.}

"Shooting tape from our elbows doesn't exactly help you cook or study you know." Sero snarks.

{“I’m just glad they aren’t suffering anymore, they must’ve had it pretty hard…” Hagakure said solemnly, shoulders hunched as she slumped on the couch.}

"Does she know how that sounds!" Hagakure shoots standing in shock.

"Hagakure it's okay..." Ojirou starts.

"No it isn't!" She snaps "She basically just said that that poor kid was better off dead!"

Headcase appears in front of her placing her hands on her shoulder. "I

know dear, I know." They hand her tissues after guiding her back to her seat. "Now let's continue."

{Hitoshi just stared at them all with steadily increasing incredulity as the whole room seemed to mumble in agreement, opinions tacked here and there as he just stood there, baffled at the sheer naivety of his classmates.

Looking around a bit more, Hitoshi could spy a few notable exceptions out of the corner of his eye. Tokoyami seemed to look more than a little uncomfortable with the conversation, looking away and mumbling to himself a bit, probably talking to Dark Shadow. Kyoka also looked a bit out of place, looking like she wanted to interject, but uncharacteristically holding back. Other than them, it seemed the people who didn't contribute to the conversation were in general agreement with everyone else discussing as they mumbled affirmations here and there.}

"So 3/4ths of the class took stupid pills in that world?" Jiro snarks "Good to know."

{Though this was all, quite frankly, *unsettling* … Hitoshi still couldn't explain Midoriya's reaction. Whatever Midoriya's reaction was, it wasn't the dumbfounded unsettlement or whatever else Hitoshi was currently feeling… no… what Midoriya exhibited was pure, unnerving, *rage*.

Hitoshi was about to go follow Midoriya back up, suddenly losing his appetite for the snack he was originally after…

Until-- he saw it.

There, standing on the other side of the room was none other than Bakugou Katsuki. Headphones lay loosely around his neck as he stands uncharacteristically Stalk. Still. He was facing away from everyone with a water bottle in hand, and upon further examination, Hitoshi could make out a slight shake of Bakugo's hands.}

"Hey yeah," Kirishima starts "if Midobro and Bakubro grew up together he'd know what was going on."

{Ok… that's kinda weird.

Hitoshi let his eyes linger, staring right at Bakugou over the crowding of students as he studied the blond carefully.

It seems Midoriya isn't the only one breaking Hitoshi's carefully crafted profiles.}

"You have no idea what they've done." Bakugo growls unsure.

{It could've been because he stopped or because of the eyes currently drilling into his head that got Bakugou moving again, but before Hitoshi could identify any more, Bakugou started walking off.

Hitoshi took the chance to make his leave too, shooting a quick, but cold glare at his class before finally ascending the stairs.

Hitoshi had a lot to think about.}

"At least our students know better." Aizawa sighs.

"It is something to take pride in." Nedzu adds.

"Though I wonder why the Green Bean is so *passionate* about the quirkless." Midnight comments.

"Maybe it will tell us." Mic replies.

{The next day started off without much fanfare.

Hitoshi did his regular morning routine before class with little interference— wake up, contemplate existence, fall asleep again to somehow make up for the 4 hours he may or may not have gotten, wake up 15 minutes before class, and rush to the fountain of life (coffee maker), make it to homeroom 2 ½ minutes before the bell, get chewed out by Iida for getting to homeroom 2 ½ minutes before the bell, and all's well that ends well.}

"Perhaps I shouldn't interfere with our classmates' habits quite so often." Iida comments.

{However, Hitoshi still couldn't shake the *off* feeling he's had since yesterday, and the cause of said *off* feeling seems to only contribute to it the more Hitoshi looks at him.

Midoriya is facing away from everyone currently milling about and instead locks his focus onto the world outside. He has a distant look if you look closely, and if you look even closer you can see the slight shake of his clenched hands that very quickly breaks the illusion of anything thoughtful or calm.}

"I hope they get their act together, and soon." Uraraka informs.

"This is pretty unsettling, kero." Tsu adds.

{Hitoshi doesn't really know what to do in a situation like this. He knows little about Midoriya -this fact only heightened by yesterday's events- and despite him being the only person he's most comfortable around in 1-A so far into his transfer (excluding Aizawa-sensei), there's not much he can think of that he actually knows about Midoriya. He thinks he has a solid profile, and then it's gone and broken a couple of days later.}

"I'm pretty chaotic," Izuku considers "I just don't like causing trouble without reason."

{So instead of leaning over his table and getting Midoriya's attention to ask what was wrong like any normal person would, Hitoshi instead opts to just "keep an eye on him". Now, some might call this a weird form of passive stalking, but Hitoshi thinks that's too creepy for his taste so he's just going to go with the former.}

Soft chuckling rolls through the theater cutting through the tension just a bit.

{Much like the morning, the rest of the day goes on without much fanfare, except of course for Midoriya's subtle odd behavior, but that's neither here nor there at the moment. Anyway, the day goes on and the bell finally rings for the lunch period, and Hitoshi is excited for another fun period of staying in the classroom all by himself while everyone else scrambles towards the cafeteria.

Everyone except him and Midoriya.}

"Oh joy," Shinsou snarks "alone with the pissed-off kid, what could go wrong?"

{The friends that Midoriya usually hangs out with during lunch shoot him a beckoning look but are very quickly shut down by the sideways glance Midoriya spares. It seems nobody is quite ballsy enough to actually approach Midoriya today so Hitoshi acquires a lunch buddy.

They don't actually share any words for the better part of lunch, as Hitoshi is currently occupied with his foody goodness and Midoriya merely writes in his notebook. It's not actually an

awkward experience but Hitoshi can feel the subtle way the air gets heavier and heavier every couple of minutes.

That's when Midoriya's notebook slams shut.}

Nearly the entire crowd jump at the sudden act, followed quickly by laughs and teasing.

{"Hey, Shinsou…" Midoriya asks, voice quiet.

If Midoriya were actually turned around and facing Hitoshi, he would've seen how startled he was. But luckily he's not so Hitoshi answers with a quick "Yeah?".

"How do you feel about the quirkless…?" It's asked in a kind of drawl, slow, and almost wistful in nature if you squint.}

"Ooh boy, that seems like a loaded question." Sato comments.

{"Uhhhh…" Whatever Hitoshi expected from the green-haired enigma it was not that, but despite that, he shakes his head and delivers his honest answer.

"Well— I don't really have any opinions, to be honest. They're people just like everyone else, what's more, to say?". Hitoshi responds back with a shrug.}

"Right answer!" Izuku cheers with a grin making those closest to him sigh in relief.

{That's when Midoriya stills-- His body going rigid and back stick straight. It's only after Hitoshi opens his mouth to ask if he said something wrong did Midoriya almost slump in his seat, turning to look at Hitoshi with something akin to hope and… apprehension?

"D-do you think, uh, somebody quirkless could become a hero..?" Midoriya asks, hope and an almost worn feeling leaking from the seams of his question, almost like he's asked this question so many times the words themselves come out tired and used up.}

"Why does he seem so exhausted by a simple question?" Shigiraki gripes.

{This fact makes Hitoshi all the eager to answer.

"If I can become a hero, I don't see why someone quirkless can't"

Hitoshi answers simply.}

If one were to look at our Izuku at this moment one would see the silent tears begin to flow.

{That's when the waterworks start, but there's something distinctly different about these tears than there are to the ones Midoriya often let's flow. These leak out unsteadily as if being held back, and they are almost completely silent. Midoriya's shoulders shake violently as he lets silent tears fall onto his clenched and scarred hands and tries to hold back choked sobs.}

"Deku..." Uraraka starts, glancing at him, seeing him cover his mouth with his hands as he watches intently as his other self starts to break down. All she can do at that moment is wrap her arms around him as he cries ever so quietly.

{Oh…

I've seen this kind of crying before…

Before Hitoshi can even think, he's getting up and reaching out to hold Midoriya close in a tight embrace. Midoriya stills again for a moment in surprise, but very quickly melts into it, letting Hitoshi try and hold all of his old and bleeding wounds together as he *sobs*.}

Iida stands and searches for Hitoshi and upon finding him calls out "Shinsou, if you would care to join us you would be more than welcome."

Shinsou, though uncertain, stands and makes his way over, taking a seat with the group silently.

{This goes on for a while. Hitoshi holds Midoriya close, whispering sweet nothings as Midoriya lets old wounds bleed. Letting every last tear dribble down, the clogged and built-up pipelines of Midoriya's suppressed tears are finally being used and he suddenly can't stop the stream.

Only after Midoriya finally starts to quiet down does he look up at Hitoshi and smile. It's not like the usual blinding 100-watt smile he's so known for, but it's still somehow more genuine. It's tired and fragile, but Hitoshi still can't help but think 'oh… is that what his real smile is supposed to look like...?'.}

Shocked silence follows the room as those that know him come to terms with this seemingly damaged part of their dear friend.

{“Thank you.” Midoriya states, barely above a whisper but no less meaningful and filled to the brim with emotion.

Hitoshi lets a small grin claim his face.

“You’re welcome.” Hitoshi shoots back. Hitoshi’s glad that he was able to help him in some way…Though, something still nags annoyingly at the back of his head. So instead of going back to content silence, Hitoshi continues.

“Though… if it’s alright with me asking…” Midoriya looks up at him questioningly.

“Why?” Hitoshi asks and promptly cringes a bit— that’s not as descriptive as he would have liked... he should backtrack—

“I-“ Hitoshi’s saved from his own mental panic as Midoriya seems to have gotten the message.

“I was— before UA, before the entrance exam—“

Hitoshi listens.

...

“I was ***quirkless***”}

In the silence that follows Aizawa stands, walks down to *his* Problem Child, and asks "When did you first activate your quirk?" as kindly as the gruff teacher can manage.

"When I saw someone about to be crushed by the zero-pointer and somehow launched myself in the air." Izuku rubs his eyes clear of tears and lets out a bitter laugh "The going theory is that it would have killed me if it activated any sooner."

"Why is that?" Aizawa responds with deceptive calm.

"My muscle mass apparently." He paused in thought for a moment then cringes adding in "The phrases 'exploding limbs' and 'spontaneous

amputation' were thrown around." Causing almost everyone to flinch, grimace, or hiss.

"The next story is ready to begin," Headcase interrupts gently "please take your seat Eraser." He reluctantly returns to his place amount the teachers.

Now Playing

Solidarity Part 1 Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Nedzu's greatest mistake

Chapter Notes

{on screen}

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now Playing

solidarity (was the movement that turned the direction of history)

Chapter 1: we've seen hubris

{Like most things in Izuku's life, the downfall of U.A High School began with a whisper.

"Isn't that one of the hero course kids? What's he doing?" a business course student whispered to his classmate in the hallway. Unknown to them, the student they were talking about - Midoriya Izuku - could hear them.

"I dunno, but isn't he a little… creepy? Muttering to himself like that? What's he even writing about in that notebook of his he always carries around?" The other student whispered back. It wasn't anything unusual - he'd heard that sort of thing plenty of times before U.A., so he simply shrugged it off. His classmates, though, weren't keen on others insulting their friends.}

"Damn right we're not gonna let that shit slide." Jiro calls out.

{"Mind your own damn business, why don't you!" Bakugou barked back. Kaminari, who had been standing with them, gave them a hard glare as well. The two business students scurried off almost immediately, not wanting to risk their wrath. 1-A brooked no threats, be it villains or otherwise, to one of their own. Everybody in U.A. knew their class was tightly knit, practically family in the way they were so comfortable with each other.}

"Oh?" Hagakure realizes "It sounds like we're even closer in that world."

"After the last story I'm glad we're watching something more like this."

"But it's a little ominous how it's being framed." Sato worries.

{"Don't mind them, Midoriya. They're just jealous of your super smarts!" Kaminari said easily, breaking into that grin that made all of his classmates relax. Izuku chuckled a little.

"If you say so," he replied. But he didn't say anything more on the matter, delving back into his notebook. It wasn't anything he hadn't heard before, after all.

Izuku had always been the 'creepy quirkless kid' before anything else.}

"Deku?" Uraraka asks. When he turns to her she continues "I need names."

"Uraraka," he begins "You do realize that Nedzu, our Slightly sadistic, very protective principal, is seeing this too, right?" She takes a moment to think before grinning ear to ear and turning back to the screen.

{'Creepy' and 'Quirkless' followed him around like ghosts on his shoulders, gripping tightly to his identity. Even when he was *given* a quirk, the ingrained instincts that came with years of quirklessness never left. Bakugou was the only one who understood, their relationship having been repaired after a lot of tears, yelling, and hard work.}

"*Given*?" Todoroki asks.

"Uh..." Izuku says smartly "No Spoilers?"

Todoroki begins to protest before Headcase assures him that the answer will come in due time causing Midoriya to pale.

{He was a creep *because* he was quirkless, longing for something he could never have. He studied quirks because it was all he could do - but who wouldn't, when presented with an expansive superhuman world so painfully out of reach? For the first 14 years of his life, he was close enough to touch but never to hold.

And he couldn't hold it because he'd been *diagnosed* quirkless like some kind of *disease*. 'You'll catch his quirklessness if you get too close, you know!' was a phrase he'd heard whispered time and time again. And because he muttered, because his thoughts overflowed like water from a cup, the 'creep' tag followed soon after. 'He's such a creep, the one with that notebook.'}

"Why are children so cruel?" Mic asked aloud.

"I wish I knew." Aizawa growls.

"Then maybe we could do something about it." Midnight complains.

{All he wanted was to know how things worked. He was curious by nature.

But whenever he got too excited - when he just couldn't help himself, his thoughts full to bursting - the other students would bristle and turn away. Or, if they were particularly cruel, they would push and shove and claw and *burn*. The thought that they hurt him just because he was curious hurt more than the injuries themselves did.

He learned not to ask. It never ended well.

He stuck to his notebooks despite that, however, though he could never seem to quite curb the mumbling. He simply decided that he would analyze heroes only, because they were public figures, so surely they wouldn't mind, right? And he quietly decided to never bother the other students about their quirks again.}

"You can analyze mine anytime you want, kero." Tsu informs.

"I would be honored to receive your advice." Iida adds.

Izuku smiles as his friends and classmates ask the same of him.

{His classmates at U.A. though, Izuku learned, didn't think he was creepy. They found his mumbling endearing - or in Kacchan's case, just a tad annoying - and never bothered him about it. He wrote in his notebooks still, and they even wondered what he wrote. When he showed them his analysis after a week of begging, they were *impressed*.}

"Of course we were, he's like one of the smartest kids in the school." Kaminari comments as though it's obvious.

{They asked him if he could do some on *them*. He'd been over the moon, practically euphoric that somebody had bothered to seek him out for advice. Outside of his friend group, it had been Kaminari first, asking for tips on how he should use his lightning to avoid incapacitating himself. Izuku had gladly written him up a few pages in his free time, and it didn't take long for the rest of the class to follow. He could ask people his age about their quirks for the first time.

The class trusted Izuku. 1-A just had a way about them, something that said they all were closely knit and didn't allow for people to come between them. Others saw it in the way they stood firmly together in class events. The teachers saw it in the way they came to each other first before they ever approached an adult, and in the way, they would slot together in the little moments between themselves.}

"Though it's great to see the children band together and lean on each other I do wish they would come to one of us." Recovery Girl sighs.

{In the mornings, Izuku was always the first to wake up and make a pot of coffee. He passed out cups to his classmates, bleary-eyed from sleep. They would all move around him seamlessly then and during the rest of the day. Izuku made it a point to know their tics; he knew Yaomomo preferred tea over coffee, he knew Ashido accidentally melted things with her acid in her sleep, and he knew Kaminari was offering his thumbs-up as a reassurance that he was alright in his shut-down mode. It was the little things that counted, in his mind.}

"We've only done stuff like that a few times so far." Ashido mentions.

"So," Kaminari starts "I bet he already knows all those things."

"Well, yeah, but that's just him."

{And conversely, they knew his tics as well. Whether or not he actively talked about it, they knew he had pains in his arms from all the bone-breaking he'd done. Iida showed him tips to relieve the numbness and Todoroki would gently ease his muscles with a heated hand. They knew he was anxious in social situations, so Kirishima would step in front of him whenever he was uncomfortable or Hagakure would loudly grab attention and put it on her.}

"You guys really are the best." Izuku says softly.

{Sometimes, on quiet nights in the dorms when they all shared the commons, they'd fall asleep entangled with each other. The students were close enough that sharing themselves, and comingling in the same spaces no longer bothered them, no matter who it was with. Even Shinsou, though he hadn't officially joined their class, was often spotted in their dorms instead of the Gen Ed dorms. Hatsume, too, seemed to be included in the group of honorary 1-A members.}

"Neat." Shinsou deadpans as a squeal echoes from somewhere in the room.

{Izuku, for the first time, felt like he could trust his classmates and friends. He cared for them all, and they all cared for him back. So really, it should have been no surprise that they'd stick up for each other when times got rough. 1-A was a family in every way except blood.

But it didn't stop people outside of their class from talking.

And like everything else in Izuku's life, things started to go downhill with a whisper.}

"Fuck everything that's about to go down." Bakugo groans.

{"Hey… do you know what Midoriya writes in those notebooks of his?" Midnight leaned across her office desk and into Toshinori's space without a care in the world, whispering but still loud enough for others to hear anyways.

"Hm? Young Midoriya's notebooks? Why do you ask?" Toshinori tilted his head, confused as to why they'd interest her at all. Midnight sighed.

"Well, I just thought you'd know, practically being his dad and all." She teased. Toshinori spluttered and turned red at the implication, and with a wet cough into a handkerchief he composed himself. He sighed and shook his head.}

"She sees it too!" Todoroki points out.

"I'm not All Might's secret love child!" Izuku shoots back.

"Why deny the truth!?" Todoroki responds.

"Not again!" Iida cries out trying to break up the ridiculous argument as the girls giggle and Shinsou looks so *so* confused.

{“One of these days, your teasing is going to give me a heart attack,” he muttered. “It’s just notes on heroes he likes, being a fanboy and all. Where did this question come from, anyway? Did he do something in class, or…?”

“No, no, he’s an attentive student. I just heard some of the third-years talking, that’s all. Some of them seem to think it’s a bit… strange. Creepy, you know?” She waved her hand dismissively. “It’s not that big of a deal. Just some kids talking.”

Toshinori’s eyebrows furrowed in concern, his lips drawn into a thin line. That was… concerning. He knew Izuku well, of course, being his mentor and predecessor. Their ten months of cleaning up Dagobah beach had not consisted entirely of rigorous training; in actuality, they had quite a few moments of personal conversation where he learned a lot about the boy.}

"10 months doing *what* now?" Aizawa asks in suspicion.

"Uh..." Toshinori replies dumbly "Spoilers?"

Aizawa begrudgingly let's it go, *for now*.

{He was incredibly self-conscious. It was why he’d worked himself to the bone, why he placed so much value on heroics - because it was all he viewed himself as useful for. Izuku had asked him directly, once, why he invested so much time in him. Why would All Might take time out of his day to work with the ‘creepy quirkless kid?’

“Right,” Toshinori finally responded, his tone stiff and distant. “Just kids talking.”

Somehow, that just made his feelings on the matter worse. It wasn’t just kids talking, not when he was already struggling to get the boy to believe in himself a little more. Izuku absolutely refused to trust adults, *especially* teachers. Toshinori had asked why, once, during one of their quiet beach conversations. His only answer had been ‘Teachers are just as bad as students, sometimes.’

He almost didn’t want to know what that meant, but he could piece it together from the way he jumped at everything, assumed

the worst in any given personal situation, and was always anxious. The picture Izuku painted wasn't a pretty one, but it was *Izuku* and All Might accepted every facet that came with the boy easily. *Izuku was a good kid, and his trust was hard won.*}

"This puts things in such an awful perspective." Midnight says concerned.

"I suppose those 10 months you won't talk about were at least good for the kid." Aizawa informs.

"Yes, they are." Small might replies pointedly not explaining anything."

{But All Might - Toshinori, too - had that trust.

"You're probably the only adult I can really be honest with," Izuku had told him, a piece from another one of their beach conversations that had stayed with him. *"I trust you."*

Toshinori was not ashamed to admit he had shed a tear.}

"You know he really did," Izuku says smiling; before blushing and adding "I may have panicked a bit." His friends only say that they understand why and leave it at that.

{But that trust made situations like this difficult. When his successor already struggled with his image, it was hard to remain impartial to his coworkers who brushed these things off as 'kids talking.' Even Aizawa had completely lost the boy's trust as a teacher from day one. He'd told the boy to his face he wasn't fit to be a hero with a quirk that destroyed his body. Izuku only trusted him as a hero, not as a teacher or mentor.

Somehow, Midnight's whisper of 'kids talking' felt like nails on a chalkboard.}

"Oh, I really fucked up on that one." Aizawa winces in realization.

"Yes, you did, and not with just him." Yagi confirms.

"What do you mean?" Aizawa demands.

"See for yourself." He waves toward the screen.

{Nedzu was a cold and calculating individual. He hated humans,

and he didn't hold any one person in particularly high regard. The teachers of U.A. knew that. But for all his faults, they generally believed in his ability to decide the best course of action. He may play with people like they were chess pieces, but his moves generally ended in favorable results for them.}

"Well that's not ominous." Shinsou says sarcastically.

"Headcase did mention this world revolves around Nedzu's mistake." Iida winces.

{So when Nedzu decided on something important, the teachers almost always followed suit. He was a principal who knew how to play a human game to get what he wanted, and he used his games to make future heroes. He was one of the most influential, important figures in the hero world, and he used his power and knowledge for their benefit… mostly.

But with power and hatred came pride, and with pride came hubris. And hubris, as humans knew, was the downfall of many. It came swiftly, with painful and exacting retribution, and it spared none in its path. Hubris was a powerful force.

Nedzu would learn that fact, too.}

"Oh, dear." Nedzu mumbles in apprehension.

{"Ah, Aizawa, thank you for joining me." Nedzu pushed a cup of steaming tea across his desk to the sleep-deprived hero. The man downed it in a few gulps, though Nedzu was sure it burned. An impressive feat probably done through years of drinking coffee much the same way.

"Of course, sir." Aizawa said coolly, waiting for the reason why he was there.

"Well, I'll get right to it. Recently, a few students have approached me regarding a rather… concerning subject. They say Midoriya has a notebook he carries around with him in which he writes personal information about the students. Now, of course, this could be mistaken, so I'd simply like you to retrieve the notebook so I can determine its contents myself, as an unbiased party. You don't need to look at it; being his teacher, you have bias. I'll decide what to do on my own afterward." Nedzu explained, to the point and almost clinical in tone.}

"Fuck he's gonna take it out of context!" Bakugo growls.

{“Understood.” Aizawa gave a curt nod in response. He knew how the principal worked and valued that no-nonsense attitude. “You want it by the end of the day?”

“That would be for the best. I’d like to just dismiss the claims sooner rather than later if I could.” Nedzu nodded. Aizawa gave another nod and left, whispering something to himself about ‘problem children’ and ‘incessant muttering.’}

"Wait, I don't mind his muttering." Aizawa says a little confused.

"That's not you Sho." Mic tries to comfort him.

"Thankfully," Midnight starts "it seems like that other Shota is about to make a big mistake."

{Todoroki, Sero, and Aoyama talk among themselves happily. It had been a quiet day of studying, nothing exciting. Just the way he liked it. Routine was nice; he knew what to expect and how to follow it through. It made life easier for him, routine did. He didn’t have to think so hard.

So as he had walked into the commons with the other three boys, he was surprised and a bit wary when Aizawa pulled him aside. Izuku had nearly full-body flinched at the man’s hand on his shoulder, unearthing an instinct Bakugou had buried months back when he apologized for ‘most of the shit he pulled in middle school.’}

"We stan character growth." Kaminari and Ashido chorus.

Bakugo just groans.

{“Problem child, we need to talk.” he said, his usual gruff distance evident in his voice. Izuku hated being singled out. He was a *problem child* in the man’s eyes. What had he done to upset the teacher this time? He hadn’t broken a bone in a while…}

"He doesn't mean it that way." Izuku says concerned.

{“O-Of course, sensei,” Izuku nodded shakily because he didn’t dare question a teacher. That always made things worse. Much, much worse. He gave his friends the best smile he could. “Y-You

guys go ahead, I'll catch up in a little bit. We're studying in Kacchan's room later, right?"

"Yep, so make sure to be there or he'll yell at us for not bringing you!" Sero laughed, good-natured though Izuku could see the worry in his eyes. Same with Todoroki and Aoyama. But Sero pulled them along anyways. "C'mon, let's give them some space."

And then it was just Izuku and Aizawa. The feeling of being alone with a teacher made him jumpy like he expected to have some other, unknown shoe drop at any moment. As if he would get scolded simply for existing, a ruler or textbook or an open palm ready as punishment.}

"I never want a student to look at me and expect abuse." Aizawa says, worry breaking through his expression.

{"Your notebook," Aizawa began, sounding as bored as ever, "The one you're always writing in, would you let me see it for a little while? I'll return it."

"H-Huh? My notebook, Aizawa-sensei?" Izuku asked, suddenly more confused than anything else. "Um… may I ask why? N-Not that I'm questioning you, sir! I'll give it to you, o-of course! I was just, you know, um, wondering wh-why you would want it since it's not that important and all ofmynotesarekindofbadanywaysandIdontthink-"

"Problem child, you're muttering again." Aizawa grumbled and gave him a glare, and Izuku let out an 'eep' before nodding and starting to pull his backpack off of his shoulders.}

"Why is Sensei so much grumpier in that world?" Hagakure huffed.

"He didn't even answer Midoriya's question." Ojirou complains.

{"Wait, sensei, which one did you want, actually? I-I have a bunch of them. This one is number 17, I just started it." He said. Number 16 had been nothing but notes on his classmates. Maybe Aizawa wanted that one so he could see what the students were trying to learn in their free time? That made sense, though it made him nervous that he would just ask like this.}

"17?" Izuku is shocked "I'm still using number 14!"

{"17, huh?" Aizawa raised an eyebrow. "Just give me the last 3 or

4, then."

"Right, sensei! I'll be right back."

As Izuku scurried off to grab the notebooks, he realized Aizawa had never actually answered his question about why he wanted to see them. But it was too late to back out now, so he swallowed down his fear and pressed forward.}

"Damn this kid is fucked." Twice comments "**Everything will be fine.**"

{Nedzu had to admit, this certainly was curious. 17 notebooks and all of them filled to the brim with writing? He wondered what the boy could possibly have been writing about… He decided to start with number 14, seeing as that was the earliest one Aizawa had gotten. He was glad to get a sample so he could really see what these supposedly 'creepy notebooks' were about.

Nedzu flipped the cover open, and staring back at him was a detailed, intricate drawing of Present Mic's costume and graphic of his directional speaker and its inner workings, all of which should - theoretically - be trade secrets. The rest was in code, but it was very basic and Nedzu had little to no trouble translating, even in his head.

Following that diagram was nothing short of an absolute dissection of the man, from his history to his psychology, from his quirk to his fighting style, and everything in-between. The analysis was so thorough - and *accurate* - that he almost did a double take. Nedzu couldn't believe what he was looking at. It was on par with his own writing.}

"Oh, I see, hubris indeed." Nedzu comments.

"When this is over we need to help him with these notebooks." Midnight insists.

{Then, there was an absolutely brutal list of methods that could be used to take Present Mic down, his weaknesses, things that could be used to tear down the man even psychologically. Nedzu narrowed his eyes. What in the world was this…?

As he flipped through the pages, he was horrified to find a piece on every single U.A. staff member of the same caliber. The things in this notebook alone were terrifying and could be very, *very*

dangerous. And the fact that he'd encoded it and acted skittish when confronted, according to Aizawa, painted a concerning picture in Nedzu's mind.}

"He's always nervous though." Koda whispers confused.

{To him, there was absolutely no way a student could write anything of this caliber, let alone such ruthless subject material. Some of this had to have been lifted straight from his own staff files, he was certain of it. This was most certainly not good at all, and Nedzu decided on a thought he'd never had about Midoriya prior to that moment:

In his mind, Midoriya Izuku had to be the traitor.}

"What the fuck!?"
"How could you think that!?"
"A ridiculous notion!"
"Hell nah!"
Someone is cackling, no one can tell who.

{"Midoriya." Aizawa slid the door open in the middle of Ectoplasm's math class, his expression far more brusque than he usually ever was with his own class. "Get up. You need to come with me. Now."

Izuku was visibly startled this time, being singled out in the middle of class like that. He looked around at his classmates, who all looked just as confused and concerned. Nobody had even gotten up to shenanigans or fights this week! Why was Izuku being called out? But Izuku went anyways because it would make things worse if he argued or questioned, he knew that.}

"He can't even stand up for himself at this rate." Jiro scoffs.

{"I'll save your homework and pass it on to Iida, Midoriya." Ectoplasm gave him a nod. Midoriya gave a little nod of thanks and gathered his things. As he stood, Bakugou gave his hand a small nudge with his own, a silent show of support. Sero, Jiro, Shoji, and Hagakure all did the same as he passed them, and Izuku felt at ease knowing his friends were there for him. If they weren't upset with him for something, then surely it couldn't be too bad.}

"Aw, we're so cute." Hagakure coos.

"At least we'll have his back." Sato comments.

{Maybe Aizawa found that hole he accidentally punched in the commons drywall and covered with an All Might poster that nobody else questioned?}

"Midoriya." Aizawa stands.

"It was him, not me!" Izuku defends quickly.

"So when we get back there won't be a poster in the common room?" Aizawa questions.

"Not that I know of." Izuku says finger to his chin in thought. His classmates are giggling among themselves.

{That would get him in trouble, surely… Stuff like that happened on the regular, though, and it never got anybody else called out in class… but the dark part of his mind, the *quirkless* part, whispered that it didn't matter - because he wasn't *them* and he'd always be the *creepy, quirkless kid nobody likes.*

But he shoved that down. All Might was always telling him to relax more.}

"The one time my anxiety is actually right." Izuku sighs.

"Please tell us when you are in such a state of mind." Iida insists.

"We can't help if we don't know what's happening." Todoroki adds.

{He followed Aizawa, who seemed to be silently seething about something. Izuku wasn't sure what, but when a teacher was in that kind of a mood, it was better to just leave them alone and do whatever they said. It got him through many encounters with authority figures in middle school. They trekked all the way to Nedzu's office, which made Izuku's worry return with a vengeance.

What did Nedzu want with him?}

"Nothing good." Bakugo grumbles; his squad tense tightening their grips on armrests and each other.

{But he didn't have time to think about it, because he was being unceremoniously walked into the office without another word. And to his surprise (and even more anxiety and fear), Nedzu

wasn't smiling. Okay, Izuku was about ready to activate Full Cowling and sprint his way out of whatever this was. It couldn't be good.

"Please, Midoriya. Sit." Nedzu said firmly, gesturing to the plush chair across from his desk. "I have a few questions for you today."

"S-Sir?" Izuku asked, swallowing down the bundle of nerves trying to claw its way out as he sat down. "Am I in trouble for something, s-sir?"

"Well, Midoriya, that depends." Nedzu's face was set into a grim expression. He pulled out the notebooks he had given Aizawa and set them on the table between them. "Can you tell me what these are, and why they contain sensitive information?"

"M-My analysis notebooks? Sensitive information? Principal Nedzu, um, I-I'm not sure what you mean…" Izuku wrung his hands. He wished Kirishima was here to sit next to him, or that Tsu and Ochako would hold his hands. He felt like his arms were on fire, the pain in them flaring up in time with his heartbeat, thundering wildly from anxiety. "A-And where's All Might, sir, or my mom? Shouldn't somebody be here with me if I'm being, um, questioned…?"}

"Yes they should, it's only logical." Aizawa confirms.

"And yet neither of us are there." Toshinori frowns.

{"Do you think you're being interrogated, Midoriya?" Nedzu asked, his expression not changing in the slightest. "I was under the impression that I was just asking a few questions. But if you think this is something worthy of *being* interrogated over…"

"N-No, sir!" Izuku nearly yelped, eager to metaphorically fall to his knees and beg forgiveness for whatever it was he'd done. He hadn't heard anybody talk to him like this since middle school. And Aizawa was no help, standing and brooding in the corner, glaring so hard it was almost like his quirk was activated.}

"Children." Nedzu calls for attention and upon receiving it continues "No matter the reason if I call you to my office you have the right to have your parent there with you, please use it."

{"Good. Then you can tell me why there's sensitive information in these notebooks." Nedzu said firmly, and Izuku looked between

Aizawa and Nedzu with his eyes wide and fearful. What was going on? What did he mean, sensitive information?

"It's just my analysis, sir! I-It's just a hobby I've picked up since I was a kid! I like studying the heroes on TV so I can learn from them, sir, that's all!" He quickly reassured, tears pricking the corners of his eyes. The whispers of *creepy quirkless kid, you'll catch his disease quirklessness, he's so creepy with that notebook, don't you know it's impossible anyways?* rang in his head. He felt sick to his stomach, Lunch Rush's cooking spoiling into a rock of nerves and *useless, stupid, worthless, quirkless, creepy, creepy, creepy*-}

"This is so not cute." Toga pouts.

"Yeah, this is fucked up." Dabi winces a bit.

{"Let's see. 'Midnight can be easily incapacitated with a skin irritant, rendering it too painful for her to release her gas without hurting herself.' Ah, and of course, 'Eraserhead seems to care deeply for a select few, and if you put them in harm's way, he is bound to make mistakes in his haste to ensure their safety.' Please, pray tell, what part of that seems like a hobby or studying what's seen on TV to you, Midoriya? You have entire pages dedicated to the downfall of every staff member in U.A., including your very own classmates."

Nedzu was deathly still and serious. Izuku blinked away the tears and fisted trembling, painful fingers in his shirt. His breathing was uneven, uneasy. What - what were they implying? Did Aizawa think he'd actually do something with that information? He would never! It was just a study! And his classmates, they *knew* what he wrote about them.

They had all *asked* him to write that stuff - they wanted to get better, to carve away every possible weakness among themselves in preparation for the villains they faced every other week. He had even read them some of the same passages Nedzu had quoted so they knew exactly what they'd be getting into, and they still asked for it.

And heroes were public figures, weren't they? Couldn't anybody piece this stuff together with a basic thought or two? Was it so strange when he wrote it?}

"Not many would take the time to pick apart fights that way, kero."

Tsu informs.

"But that's what makes you so good at planning." Uraraka adds in comfort. Midoriya thanks her with a soft smile before returning to the screen.

{But that's when it hit him. It was *him*. The whispers of the 'creepy 1-A kid' had been growing lately. His hands stilled and fell to his lap. *Creepy quirkless kid. Creepy 1-A kid. Creepy, disgusting, you'll catch his disease, disturbing, creepy, creepy, creep, you're such a creep-* He should have known better than to think U.A teachers would be any different. All Might really *was* the only one he could trust. They didn't see it like he did because it was *him*.

He'd always been the creepy, quirkless kid before anything else, All Might's protégé or not.}

"I really hope I wasn't part of those rumors." Monoma whispers apprehensive. Kendo just gives him a look not so thrilled by the thought.

{"Yes, sir. I do. It's just a hobby." He said softly, though his tone was resigned. When a teacher decided he was a *creep* he couldn't fight it. But he would at least tell the truth, regardless of whether or not they believed it. "My classmates asked me to analyze them personally. They know what I wrote. And the heroes, they-"

"Midoriya, you wrote that the most effective way to take out your own *friend, Uraraka,* was to break her fingers beyond repair. You honestly think she would be okay with the kinds of things you have written in here?" Aizawa scoffed, interrupting him. "I didn't want to believe it when Nedzu said you'd thought up ways to *kill people,* problem child. Some of this stuff was taken right from Nedzu's files, right? So how *could you?!"*

Aizawa snarled and got in his face, and Izuku had to fight to keep from activating One for All on instinct. "I and every one of your classmates *trusted you!* What, have you been selling this stuff to the League in your spare time? It makes too much sense, you know? During that whole shopping mall incident you told Shigiraki where the camp was, didn't you?!"}

"What are you smoking!?"
"Fucking bullshit!"
"Didn't you see his bruise from that!?"

{Izuku's mind went blank. They thought he did *what?!* That was - that was beyond being a creep, they thought he *stole files* from Nedzu and gave them to the League?! He leaped to his feet in his own defense, shouting and in tears.

"No! Absolutely not! I-If you think I'm just some kind of - of - of *creep* then that's fine! Teachers always do! I'm u-used to it by now!" Izuku hiccupped, heaving breaths, fists in his shirt trembling as he tried to get his hands to cooperate. "But don't - don't say that, Aizawa-sensei, Principal Nedzu! I would *never* betray everyone! I love everyone in my class!"

"What part of this says *love* to you, Midoriya?" Aizawa asked his own voice cracking. "You were a problem child, but you were *my* problem child, Midoriya, so please don't lie. Just drop the act, why don't you? Just tell the *truth."*

"Just drop the act, Deku. Stalking is serious, you know, I could report you to the police. Why don't you understand you'll never have a quirk? Harassing your classmates won't make up for what you lack, it only makes you a creep."

"Hey guys, look! Deku wrote about Sei-chan in his stalker notebooks! The quirkless loser has a crush on Sei-chan, isn't that rich!"

"Tell the truth, Deku. Did you or did you not harass your classmates by asking them uncomfortable and personal questions? Nobody will like you that way, creepy little twerp."}

"Was that one of his teachers?" Mic asks incredulously.

"It seems I might have to look into the boys' previous schools." Tsukauchi decides.

"With my assistance of course." Nedzu insists.

{It was always the same. Just the same as middle school. Teachers never believed him. He would always be the creepy, *quirkless loser*, and nothing would ever change. Why, *why* did he think otherwise? He wanted to crawl into a hole and never come out. Maybe then he'd eventually get over the sheer mortification of a *hero school* assuming he'd stoop so low.

Of course the *quirkless creep* would stoop that low. He was *quirkless* after all. Nedzu knew the truth behind One for All, so of course. He wasn't All Might, so it made perfect sense. He couldn't

escape the ghosts, the whispers of *quirkless creep* clinging to his shoulders. They probably didn't even tell All Might he was being questioned right now, for fear he might actually object.}

"One for All?" Aizawa and Todoroki ask in unison unaware of each other's question only to be met with dodging in the way of spoilers.

{"I *am* telling the truth, Aizawa-sensei." Izuku sobbed, clutching his arm where he could feel the pain thrumming through his scars and crooked fingers. "I *am*, I *promise*, I'd never hurt any of you! Even if you don't believe in me, e-even if you don't think I'll a-a-amount to anything, I swear I would n-never betray you all like that! You can ask anyone in class!"

And that made him feel a little better, at least, that he was able to trust his classmates, confidently, to not throw him under the bus. They were his friends. They would never.}

"Damn right!"
"We got you!"
"Count on it!"

{"You coded it." Nedzu said, meeting Izuku's teary gaze with his own darkened one. "So that nobody would know what it was, yes? And not to mention you have been observed by other students making disturbing notes, acting suspiciously whenever the notebooks are brought up, and a number of other factors. What are we supposed to assume with that information?"

"I-I don't *know*! I don't know! I coded it because I didn't want a villain to accidentally find it! But I didn't give out or steal any information!" Izuku cried, hoping, begging, *pleading* that Nedzu or Aizawa would understand.

"See, I find that hard to believe. Some of this is on par with my own analysis, which shouldn't be possible without an intelligence quirk, which you don't have. Not to mention, some of the diagrams and statements in your notes are factual and almost word-for-word matches for what's written in my staff files." Nedzu said coolly, not caring in the least.

"Wh-What?" Izuku croaked, wiping uselessly at his eyes even as he kept crying. "But I didn't! All of that is just my theories and notes! I get all of that from TV clips and speculation, and s-sometimes I ask the teachers questions, but I never stole anything! *Please,* Principal!"}

Many have begun to cry at the injustice done to their friend's on-screen counterpart. Gritted teeth and clenched fists are commonplace.

{Nedzu barely repressed a scoff, and Izuku felt his will crumbling by the second. He wasn't going to be able to convince them. They'd already made their minds up. He was a *creep,* and now he was a *backstabber* too. Izuku felt like the floor had been ripped out from under him.

"I'm sorry, Midoriya, but we cannot look past this. Even if you haven't sold this information off or given it out, you still took information from my files and have detailed plans on how to take out my staff and students. I cannot, in good conscience, allow you to remain in this school any longer with the danger you pose. I'm sorry, Midoriya, but as of now… I'm expelling you from U.A." Nedzu said, though his tone was far from apologetic.

Izuku choked on his own breath and fell to his knees, sobbing and trembling.

He knew it was too good to be true.

He would always be the quirkless, creepy *backstabber*.

"I'm taking you to get your things and then walking you to the gate, Midoriya." Aizawa said, his tone cold and angry. "You have until curfew to get packed."}

"NO!"
"This isn't fair!"
"Stop it!"
"He didn't do anything!"

{Izuku felt so *empty* as he walked back to the dorms, Aizawa glaring holes in the back of his head the entire time. He felt like he was one moment away from having a breakdown when he opened the doors and found the class waiting for him. Immediately, his friends surrounded him, seeing how visibly upset he was by whatever had happened.

"Midobro! Are you okay?!" Kirishima shouted, taking a place at his side.

"Yeah! You look wrung out!" Hagakure said, her voice laced with concern.

“Dark Shadow and I sensed something was wrong. Are you alright?” Tokoyami spoke up next. Izuku heaved a breath and he could help but burst into tears again at the sight of all the people he’d have to leave behind. The only peers he’d ever come to trust, wholly and unconditionally. All because he could never escape those cursed labels.}

"We won't just let you go!" Ashido shouts at the screen; others echo agreements with conviction.

{“Well? Are you going to tell them or will I, tomorrow at announcements?” Aizawa said through grit teeth. Izuku choked off another cry as the class quieted down, suddenly realizing how serious this was. They’d only heard their teacher like this a few times before.

“I-I-” Izuku couldn’t get the words out. Todoroki eased his way to the front of the crowd and separated him from Aizawa.}

"You're a good friend." Izuku tells Todoroki.

"I'm still learning." Shoto informs.

"Doesn't make you any less of a good friend." Uraraka counters cheerfully.

{“You can tell us in the kitchen, Midoriya. Sensei, we’ll talk to him alone for a little bit. Okay?” He said with a look that meant he really wasn’t asking. Aizawa narrowed his eyes.

“As long as he’s with the entire class. After your talk, he comes right back to me.”

“Fine.” Todoroki nodded curtly and the class shuffled off to the kitchen, leaving the scruffy man behind. Todoroki sat Izuku down in a chair, pulling up one to sit right next to him. He took his hand and began to ease the muscles in his shaking hand. Instantly, all the tension began to melt from Izuku, away from his teacher and surrounded by people he trusted.}

"It feels so good to be trusted like that." Momo smiles softly.

"Hopefully one day we really do get to this point." Jiro murmurs.

{“What’s going on, Midoriya?” Ojirou asked, wrapping his tail around the green-haired boy’s other shoulder. Izuku leaned

against it, grateful for the contact. The other students murmured their confusion at the situation as well.

"I-I… I've been… I've been expelled." Izuku hiccupped, and the entire class stilled.

"What the fuck?!" Bakugo's apoplectic roar was the first thing to break the silence, followed by a mass outcry from the rest of the class. Once they quieted down, Bakugou spoke again. It was clear he was barely holding back his anger for Izuku's sake. "Why, Deku?"

"B-Because, Kacchan," Izuku looked up with the emptiest gaze anybody in the class had seen him with, but it was a look Bakugou knew well. "I'm a *creep."*

"No," Bakugou flexed his palms, eyes wide with angry understanding, "You're shitting me. Like middle school all over again?"}

"How bad was that school?" Sero asks concerned.

"Long story short, there's a reason I barely listen to teachers." Bakugo dismisses.

{"I-I'm not… S-Some students… apparently told Nedzu I was harassing them a-and so he looked at my notebooks a-and he thought I was a *traitor!* That I stole his files and gave your information to the League!" Izuku sobbed again, leaning further onto Ojirou's tail. "I t-told him and Aizawa-sensei you guys gave me p-permission to write that stuff, and that I got the hero analysis from TV, but he w-wouldn't believe me! It never… Teachers never *change,* Kacchan."

"I'll fucking kill them." Bakugou stood. "All Might fucking left you there too?"

"O-Oh god," Izuku wheezed, "No, no, A-All Might didn't - they didn't tell him. He… he'll be so *disappointed* in me, Kacchan…"}

"I could never be disappointed in him!" All Might cries out in both concern and anger. It takes a while to calm him enough to continue.

{"He could never be disappointed in you, Midoriya." Iida said gently. "We all know you could never do those things. We should let him know, he'll speak to Nedzu about this. This isn't right.

We'll speak out on your behalf as well, right?"

"Of course we will!" Aoyama huffed. "You're a dear classmate, mon ami!"

"Right! We've just got to clear this up!" Uraraka said firmly. Bakugou grumbled something under his breath, completely ignoring the others and looking Izuku dead in the eyes.

"Deku. I want you to be completely honest with me. Was it like middle school? Is there any way you could get out of this somehow?" He said, voice low. He remembered the days when teachers would single him out just because picking other students over him simply because he was quirkless. When teachers wouldn't hear a single word in his defense.

"I don't… I don't know. Aizawa-sensei was… he was so *mad,* Kacchan like I betrayed him. He believes Nedzu… but I think… Nedzu is like middle school." Izuku sniffled, and Bakugo's shoulders slumped at the realization.

"You guys." He said, his voice almost cracking. Everyone quieted at that. "Nedzu ain't gonna listen to you. Not even All Might."

"Huh?! What do you mean?!" Hagakure asked, and if he could see her, Izuku was sure she'd be almost puffed up angrily like a cat. Bakugou grits his teeth and looked up at everyone.

"Because this isn't the first time this has happened. You think I just fucking ignore teachers for no reason? They're all assholes. You guys didn't… you didn't see the way they treated Deku in middle school. *I did.* If Deku says Nedzu's like middle school all over again, then… there's no way he's gonna listen to shit we say. He's already decided." Bakugou swore colorful insults under his breath, pacing around behind Izuku's chair.}

"Can I burn down that school?" All Might wonders aloud.

"Patience Yagi," Headcase speaks "good things to those who wait." Her knowing smile gave the man and his coworkers morbid hope.

{"What… what were teachers like at your middle school, Bakugou?" Kaminari asked, his eyebrows drawn together in concern. Bakugou looked to Izuku for permission to tell them, and Izuku gave a small nod in return.

“Deku was… a really late bloomer. Like, he didn’t get his quirk until the last year of middle school late. ‘Cause he wasn’t muscular enough or some shit, it would’ve killed him if he used it sooner. You saw him break all his damn bones.” Bakugou explained. The class paled at the realization that *that* was why he had such poor control over his quirk at the beginning of school.}

"He should have been in quirk counseling." Aizawa growls.

{“And the teachers… the other students… hell, even me… we all put him down for it.” Bakugou admitted. Izuku and Kirishima looked up at him with sad expressions. They’d both heard this from him before. “Because he couldn’t use his quirk, he was… he was basically quirkless. And when you’re quirkless, you eat dirt every day for the rest of your life. And the teachers didn’t do jack shit. Hell, they even encouraged it and participated sometimes. So no, I don’t fucking trust teachers to be good judges of character. But I know Deku knows. And if he says Nedzu’s acting like our middle school teachers… *nothing* will change his mind.”

“That’s…” Tokoyami and the rest of the class looked stunned. “That’s beyond awful. That explains why… Neither of you ever seemed to go to the teachers with your problems.”

“N-Nedzu said that… that my analysis was ‘on par with his’ so it shouldn’t be possible. Not without an intelligence quirk… and that some of my notes matched information in his staff files.” Izuku sobbed dryly. “That he can’t let me stay around the staff because of all the notes I have on how to ‘take them out.’ A-As if I’d ever hurt any of you!”

“Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck!” Bakugou snarled. “The damn rat’s a narcissist! Can’t handle the fact that somebody’s as smart as him! I always knew you were a fuckin’ genius, Deku, hell, even I was jealous of you for a while!”}

"It's true and you should say it!"
"Damn rat! No offence principal Nedzu."
"Prideful shit!"

{“And so what if some of your notes matched?” Jiro scoffed. “You’re able to come to a conclusion on your own. Doesn’t mean you stole his files or something. He *must* be a narcissist if he can’t accept that.”

“And what about that detective, the one from the mall incident,

Deku-kun?" Uraraka asked. “Didn’t he have a lie detection quirk? Why wouldn’t they just call him and have him ask you if you did anything bad? He could prove it for you!”

“H-He’s close to All Might.” Izuku sniffled. He was finally settling into tired resignation. Nothing ever changed, and U.A. was no different. It was less exhausting to just… let it happen at this point. “He would have told All Might what was going on. Nedzu p-probably just decided on his own and didn’t think he needed confirmation… and anyways, he said I couldn’t stay anyways, even if I wasn’t a traitor like I said… I’ll just… I have to go.”

“If you go, I’m going.” Todoroki said firmly, grasping his hand tightly. “You’re my reason for being a hero, you know? You made me believe in myself. You made me see myself as capable of so much more. I don’t want to be a hero without you, so if you’re being expelled, then I’m withdrawing from U.A., and you can’t change my mind.”}

"Hell yeah!"
“We out!"
"Let's dip!"
“Fuck with one of us, fuck with all of us!"
"I'm Down!"

{“T-Todoroki-kun, you-!” Izuku gasped in shock and disbelief. “I couldn’t - You have a future! You’re going to be an amazing hero! So… you shouldn’t…”

“There’s other schools besides U.A., you know. We could go to them.” Todoroki said easily. “Once All Might explains the situation to them, I’m sure they’d take us in. And I told you, you’re not changing my mind. I couldn't care less what my father thinks.”

“As if you’re going without me, IcyHot!” Bakugou barked a laugh. “I still gotta kick Deku’s ass, so if you two go, I’m going too!”

“Me too!” Uraraka stood. “Deku-kun, you’re my best friend and I care about you. So I want to go with you as well! I couldn’t be a hero without you either, just like Todoroki-kun said! And besides, somebody’s gotta step in between you and blasty here, huh?”}

Izuku snorts "Such a good friend." to which Uraraka grins.

{“Hah?! As if, round face!” Bakugou snorted.

“Then I’m going too.” Iida nodded firmly. “My family will understand my decisions. I wish to continue my growth as a hero alongside my friends. And I cannot stay at and support a school that blatantly goes against ethics and protocol like this just to expel a student.”

“What Iida said!” Kirishima shouted. “I’m going with Bakubro and Midobro too!”

Sooner or later, the entire class had joined in. Each and every one of them was ready to tender their resignation from U.A. and apply to a different school, all in support of Izuku. Because as everyone in U.A knew, 1-A brooked no threat to their own. And the second Nedzu expelled Midoriya, it was like declaring war on their class - and both he and Aizawa had lost their trust. The fact that they could believe that Izuku could do such a thing was enough.}

"A mass exodus of students, especially this class, is going to destroy UA." Nedzu states stoically.

{“E-Everyone - you…” Izuku hiccupped as the class gathered around him for a group hug.

“Well, we have quite a lot to get through. Iida, would you mind taking Midoriya and a few others to pack up his room? I assume that’s why sensei was walking him back, so we should get everything together. Somebody needs to get All Might and explain what’s going on to him as well. And I will begin filling out withdrawal forms for everyone, and we need to get these to all of our parents… hmm, this will take a little while.” Momo murmured, a hand to her chin in thought.

“My old hag’ll sign it when she finds out what they did to Deku, no problem.” Bakugou scoffed. “And I bet Auntie’s gonna sue everyone in this school.”}

"Oh yeah, no question." Izuku laughs morbidly.

{“Ah, Midoriya, would you mind having my sister sign my form as well? She’s listed as an approved contact for these sorts of things, not just my father. I want to get out of here as soon as I can, and she’ll understand.” Todoroki explained.

“Wait, we gotta tell Shinsou and Hatsume, too!” Sato said suddenly. “They’ll wanna know! And we should see if they wanna come with us!”}

"I'm in!" Mei shouts jumping into a seat next to the Dekusquad. Shinsou is a little nervous, not quite sure what to say.

{“Right!” Kaminari agreed. “Can’t forget anybody!”

“I’ll go get All Might.” Bakugou announced, turning to leave through the kitchen doorway. “You extras work on getting everyone out of here, I don’t care how it’s done. We ain’t letting that damn rat walk all over our class.”

“Understood. Midoriya, do you want to go with him? We’ll treat your things gently if you trust us to get them by ourselves.” Iida asked, adjusting his glasses. Izuku shook his head.

“I don’t - I don’t think I could face him right now, and besides, Aizawa-sensei wants to supervise me himself. I’m glad to have help, though…” He said, wrapping his arms around himself. Momo nodded understandingly, and Bakugou took that as his cue to leave.

“I’ll make you some boxes. Shoji, Tokoyami, would you mind checking the kitchen for his things? Jiro, Sero, you two check the commons. Koda, and Sato, would you two mind making some food for him to take home? I have a feeling it’s going to be a long night for him.” She gave everyone directions easily. “Iida, Todoroki, Tsu, and Uraraka should be the ones to help Midoriya pack his room. Kaminari and Mina, you two should get Shinsou and Hatsume. The rest of us can get started on figuring out the withdrawal process.”

“Just like that? You guys won’t regret this or have second thoughts? U.A is… it’s the best school in Japan. You can’t come back after this…” Izuku hung his head.}

"Not without you!"
"There are other schools!"
"We stand by their decisions!"

{“We don’t want to be a part of a school that assumes the worst from its students and ignores common sense, mon ami.” Aoyama frowned. “You’re a good person, and we all know that. There’s a dozen things the Principal could have done to confirm your story, but he did none of them because he assumed nobody was smart enough to write like him. Bakugo's right - he’s a narcissist. What’s to stop him from assuming it’s one of us next?”

“Sensei thought - he thought I used the mall as a cover-up to sell the camp information to the league. That I *betrayed* you guys like that.” Izuku said, more tears in the corners of his eyes.

“Aizawa sensei thought you *made that up?”* Uraraka asked, horrified. She touched a hand to her own neck in memory. “You had Shigiraki’s handprint bruising your neck for weeks after that. That’s not… you couldn’t have made that up.”}

"Not to mention how many of us you flipped over your shoulder for coming up behind you." Uraraka comments.

"You'd think after the third time we would have learned." Iida adds.

"Why the third time, kero?" Tsu asks.

"Once is an accident, twice a coincidence, but third is a pattern." Iida informs with Todoroki nodding along and Midoriya hiding his face in remembrance of the *many* embarrassing flips.

{“And at the camp… we all know how much Bakugou being taken affected you.” Shoji murmured. “There’s no faking that kind of scream. And your arms… you destroyed them for our sakes. There’s nothing to cover up about that.”

“We all know you love analyzing heroes. Sure, it was a little weird seeing how much detail you went into the first few times,” Sero admitted with a bashful sort of grin, “But we know you do it to learn as much as you can. And besides, knowing your weaknesses helps you defend against them, right? Like me, I never thought about the fact that I could be pulled or hurt by my own tape.”

“And me!” Hagakure spoke up, “I never thought there would be situations where being invisible would be more of a problem than a benefit, but you were right!”

“We all trust you, Midoriya. So you shouldn’t doubt that we’d go with you. You and Bakugou are like the pillars of 1-A. It wouldn’t feel right without the both of you.” Ojirou said confidently. The others agreed, and Izuku gave the tiniest smile.

“Thank you guys… thank you so much.”}

The room is mostly silent as the people within digest everything that just happened quickly bringing their attention to the entity when they

call for it. "Up next we'll be seeing a story called 'With Confidence' which is the result of Midoriya getting hit by a very special quirk. She gives them no chance to reply before beginning yet another story.

Now Playing

Chapter End Notes

Next Time: Quirk shenanigan's

With Confidence Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Say goodbye to anxiety

Chapter Notes

{on screen}

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now Playing

With Confidence

Chapter 1: The Teacher

{Amida Nakamura had a very important meeting today and it was making him anxious. He hoped that it was for a promotion at the accounting firm he had been with for over 5 years now, but the paranoid part of him was whispering that he was being laid off. This anxiety had built up over the night and now here he was, standing on the sidewalk with others needing to get to work, a tight smile and a coffee clutched tightly in his grip.}

"Who's that guy?" Kaminari asks confused.

"With Deku's luck the guy that's gonna hit him with his quirk." Bakugo scoffs.

"Fair." Sero replies.

{The villain fight holding them up was not helping his mental state. The more his mind churned and came up with reasons why his boss wanted to have a private meeting with him, the more his quirk was building up inside, ready to explode.

Just as he took out his phone to text his boss that he might be late, the heroes finally took down the gigantic villain.

“Crap!” he muttered as the ground vibrated, and he dropped his phone. Before he could bend down and grab it, a smaller figure beat him to it.

“Here you go!” a boy in a Gakuran uniform said with a cheerful

smile and Amida couldn't help but smile back.}

"That smile is infectious." Iida nods as though this is an objective fact.

{"Thank you." As he took the phone back their hands touched and Amida felt a calm wash over him. He closed his eyes to enjoy the tranquility before snapping them open in panic when he realized what had happened.

"Shit! Kid? Hey kid!" he yelled, looking through the crowd, but he couldn't catch sight of the boy as people had begun to move.

Oh well. Amida hoped his quirk wouldn't mess up the boy's day.}

"Why do things like this always happen to the Problem Child?" Aizawa asks pinching his brow.

"Are we sure he doesn't have a danger radar quirk?" Mic joked.

"Not yet." Headcase comments offhandedly.

"What?"

"What?"

{It was called Confidence Boost but it could be devastating depending on a person's personality.

The more anxious Amida became, the more confident the next person he touched would be. It usually took 8-12 hours for his quirk to wear off. The confidence that Amida's quirk made was real, but to feed that confidence, another emotion had to be the energy supply. It varied from person to person but it always came from the emotional state they felt the most. Angry people became charismatic, depressed people became the life of the party. Happy people turned into hot-blooded brawlers.

As for kind people?

They became downright ruthless.

By the time Amida made it to work and discovered he was getting a promotion, Midoriya Izuku was feeling the full effect of his quirk.}

"Oh, are we in for a treat." Dabi grinned.

{Izuku's homeroom class was a rowdy bunch. Their teacher, Iwamoto-sensei, was a middle-aged man who had given up on corralling his class into behaving 5 seconds into their first day. Yelling, quirk usage, and other brazen behavior were the norm. The man did not care and was counting down the days to his retirement. He was not a teacher that students looked up to nor was he one they feared. He wasn't interested in his students' personal lives, social status, or much else.}

"Perhaps we should look into the boys' previous schools the moment we get back." Nedzu considers.

"Or at least that teacher." Tsukauchi adds.

{So when he said:

"Midoriya also wants to go to Yuuei."

It was not malicious. It was an off-handed remark that slipped out without a thought because he was stating a fact. But Iwamoto's students knew when there was blood in the water and Midoriya was, more often than not, the prey bleeding out. He did not mean to call attention to Midoriya as he had, but he made no effort to stop the derisive laughter or Bakugou's screaming as he slammed explosive fists onto Midoriya's desk.

"Still?! After all this time, you're still trying to compete with me? Wake up and realize how worthless you are, Deku!"}

Bakugo flinched.

"Dude, how were you worse in middle school!?" Sero exclaims.

"Because Aldera was a toxic fucking nightmare," Bakugo defends "Just ask Deku!"

"It's true, and he's doing much better." Midoriya cuts in.

Bakugo grumbles at the unwanted compliment but lets it go as it calms the room just a bit.

{This was a scene that had played out a million times in this classroom and each time Midoriya would stutter out his defense in a timid voice barely heard among the snickering of his classmates.

This time was different. This time, Midoriya looked past Bakugo, past everyone laughing, and locked eyes with Iwamoto.

And Midoriya smiled.

“Iwamoto-sensei,” he called out, ignoring Bakugou’s growls at being ignored. Iwamoto mentally prepared for whatever complaint was about to come out of the boy’s mouth.

“You look tired and it doesn’t seem like you have much planned for today. I’ll take it from here. I have a lesson in mind that I think everyone will benefit from.”}

"And so it begins." Dabi leans forward rubbing his hands together with mirth.

{That was. . . not what Iwamoto expected Midoriya to say and neither did the rest of the class if the loud burst of laughter meant anything.

“What? What could a useless Deku like you teach me? Or anyone?” Bakugou asked, cracking his knuckles. Midoriya let out an annoyed sigh and turned his attention to him.

“Bakugou, I’ve known you for most of my life. I know your quirk inside and out because I’m your most frequent test subject. My lesson will help put some things into perspective for everyone trying out for a hero school. By the time I’m done, I think we’ll all know who in this class should try out and who should sit out.”}

"Kacchan never *practiced* his quirk on me." Izuku says incredulously "I mean my school supplies yes but nothing that wasn't easily replaced."

{The way he smiled as he said that last part killed the laughter a bit as some of his classmates began to shift uneasily. Bakugou looked taken aback (perhaps because Midoriya hadn’t called him Kacchan?). With a scoff of disbelief, he stalked back to his desk, kicking at his chair before throwing himself into his seat.

Iwamoto decided this had gone on long enough.

“Very funny, Midoriya but I do have a lesson planned. And don’t comment on others' appearances; it’s rude.” he scolded, trying to gain back control of his classroom. He expected his student to timidly apologize but the kid heaved a heavy sigh and stood up.

“Iwamoto-sensei, I think you’ve misunderstood something - I wasn’t asking. The lesson has already started. The first lesson you learn when you’re quirkless is this: the truth is rude, and cruel, and will constantly be shoved in your face. You look tired sensei, so please, sit down.”}

"Midoriya should really do this more often." Aizawa comments.

"Since that other you gave him permission I believe he will." Yagi confirms.

{“Midoriya! I don’t know what’s gotten into you but-”

“It’s because you look so tired, sensei, that I’m going to ignore that you broke student confidentiality by telling everyone that I applied to Yuuei.” Midoriya spoke over him. He didn’t yell or raise his voice but it still stomped out his teacher’s with quick, brutal efficiency.}

"Lawsuit~" Hagakure sings.

{Iwamoto felt the color drain from his face.

“Ah, that was - I apologize. I wasn’t thinking, but it’s really not important in the long run . . . “ he trailed off, internally wincing at how weak that sounded. The way Midoriya looked at him with a quick upturn of his lip, made Iwamoto realize that this student could also smell blood in the water and knew how to find the source.}

"A common side effect of attending the institution known as Aldera Middle." Izuku nods his head sagely.

{“I disagree sensei. I think it’s very important. Because, if you’re breaking confidentiality because you ‘weren’t thinking’, what else are you saying that you contractually agreed to not speak about?” Midoriya tilted his head and pulled out his phone and began to scroll. “This isn’t the first time, you know? You also told everyone I was quirkless on the first day of school as well as commented on some of the grades I’ve gotten this year. As your student, I don’t feel comfortable knowing that you’re talking about my personal information so carelessly. This is a very serious matter. I’m afraid if you can’t give me a better reason, I’ll have to issue a complaint.”}

"Do it anyway!"

“Flay 'em!"
"He deserves it!"

{Iwamoto tried to hide his relief. Issuing a complaint to the principal wouldn’t hurt his career or reputation. That man would never believe Midoriya.

“The school board is pretty strict on these things. I heard a teacher from another school was let go very quickly for giving out a student’s phone number.”

“T-the school board?” Iwamoto squeaked as his panic returned like a tidal wave. Midoriya looked up from his phone with a bored look.}

"Hit him where it hurts!"
"This is great!"
“Well done!"

{“Of course. I can’t take it to a higher authority here - there would be a bias since they know you personally. Ah, here it is. Thank you, Nico-san. I knew someone would post this.” The student in question flinched and hid his phone as Midoriya pressed play and Iwamoto’s words rang out over some weird dub-step music.

“Midoriya also wants to go to Yuuei.”

“Midoriya also wants to go to Y-Y-Yuuei.”

“Midoriya also wants to go to Yuueiiiii.”

It went on in an endless loop until Midoriya paused it.

The class had gone silent. Several students tried to stealthily put their phones away.}

"Remind me to look up those memes so we can send them to Sensei." Kaminari grins.

"Hell yeah," Ashido cheers "evidence without mercy."

{“Evidence is everywhere, sensei. Even if Nico-san deletes his video, it’s already been liked, shared, and saved.” Midoriya looked at Nico with something akin to disappointment. “Tagging it #quirkless kid gets schooled makes you sound like you’re in

primary school - especially since you posted it to an anti-quirkless group. If you're going to bully me on the internet just tag that you want me to die like everyone else. By the way, hero schools are allowed to check social media accounts, so for anyone applying, you might want to do some cleanup. I'd hate to be the reason you don't get in."}

"The sarcasm is, mwah, chef's kiss." Jiro comments.

"He is rather good at it." Yaomomo agrees.

{A garbled noise came out of the back of Nico's throat was one of regret, and he hunched into his school uniform in a sad attempt to disappear. A few kids looked shaken at the information but Midoriya had already turned back to Iwamoto, smiling.

"Please know that I have other instances like this saved and documented. Your teaching career is as good as over if I take this up as I should." he didn't mention that he also had evidence on his classmates but from their frightened glances, he didn't need to. "But! If you let me teach the class for the remainder of home period, I'll forget all about it."

Iwamoto was beginning to fear that smile.}

"As one should." Tokoyami agrees solemnly.

{"I'll forget all about the times you've slipped up because I understand, sensei. I get it. You're tired and so am I."

Midoriya moved to the side of his desk and with a small bow, gestured to his chair.

"Please take a seat and rest."

Iwamoto sat down.}

As the screen darkened the groups chattered on about the *roasting* to come. The excited conversations come to a screeching halt when someone asks what comes next. "We will be continuing 'Going On Strike'." Headcase replies as 1A goes pale quickly returning to their seats and urging others to do the same.

Now Playing

Chapter End Notes

Next Time: The perfect plan

Going On Strike Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The perfect plan

Chapter Notes

{on screen}

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now Playing

Going On Strike

Chapter 2

{...

...

“So what your saying is—“

“Mhm”

“You didn’t get your quirk…”

“Nope”

“Until the— until the day of the **entrance exam…?**”}

"That is so surreal to think about." Uraraka says a little unsettled.

{“Yep”

Midoriya starts rubbing the back of his neck like he was embarrassed— FUCKING EMBARRASS—

Hitoshi takes in a deep breath and lets out a long and drawn-out sigh, pretty dramatic from an outsider's perspective with no context, but held true in the perspective of Shinsou fucking Hitoshi.

“So… so you were essentially quirkless… until the exam?”}

"That is what he said." Dabi deadpans unimpressed.

{Hitoshi knows this question is kinda unnecessary because he knows Midoriya knows he knows the answer to that question already, but Hitoshi finds himself asking it anyway as if asking will make the answer any less true. Because if it is—

“yes…”

—Then Midoriya shares a lot of stuff in common with Hitoshi, maybe even a bit too much for comfort.}

"Good thing I specialize in trauma bonding." Izuku jokes lightheartedly.

"Oh my god, you actually do." Uraraka exclaims in realization. "The entrance exam."

"The USJ, kero."

"The sports festival." Todoroki deadpans.

"The Hosu incident." Iida adds.

"Was that *supposed* to be a joke?" Shinsou asks.

"Hey, what fun is life without a little chaos?" Mei defends her new friend with a manic grin.

{And by the look on Midoriya's face when he confirmed the obvious, it could even be more.

They sit in silence for a while. It’s not Awkward any more than it’s comfortable, it just kind of *is*. It’s the kind of silence that’s filled with two minds whirring a mile a minute that simply don’t have the mental capacity to bring words forth into the outer world.

Midoriya breaks the thin sheet of ice first.

“Shinsou, I— I have a plan” Midoriya is staring directly into Hitoshi’s eyes with pure determination. He’d be scared if he didn’t see a mischievous if excited smile start to twitch at Midoriya’s lips.}

"I get the feeling I'm going to enjoy this." Aizawa informs.

"If *you* think this'll be good then I'm extra excited." Mic vibrates in his seat.

"This is sure to be an *experience*." Midnight adds.

{Despite this fact, however, Hitoshi has no idea what he means.

“A plan for what?”

Midoriya suddenly takes on a very flustered appearance as if the fact that Hitoshi can’t read his mind suddenly dawned on him and he starts making wild gestures with his hands in a panic.

“I- Im sorry y-you probably don’t even know what I’m talking about… it’s about what happened yesterday— oh you probably don’t know what happened there either… well, yesterday—“}

"I know exactly what happened yesterday." Hitoshi growls out.

{Hitoshi held up a hand, effectively cutting Midoriya off.

“If you're talking about the class and the News story then I already have an idea… you’re not exactly the type to get so angry it’s terrifying to even be anywhere near you yeah’ know— only natural I’d try to find out why,” Hitoshi says as his face slowly starts to spread into a small smirk. Honestly, good for Midoriya— it must be tiring to act as sunshine incarnate and keep up a smiley front all the time.}

"Depends on the day." Izuku comments.

"Understandable." Shinsou replies.

{Midoriya lets out a sigh at Hitoshi’s words, probably because he doesn’t have to explain and by extension… doesn’t have to re-live it. Thankfully instead of getting pissed again, Midoriya just makes a nervous laugh.

“Yeah… I’ve never *felt* that angry in a while. I honestly thought U.A. was different— and it is! But...” Midoriya looks to the side, eyes going sad and almost resigned “You should have heard what some of them said— it’s, and I just listened for a while, hoping someone would say something or correct someone but… it just went on. They didn’t even look to know her name— the girl who,

you know…”

“It was Airi Ito… right?”

Midoriya looks up at Hitoshi, looking surprised.

“I looked into it a bit last night a bit when I couldn’t fall asleep. You did too I’m guessing?”

Midoriya nodded slowly.

“Welp, anyway— what was this nefarious scheme you’ve got?” Hitoshi says with a sly smile, trying to lighten the mood.}

Izuku grins as he thinks about what kind of plan his other self *had* to have come up with.

{Midoriya shoots Shinsou a grateful look before letting his face curl into a devious smirk.

“Oh yes, the plan…”

Hitoshi gestured with his hand to continue, his own smirk getting wider.

“Well, it goes a little like this—“}

"I'm very nervous for what's about to go down but so excited too." Kaminari comments.

"Well, the nerd's preferred method of revenge is psychological warfare, so that's fair." Bakugo grumbles eyes not leaving the screen.

"Did you mean to be so ominous?" Sero asks.

"Come on Blasty, what did you mean?" Ashido adds.

"You *know* he won't answer." Kirishima grins, chuckling at his bro straight up ignoring the chaos he caused.

{Midoriya Izuku has been acting strange all day.

Don’t get Shouta wrong, he knows first hand off days exist— he has them often. That just comes with the territory of having to teach class 1-A, aka the *“Hell Class”*.}

"Sometimes it's like every day is an 'off day'." Ojirou comments.

{Yes, Shouta knows off days intimately— however, even he can admit that class 1-A's resident Problem Child has been acting really out of sorts all day today.

Maybe it was the fact that he walked in on Midoriya giving his friends the cold shoulder and not acknowledging the existence of anyone around him. Maybe it was the fact that there was an almost constant slight shake of his hands accompanied by a gritted jaw. Maybe it was the lightning-fast glances he'd send Shinsou before staring back into space with dull eyes that lacked the sparkle they usually had.

Whatever it was— the Problem Child was obviously acting weird and Shouta couldn't for the life of him, place *why*.

(And if Shouta was being completely honest with himself— he was worried)}

"Sensei has such a good poker face." Hagakure says fairly impressed.

"Too good sometimes." Jiro grumbles.

{He shook his head to clear his thoughts as he made his way down the UA halls. It probably wasn't anything and the kid was just having an off day like Shouta figured.

He had a class to teach.

It was the end of the day and he was going in to oversee the heroics training. More specifically quirkless sparring. In the world of heroics, anything can happen— so he needs to prepare them for the possibility of having to fight quirkless if the time were to call for it.}

"Quirkless sparing!" Izuku exclaimed drawing the attention of the room "That's perfect!" He grins grins exciting the rest of the audience.

{Walking into his class he saw everyone already at their desks, having learned by now to be ready before Aizawa came into the room.

He scanned over them before stopping abruptly on the Problem Child. Maybe because he expected him to still have his far-away look and not eyes almost glowing with a slight, but no less bright

toxicity that left Aizawa reeling just a bit. (Not that he'd ever admit to that)

What the hell happened?}

Izuku just laughs spreading nervous excitement to the others.

{Breaking his prolonged stare and continuing his sweep of the class he also caught the way Shinsou's mouth was twitched into a wide grin as he shot pointed glances at Midoriya. Midoriya seemed to be shooting them back in kind.

Weird.

"I want everyone out on the P.E Grounds in 10 minutes. We'll be doing a new type of sparing, so no costumes. Don't straggle behind"

With that— Shouta sauntered out of the classroom and made his way down to the PE field. Taking mild satisfaction in the way he heard everyone scrambling to change to make sure he didn't wait on anyone.

Once down at the P.E. field, he only had to wait about 3 minutes for his resident problem children to start trickling out. More specifically the problem children Shouta's tagged as acting out of the norm today.

Midoriya and Shinsou run up to stand right in front of Aizawa, having a short staring contest that lasted all of 3 seconds before Shinsou asked what they were planning to do today.

(These problem children changed faster just to come talk to him didn't they—)}

"If what I think the other me is planning to do, is what he is actually planning to do, then yes." Izuku says with amused mirth.

{"We will be doing quirkless sparring. That's all you'll get for now"

At that both Midoriya and Shinsou seemed to blue screen for a second before they shot each other wide-eyed glances and started vibrating in place in visible excitement.

"Wow— that's actually perfect. Maybe the universe doesn't

actually hate me today!” Midoriya mumbled under his breath.

Shouta didn’t give any comment to that— just raised an eyebrow and shot a pointed questioning look over to Shinsou who was obviously in the know. The little shit just shrugged.}

"This is so much fun." Shinsou comments grinning wildly.

{More members of class 1-A started coming out shortly after that, so Shouta didn’t get to silently question the two enigmas further. He mourned the loss for all of 2 seconds before turning his attention to the now fully present class.

(And if Shouta mentally sighed in relief for the fact that Midoriya didn’t seem out of it anymore and felt a slight shiver go down his spine at the same time, that’s for him and him alone to know)}

"Eraserhead has a sixth sense for chaos it seems." Shigiraki considers.

"We've caused enough trouble for him." Dabi snarks.

"I'll say." Toga giggles.

{“Now that everyone is present, we can begin today’s exercise—“

Shouta’s eyebrow twitched slightly when Iida shot his hand up in the air. He really needed to learn to wait until the end of an explanation.}

"Oops." Iida says slightly embarrassed.

"Maybe we, as your friends, could stop you?" Uraraka offers.

"I would... appreciate that."

{“What is it Iida”

“Aizawa-Sensei! Why did you want us to wear regular gym attire instead of our hero costumes? Isn’t it beneficial for us to—“

“If you’d let me finish my explanation, then you’d know that they would only get in the way of what I have in mind at this moment in time.”

Iida slowly put his hand down— good.}

"Class president got shot down." Kaminari winces.

"He's a lot better than at the start of the year but still kinda uptight." Mina added.

{“Anyway, we’ll be doing quirkless sparring today. You will be teaming up in groups of two and sparing with each other without using your quirks. This is so I can gauge where you’re all at in terms of regular fighting ability.

Uraraka’s hand shoots up along with some other classmates.

“Yes Uraraka?”

“Wouldn’t it be better if we also used our quirks?”}

"You interned with Gunhead, dumbass!" Ochako shouts at the screen.

"Uraraka!" Iida scolds.

"No regrets!"

{Aizawa just blinks at her for a moment.

“You took an internship with Gunhead, correct?”

Uraraka nods.}

"SEE!"

{“Then shouldn’t you know all about how important it is to know fighting movements first?”

Aizawa sweeps his gaze over the entire class after that. Making a point to see everyone’s attention on him.

“There may come a day when you won’t be able to rely on your quirk in battle. Whether you’re fighting someone that doesn’t match well with your quirk, or when using your quirk would only make the situation worse. That’s the main point of this exercise today. With that said, your groups will be of your choosing today. If anyone has any problems, come to me”

No one had any more questions after that, taking Aizawa’s shooing gesture as a cue to get started.

Shouta took note that Problem child #1 and #2 instantly zoomed to each other. Muttering mutedly to themselves with big grins on their faces. Those plotting bastards—

(Despite himself, Shouta couldn't stop the small grin creeping up on his face. Only his capture scarf will ever know. He couldn't help but be curious as to what they were planning to make them so excited)}

"Oh shit, sensei is gonna help them isn't he!?" Kaminari exclaims in excited panic.

{The exercise went about as well as anyone would expect. Kids that didn't already have at least a little training had messier forms and unrefined movements without quirk aid. No one except a few had abysmal basic skills, but there was still a lot of room for improvement. A few notable examples were how Todoroki had basic fighting knowledge, but obviously heavily relied on his quirk when in actual combat. Ojirou had a hard rule-based mindset from his martial arts— as in he was obviously very knowledgeable and skilled with his movement, but was ultimately more predictable because he stuck to the rules of the martial art and likely only stepped out of them if he could use his quirk. Kaminari, Hagakure, and Tokoyami had the most room for improvement overall.

Off to the side, Shouta noticed the problem children of the hour basically flying around each other. It seemed they'd put whatever they were plotting on hold, for now, to let loose a bit if the giant concentrated grins on their faces were any indication. He shook his head fondly for a moment before stalking off to go watch Bakugo and Kirishima go at it. It seemed that without quirks, they were a relative match with Bakugo having a bit more skill.}

"Write that down!" Twice cries out "**This is so useless!**"

{And soon, the lesson was over. Shouta called out time and told them they'd be going over their skill levels in homeroom tomorrow— shooing everyone away to go get changed. He was about to go follow them all in as well when he was suddenly stopped by Midoriya and Shinsou. He noted that everyone was already a good distance away and basically inside.

A private meeting, it seemed.

"What do you want, problem child?" Shouta asked, keeping his gaze locked on Midoriya's.

"Well… Me and Shinsou were wondering if I could take extra classes after school. More specifically quirkless fighting…"

Midoriya trailed off a bit, looking over to Shinsou to avoid Aizawa's scrutinizing gaze. Despite this, however, the problem child's eyes seemed to glow with an almost unnatural toxicity that screamed determination and excitement.}

"I was right, this is great." Aizawa deadpans.

{Both of Shouta's eyebrows raised at this in slight shock. Whatever he expected Midoriya to ask it certainly wasn't this.

"Why?" Shouta would ask if this was why Midoriya was acting weird today but it'd be better to let him talk it out.

Shinsou shoots a resolved nod to Midoriya— the other returning in kind before continuing on.

"Not only do I not want to have to rely on my quirk when fighting in the future, but I've also got something I need to prove." Midoriya's hands clench at that, eyes hardening even more with silent resolve.

"I need to prove that I can fight just as well without my quirk as I could with it. That my quirk is nothing but a tool in my Arsenal for heroics. Show that it wouldn't matter if I had it or not— that it isn't the determining factor that makes me a hero."}

"Sing it!"
"Preach!"
"What he said!"

{Shouta blinks at that. Not really knowing how to respond right away.

Midoriya has obviously thought hard about this. His steely eyes and clenched fists are obvious indicators. There's something brewing beneath his and Shinsou's surface and Shouta would be a dirty liar if he said he wasn't excited about figuring out what that was.

Shouta couldn't stop the creepy grin that stretched across his face.

"Well you've obviously made up your mind— I can't very well deny my student more opportunities to learn and better themselves now can I?" Shouta drawls.}

"He's on board!"

“This is gonna be so good!"
“I'm scared in the best way!"
"Bring it on!"
“Make us suffer!"

{They both visibly relax and light up at that.

“You’ll be joining the extra lessons that I already do with Shinsou for about 1-2 hours after school every day including weekends. Because we aren’t bound by regular lesson plans, these classes are very fluid, so if you start getting too fatigued or worn out you tell me.” Shouta said resolutely— making a point to squint his eyes pointedly at Midoriya.

“We’ll be going over a lot of things you might find in an underground heroics class if there was one. Things like fighting styles, stealth, and weapons training to name the absolute basics of what we’ll be going over.”

“So if you’re up to the challenge problem child, then lessons start after school today.” Shouta finished with a nod, still grinning madly to himself.

Midoriya nods resolutely at Aizawa. Shinsou grinned off to the side at the prospect of having a new training partner and Midoriya’s Plan™ getting one step closer to coming to fruition.

Izuku’s eyes gleam toxic green as he lets his own creepy grin stretch across his face.

Watch out 1-A. Midoriya Izuku is here to show you exactly why you don’t need a quirk to become a hero.

“Aizawa-Sensei, if you don’t mind— I’ve got a plan I’d like to share with you.”}

As the screen fades cackles and whoops at the chaos to come ring throughout the room. It takes some time for the group to remember the less-than-happy events of the next story on the list. Once everyone has settled into their seats, apprehension returned, and the next clip plays.

Now Playing

Chapter End Notes

Next Time: Mass exodus

Solidarity pt1 ch2

Chapter Summary

Mass Exodus

Chapter Notes

{on screen}

Now Playing

solidarity (was the movement that turned the direction of history)

and now we're seeing the scandals

{Toshinori had a weird feeling all day. He hadn't done anything spectacular and there wasn't anything interesting going on either, though apparently Midoriya had been pulled aside during the last period of the day to discuss something. So why did he have this feeling like something wasn't right? He would've chalked it up to One for All giving him a signal, but he didn't have any more of its embers left in his body after Kamino.}

(Dekusquad)

"Oh, okay, that... makes a lot of sense." Todoroki comments.

Izuku just sighs "Just not now."

(Bakusquad)

"That sounds like All Might gave Midoriya his quirk." Kaminari comments.

"That's like some state secret type stuff." Ashido agrees.

"Which is why we probably shouldn't be talking about it." Sero warns.

(Teachers)

"This explains so much." Aizawa comments raising an eyebrow at Yagi.

"Now isn't the time to ask questions Aizawa." Nedzu chides.

"Besides these stories will probably go into detail eventually." All Might sighs in resignation.

(Villains)

"So the green one is like All Might's second coming." Dabi groans.

"No wonder I hate him so much." Shigaraki growls.

{He was just finishing some paperwork in his office for the day when he finally got his answer to that strange feeling, and it was absolutely not one he wanted to hear.

“All Might!” Bakugou slammed the door to his office open with the most furious roar he’d ever heard from the boy. This wasn’t just his usual anger or yelling, this was *genuine rage*. Toshinori immediately stood from his chair, on alert the second he heard that tone. The blond marched up to him and looked him dead in the eyes and jabbed a finger to his chest. “Did you know shit about this, old man? Deku said they didn’t tell you but I’m not letting his feelings get in the way of the truth right now, so tell me - *did. you. know*?”}

"Smart kid." Midnight mumbles.

{“Know what, Young Bakugou?” He asked, now thoroughly confused. “Has something happened that I should know of?”

“I’ll fucking say it has!” Bakugou barked, pacing around angrily now. “It makes sense that the rat bastard wouldn’t tell you anything, though, he probably thought you’d argue for him or something. Damnit! I hate teachers!”

“Please, take a deep breath and just tell me what’s going on, my boy. If something is bothering you, you can tell me.” He said. Then, Bakugou looked up at him, and there were honest to god tears in his eyes. If Toshinori hadn’t been on alert before, he *certainly* would be now.}

"Bakugo is getting emotional! Defcon one, we have an emergency situation!" Dark Shadow screeches.

"Dark Shadow!" Tokoyami scolds through the snickers of his classmates.

{“That rat of a principal expelled Deku from U.A!” Bakugou yelled, and Toshinori’s blood ran cold in his veins. His expression darkened and he clenched a fist.

“Explain everything, Young Bakugou.”}

"Even in his skeleton form All Might is scary when pissed." Jiro grins.

{Izuku sniffled a little bit, finally calmed down as he began to pack up his things with the help of his friends. He took down his posters, gently, one by one. Aizawa stood in the doorway, silent and unmoving as he watched him take down his things.

“Midoriya. I’ll also need your other notebooks before you leave.” He said, watching as Izuku had been about to pack them away.}

"That's his private property, you have no right to take it." Tsukauchi growls at the screen.

{“Sensei - at least let me keep the first one.” He pleaded. “It’s - it’s written in *crayon*, sensei, it’s not even real analysis. I’ve had it since I could write.”

“Show me.” Aizawa narrowed his eyes, and the room turned icy as his friends stood around him in silent support. The teacher looked a little surprised at that, not having heard their entire kitchen conversation. But Izuku stepped forward anyways and handed over the notebook. Aizawa looked at the cover, messy scrawl in crayon, written in hiragana because he didn’t know the kanji. The inside just had a dozen childlike drawings of All Might and “notes” like ‘so cool!’ and ‘Texas Smash!’ alongside them.}

"That's so adorable." Hagakure coos.

{Aizawa’s expression shifted minutely then, but he handed it back with utter silence. Izuku took it and packed it away, but reluctantly handed over the rest of the notebooks. Then he seemed to remember something else and he startled.

“W-Wait! Number 13! I want to keep number 13, too, please.” He said. Aizawa pulled it out of the stack and raised an eyebrow at its condition. It was burnt all to hell on the outside, and the inside had been so waterlogged that none of the writing was even readable. The only thing that remained on the inside was a single, double-page autograph from All Might.}

"From the day we first met." Toshinori sighs "The best kind of train wreck, that day."

{“Fine. You can keep this one too.” He said, handing it over. “Can’t imagine why, though…”

“It has the first time I met All Might in it.” Izuku said, his crooked fingers grasping it. “The first time my life changed for the better… even if I didn’t know it at the time.”}

"That day was kind of a disaster, to be honest." Izuku answers his friends’ questioning glances.

{“Oh, Deku-kun…” Ochako murmured, looking at the notebook with forlorn eyes. Then she looked up at their teacher with a harsh gaze in her eyes. She muttered it, but it was loud enough for him to hear anyways. “I can’t believe you’d believe Nedzu over Deku-kun, Aizawa-sensei.”

“U-Uraraka!” Izuku pleaded quietly, “It’s okay. It’s done now anyways.”

“Right. It’s done.” Todoroki frowned a cool and indifferent gaze at their teacher.}

"Ooh, I got chills from that." Midnight comments. "Not good kind though."

{Unbeknownst to them, somehow, Aizawa felt like he’d just made a huge mistake - he just couldn’t tell what, yet. He’d gone with Nedzu because it made too much *sense*, the quiet, bone-breaking, *heroic* kid would be the last person he’d expect to betray their class. But it just made sense, and it had hurt, because he did care for the kid.}

"Then look further into it." Aizawa growls at his other self.

{But Izuku hadn’t cared for him outside of his capacity as a hero since the quirk assessment test, because all he saw was the bone-breaking and nothing else. If All Might could see his potential, could see that he wasn’t a *creep*, why couldn’t Aizawa? Teachers were all alike.}

"Maybe we should outsource his therapy, as it appears he won't trust a school counselor like me." Hound Dog suggests.

{Nedzu had finished reading everything in the notebooks, shaking his head. It would've been good analysis if it hadn't been so blatantly plagiarized. He set them aside and began to pull up the official expulsion paperwork when his door practically flew off of its hinges. Startled, he looked up to see All Might, standing there angrily with Bakugou in tow.}

"Please let my other self at least consider what is about to be laid before him." Nedzu says like he doesn't believe himself.

{Ah, he'd probably heard about the expulsion, then. Unfortunate that he'd have to break it to the man that his successor had been using him.}

Izuku lets out an incredulous laugh "As if."

{"Nedzu. Care to explain why *Bakugou* had to tell me you're expelling Midoriya? If you had a reservation about the boy, you should have come to me! I would have cleared everything up!" He said angrily, stalking forward. Nedzu's hackles raised. Even though he didn't have his muscle form anymore, he still cut an intimidating figure nonetheless.}

"The skeleton looks helps with that." Toga giggles.

{"Yes. I'm afraid Midoriya has been collecting data on the staff members of U.A. and his classmates, including various ways to take them out. Rather permanently, too, some of the ideas. Not only that but some of this data has been lifted directly from my files on the staff. I'm sorry you had to find out this way; it seemed like you wouldn't believe the truth where he's concerned." Nedzu explained, his tone even and unwavering.}

"Fucking Bullshit~" Kaminari starts.

"Fucking Bullshit~" Ashido continues.

{"Yes, because none of what you have just suggested is true!" All Might said, almost incredulously. "Midoriya loves to analyze heroes! You should know, he was once quirkless - he thought he could make up for himself that way, so he devoted everything he had to it!"

"Yagi-san, perhaps you should think about what you're saying with another party in the room." Nedzu gestured to Bakugou with a mildly panicked expression. Bakugou barked out an angry laugh

and stepped forward himself.

“I know about Deku’s quirk, you asshole. He trusts me, although fuck if I know why, but I’m not letting that trust be broken *now*.”}

"Part of me is upset Bakugo knew before me but another part of me is saying he figured it out himself." Uraraka reasons.

"I mean he had hints, but pretty much." Izuku confirms.

{“Bakugou, perhaps you’d best watch your tone.” Nedzu’s gaze narrowed and his fur bristled. Bakugou ground his teeth and shoved his hands in his pockets. “Now, to what you were saying, Yagi-san. Even if he had dedicated himself to analysis, the fact remains that the caliber of notes written in those books is on par with mine. That’s simply not possible without a quirk, no matter how many years you practice.”

“That’s - are you *serious*?” All Might looked like he was in shock. “You seriously believe yourself so far above everybody else that nobody can think as you do? Fine. Set aside the absolute *narcissism* inherent in that statement, and think for *one second*. Do you *honestly* believe that Midoriya would use any of that information to *hurt* people? The boy who has broken himself over and over just for the sake of protecting other people?”}

"It is quite the ridiculous notion." Nedzu agrees.

{“He has likely been pulling the wool over your eyes for a long time, which is why I decided it would be best to tell you later. Again, I’m sorry, but it had to be done. Even if he hasn’t done anything with it, somebody with his knowledge is too dangerous to stay. Not to mention how uncomfortable all the students would be, knowing what he’s written about them.”}

"Except for the part where *the students fucking know about it*!" Jiro hisses.

{“I knew it.” Bakugou growled out. “I fucking knew it! It really *is* like middle school all over again! Son of a…”

“Young Bakugou. Why don’t you go and help Young Midoriya pack? Please tell him I’ll be by to talk to him later, and that I’m not upset with him.” All Might said calmly. The temperature in the room was practically arctic as Bakugou gave a stiff nod and turned to leave. Then, All Might approached Nedzu’s desk with

fists clenched so hard his knuckles turned white.}

"I'm so photoshopping Nedzu's face over Ralph's face in that one meme." Kaminari grins.

"The 'haha, I'm in danger' meme?" Sero asks.

"It's perfect." Ashido agrees.

{“Principal Nedzu. If you are going to expel Midoriya based solely on your assumptions without any real proof to confirm them, then I am afraid I will also be turning in my resignation. I wasn’t aware you were the sort to accost students simply because of your own pride, and I won’t work for a school that fosters that sort of environment. I will watch over Midoriya personally… and you will regret this.”

“Is that a threat, All Might?” Nedzu asked carefully, tail twitching imperceptibly. All Might scoffed and shook his head.

“It’s no threat, Principal. It’s a statement of fact.”}

"So a threat, with feeling." Twice confirms **"A completely innocent comment."**

{Izuku stood at the gates of U.A. with boxes in hand, All Might helping him carry some. His whole class stood around, waving and crying. Aizawa stood in the back, not even looking at him. Izuku managed the best smile he could and finally began to walk away with All Might following closely. They loaded his things into the man’s car quietly.

When they were finally seated and buckled, All Might finally spoke.

“No matter what happened with Nedzu, I know you’re a good kid, Izuku. I put in my resignation. I won’t be going back, either. We’re sticking together, you and I.” He ruffled the boy’s hair, and Izuku looked up at him with wide eyes. All Might had…?}

"Of course I did." All Might said proudly.

{“All Might…” he murmured. “Thank you… I’m glad I met you, that day.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me.” All Might shook his head. “I was wrong

to tell you what I did, you know? I still regret how I acted towards you, that first time on the roof. For what it's worth at this point, I think you would've made an amazing quirkless hero. I know Nighteye would've thought the same."

Izuku couldn't help the wet laugh that escaped him. "Y-You think so?"}

"I doubt it." Izuku huffed quietly.

{"I know so, my boy."

The rest of the ride was quiet, though when the apartment complex came into sight and they parked in the lot, Izuku fidgeted in his seat nervously. "Um… Mom's going to be so mad at Principal Nedzu. If she yells, please forgive her. She's… very protective of me."}

"She has every right." Nedzu confirms.

{"Ha, I can't really say much. I gave Principal Nedzu a bit of an earful myself. Oh, and did you see the folder wedged between the boxes?" All Might asked suddenly. Izuku thought for a second before nodding. "Good. It has all of your class' withdrawal papers inside. I'm going to take that and get them signed by their parents. I already remember where all of their houses are, and the kids all called ahead and got their withdrawals approved by their families. Even Young Shinsou and Young Hatsume are withdrawing, apparently."

"B-But Shinsou has been working so hard with Aizawa-sensei! He can't leave now! He'll finally have a spot in the hero course!" Izuku gasped. All Might chuckled.}

"I don't want it like this." Shinsou scowls.

{"The others said the same thing, and he just said he doesn't want to be associated with a hero school that calls its students villainous. You inspire a lot of people, it seems. And believe me, I'll be making a few phone calls as well. The way Nedzu acted isn't only awful, but it's grounds to sue. He didn't go through any proper channels before making such an accusation. I just can't believe Aizawa went along with it…"

"Well," Izuku murmured, unbuckling and getting out of the car in time with the other man, "I think he was so upset he didn't stop

to think about it, really. Our class *has* gotten hurt a lot more than others, and if he… cares for us, I guess… it's only normal that he'd react badly to the thought that one of us betrayed him and everyone else."}

"That doesn't make it right." Aizawa growls.

{"Still, he's a responsible and free-thinking adult." All Might frowned. "He shouldn't have been so blinded that he couldn't grasp the fact that you'd never hurt your friends like that."

"It's alright, you know. It's about what I've come to expect from teachers." Izuku said gently, almost sadly, as he pulled boxes from the back of the car. "Did I ever tell you what happened in middle school, All Might?"}

"Uh-oh." Bakugo whispers.

{"No, but I could put a lot of it together. I figured you were being bullied, but unless you told me directly or I observed it myself, I could never intervene." All Might said, though it clearly pained him to admit. "I always hoped you would've told me, but the past is the past, now."}

"That would be a special kind of hell." Mic admits.

"And it was." Yagi confirms.

{"Yeah… well, I'll tell you now, anyways." Izuku said, shutting the car door with his hip. All Might did the same, and they began their trek up the stairs to get to the Midoriya apartment. "In middle school, I *was* bullied. A lot. They called me all sorts of things… but creep was the worst. I heard it whenever I had those notebooks, you know? One girl in my class, Sei, threatened to get a restraining order because I wrote down that I thought her quirk was pretty, and literally nothing else. The other kids all started this rumor that I was stalking her… and so after that, I never wrote about another student again."}

The theater is silent; not willing to interrupt such an important moment.

{"Young Midoriya…" All Might trailed off, his expression akin to grief and anger.

"It's alright." Izuku shrugged. "I was used to students talking. It

didn't bother me. But the *teachers*… they all assumed that because I was quirkless, I was a creepy, jealous stalker out to try and copy or steal their quirks for myself or whatever. I have no idea how I would even have done that, but the teachers always had it out for me. If it wasn't being quirkless, it was being a *creep*, and I never could shed that image in middle school."}

Uraraka squeezes his hand tears in her eyes.

{"I'm so sorry that the adults have failed you so spectacularly, my boy. You didn't deserve any of that." All Might said. "I would have gone there myself and set them straight, had I known."

Izuku snorted. "That wouldn't have worked. They would have claimed I made you pity me or told you some sob story and the second you left it would've been ten times worse. You know, some students used to leave spider lilies on my desk."}

Choked sounds echo as students and teachers alike hold back their sobs.

{"They what?!" All Might seemed to have gotten whiplash with how casually he said that. Izuku just nodded. It felt nice to talk about it to somebody other than Bakugou.

"Mm. The teachers would leave them too, sometimes. Nobody cares for the quirkless kids. I could get beat up and they'd turn a blind eye without a second thought." Izuku sighed. "One time, somebody even told me to my face to 'take a swan dive off the roof and pray for a quirk in your next life,' and the teacher actually *laughed*. That's why I've come to expect this from teachers, All Might. You're the only good one I know."}

"We have to make this right," Midnight sniffles "How do make this right?"

"With time." Hound Dog claims.

{"Young Midoriya - *Izuku*." All Might paused and set down the boxes in his hands. Izuku was startled at the use of his given name but did the same as they finally arrived outside his door. "I'm so sorry for everything. But I'm grateful to have been given the chance to mentor you. You… you're one of - no, you're the most important person in my life. You're like a son to me. So I hope you believe me when I say that they are *not* teachers. Even Aizawa and Nedzu were wrong. But one day, I hope you'll find

another teacher you can trust.”}

"*Son.*" Izuku cries.

{“A-All Might,” Izuku choked out, suddenly teary-eyed, “You see me as a son?”

“Of course I do, my boy. How could I not? You’re my successor, and we’re bound by more than just One for All. Even if you didn’t have the quirk right now, I’d still want you to be a part of my life. You’re a good kid, and you’ll be an even better hero. It’s Nedzu’s loss for not seeing that.” All Might said, scooping him up in as tight of a hug as he could manage.}

"All Might may not be the best teacher we have but he's definitely the most approachable." Ojirou comments with pride through his tears.

{Izuku hugged back, and even though he’d just been expelled from his dream school, he felt like everything would be okay. Just being near All Might - no matter what form he was in - made him feel so safe. The man was more than just a symbol to him.}

"I think he's like that for each of us now." Momo smiles softly.

{And then his front door opened. “Izuku? What’s going on?”

“M-Mom!” Izuku yelped, startling out of the hug. All Might looked sheepish as well, a little embarrassed to have been caught during a personal moment.

“Ah, Ms. Midoriya! Apologies for the sudden intrusion. We have… a lot to talk about.”}

"That's an understatement." Dabi snarks.

{The next day, Bakugou stared smugly at the stack of papers All Might had brought him. Every single one of his class’ withdrawal forms were there, and their families stood firmly behind their decision to support their friend in the face of his wrongful expulsion. Even Endeavor - much to Todoroki’s chagrin - had agreed with him, with a simple huff of ‘that kid is too much of a goody-two-shoes to hurt so much as a fly.’}

Todoroki just sighs.

{He’d met the man outside the gate and grabbed the folder full of

papers early that morning, before anybody else in the school was awake, and marched it back to his room, where they planned to meet up so there were no cameras watching. He made coffee for everyone and they all gathered around an hour earlier than they usually did. The group of them sat around, quietly sipping coffee and feeling like a piece of them had been ripped out without Midoriya there.

“So? Did everybody’s parents sign, kero?” Tsu asked, almost nervously. Bakugou gave a wolfish grin and set the stack down.

“You bet your ass they did. Purple fuck and machine girl’s parents signed too. And get this, everyone: All Might made some phone calls.” He said, remembering the conversation he’d had with the man this morning. He was positively giddy, as much as somebody like Bakugou could be. “He said he called Ketsubutsu and they’d open up an entirely new hero class just for us if we all agreed to go. They’d even take purple fuck on board as well.”}

"Sweet." Shinsou drawls.

{“Seriously?!” Mina cheered, then she was shushed as she remembered their teacher was still sleeping and they wanted to keep this quiet. They wanted to make U.A. realize just what a mistake they’d made by expelling Midoriya. “That’s great news! What about All Might, though? Will he still be our teacher? I’d miss having him for heroics…”

“They said he has a position as a teaching assistant if he wants one. He can’t be a full teacher, but he can at least stay with our class.” Bakugou explained, and the class quietly cheered among themselves. “And one more thing. Auntie - Deku’s mom - is planning on suing the ass off of U.A. for wrongful treatment of her son.”}

"Hell yeah!"
“Good luck!"
“Tear them to pieces."

{“She should!” Iida nodded in agreement, adjusting his glasses. “Nedzu’s actions were most unbecoming of a hero school’s principal!”

“Right?! Totally uncool.” Mina agreed with a sage nod.

“So, if any of you extras want to back out, now’s your chance.

Stay at U.A. or come with us to Ketsubutsu. I'm going, that's for fucking sure." Bakugou grinned.}

"Fat chance!"
"We're doing this!"
"Let's go!"

{"I'm going." Todoroki said firmly.

"Me too!" Uraraka nodded.

"And me." Iida.

"Me as well!" Aoyama.

"Of course I'm going, kero." Tsu.

One by one, everybody in the class had agreed to withdraw. Then, as they all began to settle in for the long day they had ahead of them, Uraraka had a thought. She looked a little nervous but spoke up anyways, and asked a question nobody had thought of.

"... Who's going to tell Eri?" She asked, and the class paled.}

"Eri, damnit, she'll be devastated." Aizawa groans.

{"Ah, fuck. I bet nobody's told her Deku's gone." Bakugou grumbled. "And now the rest of us are leaving too. We should tell that All Might reject we're going, too. I doubt he knows either. He'll be the best person to break the news since sensei couldn't get his head out of his ass long enough to see that Deku's not a damn villain."}

"I can do that." Mirio says grimly, Hadou strangely quiet, Amajiki shaking, not from nerves but from anger.

{"I'll tell him." Kirishima volunteered. "I have Amajiki-senpai's number, so I can ask him and Togata-senpai to meet me."

"Me and Tsu can talk to Hadou-senpai too." Uraraka volunteered. "I'll text her right now."}

"Good on those kids." Midnight preens.

{"Hey, hey!" Mirio yelled, grinning brightly. "How are my first-

year kouhais doing?"

"Hey, Togata-senpai." Kirishima waved as he saw Tamaki and Nejire following behind the blond. But the redhead's lack of his usual smile tipped him off immediately that this wasn't going to be a pleasant conversation, and Mirio straightened up. "Thanks for coming out to the first-year dorms on such short notice… it's kind of important that we talk to you before school."

"Is everything alright? You sound serious!" Mirio said, and Kirishima nodded. Uraraka and Asui were behind him, looking just as grim.

"Yeah. Uh, there's no easy way to say this, but Midobro - sorry, Midoriya, he's been expelled from U.A." Kirishima winced. Mirio froze, followed by the shock-stricken faces of Tamaki and Nejire, who had just caught up to hear Kirishima say that.}

"Yeah that tracks." Dabi snorts.

{"Wh- *huh*?!" Mirio felt like he'd gotten whiplash. "What do you *mean* Deku's been expelled?! Why?!"

"He was wrongfully accused of giving information to the League of Villains, kero." Asui said bluntly, and at that, Mirio physically recoiled.

"Who - *huh*?! I'm sorry, who thought Deku's been - I'm so confused! How could anybody think that?! Please explain everything from the beginning." Mirio said, holding up his hands as if to block the sheer *nonsense* in that statement. How could anybody believe Deku would give information to the *League*? Deku had said on one occasion that he had *nightmares* about the League. There's no way he'd be working for them.}

"We're doing well." Shigaraki grins.

{"Well, you know those notebooks Deku-kun always has?" Uraraka spoke up. Mirio nodded, though Tamaki looked confused and Nejire winced.

"Yeah… I heard about that… Some people in my class have been talking about a first year with a notebook. Guess that was him, huh?" She asked softly. Uraraka nodded solemnly.

"Well, apparently some people went to Nedzu about it, saying he

was being creepy and writing down stuff about the students. Which isn't true! Deku-kun does hero analysis in those notebooks! And the only students he's written about have been our class, and we all gave him permission to write about us. He gets… really thorough, 'cause he's so good at it, and he just has a lot of thoughts he can't always keep in, y'know?" Uraraka explained.}

"I hope I wasn't part of all that." Nejire begs.

{"Yeah, we've all heard him mutter, but it's not creepy? And why would they just *assume* he was writing about them? That's so messed up!" Mirio seemed affronted by the idea that his fellow third-years would be so accusatory right off the bat.}

"This is *not* how we were trained." Tamaki whispers.

{"I don't know, but it was enough that Nedzu saw his notebooks, and he assumed that there was no way he could be smart enough to write what he did and that he must have stolen Nedzu's personal files. And then Aizawa-sensei asked if he was giving away that information to the League… but Deku-kun's just really, really smart! Bakugou said he's been doing analysis since forever! And we saw his first notebook, Togata-senpai, it was in *crayon*. Crayon!" Uraraka seemed to be getting more upset as she told the story.}

"Just breathe, just breathe." Ochako reminded herself.

{"Even worse, Nedzu assumed all of this and brought Midoriya in without having any other adult present, like All Might or his mom, and then expelled him on those claims without proof, kero." Asui shook her head slowly, an actual expression of anger taking over her normally bland features. "I had no idea Nedzu was like that, kero."

"That's awful!" Nejire gasped. "How could he?! Surely you told him he was making a mistake! He can't expel him just like that!"

"All Might tried to talk some sense into him, but he wouldn't listen." Kirishima sighed. "We thought it would be pointless as well, so we're doing something different."}

"And it is quite something." Dabi smirks.

{"Huh? What do you mean?" Mirio asked, suddenly intrigued.

“All of 1-A is withdrawing from U.A. today. All Might has gotten us a place at Ketsubutsu. We’re going with Midoriya because none of us want to stay in a school where the principal just… decides things like that on a whim without proof.” Kirishima explained, and Mirio’s eyes went wide. He felt like he’d just been punched in the gut.

“A-A-All of you…?” Tamaki asked softly, a worried expression on his face.

“Yeah.” Kirishima smiled sadly. “All of us. Sorry, Amajiki-senpai. But that’s why we wanted to talk to you. Somebody needs to tell Eri what’s happening and we thought Mirio would be the best choice. Of course, Midobro still wants to see her, but with Aizawa-sensei watching over her, well… we didn’t know if he’d get the chance.”}

"He better get to see her again." Aizawa growls.

{“Oh… of course.” Mirio’s face fell. He could hardly believe what he was hearing. But in the end, he knew how much 1-A cared for each other and how much they needed to stay together. “Well then, I wish you the best of luck! And I know you’ll do fantastic.”

“You think so, Togata-senpai?” Kirishima chuckled. “Thanks. Keep an eye on U.A. for us too, alright? I’d hate to know that Nedzu pulled this kind of stunt on anybody else.”

“Of course! Can do. And I’ll see about talking to Eri, so you guys just focus on the transition. It’ll be rough, going from one school to another, but I understand your decision to support your friend. That’s pretty cool of you!”

“Right! Nobody messes with 1-A, not even the principal!”}

“Agreed!"
"Absolutely!"
“We'll show him!"

{Bakugou and Todoroki were the two that were chosen to present the withdrawal papers to Nedzu. It would make sense that those two would follow Izuku, and so they could blindside the principal with the rest of the papers and get at least a little satisfaction from his reaction. If there was one thing somebody like Nedzu forgot in his hatred of humans, it was that they were capable of

standing together when times got rough.}

"This is going to be fun." Shigaraki grins.

{1-A was family, and that didn't change so easily.

Todoroki knocked coolly on the principal's door. The rest of them were sitting in class, but Bakugou had his phone on a call with Jiro so she could hear when their forms were turned in and the class could get up and walk out as a group. They planned on making a show of it.}

"That's going to be devastating." Nedzu comments.

{"Ah, come in, come in!" Nedzu's voice sounded from behind the door, and it opened with a mechanical click. Bakugou and Todoroki walked in, and Nedzu looked at them curiously. Without any prompting, they both approached his desk.

"Principal Nedzu." Todoroki spoke first, and his cold tone set the principal's fur on end.}

"Suffer." Todoroki deadpans.

{"What can I do for you, Todoroki-kun? And you, Bakugou-kun?" He asked, eyes narrowing just slightly. "Am I to assume this has to do with yesterday's decision?"

"You'd be correct." Todoroki nodded, the file full of withdrawal forms still snugly under Bakugou's arm. "You see, Principal Nedzu, we don't agree with your decision to expel Midoriya. And as such, we cannot attend and support a school that accuses and expels its students without proof. So we'd like to withdraw and follow Midoriya. We have all the forms filled out and signed."

"Ah… a shame, really. I suspected one of you might do something like this. He really has you all convinced, doesn't he? Well, I cannot stop you. It's your own futures you'd be changing. U.A. will miss the two of you." Nedzu sighed. And then, Todoroki gave an uncharacteristic smirk.}

"You know you fucked up when Todoroki shows emotion at your expense." Jiro snarks "No offense."

"None taken." Todoroki smirks with his on-screen counterpart.

{“You misunderstand, Principal.” He said, and Nedzu looked up with a curious expression.

“How so, Todoroki-kun?” Nedzu asked, and then Bakugou grinned and set the massive folder full of papers on the principal’s desk. If Nedzu’s fur wasn’t already white, Bakugou was sure he’d have turned it, judging by the expression on his face.}

"This is so satisfying." Bakugo grins.

{“*All* of Class 1-A wishes to withdraw and support Midoriya. We’ve already gotten a position open at another school and will be attending there shortly. You see, Principal, you have made a mistake. You didn’t listen when Midoriya told you the truth. Everything you see written in those notebooks? That was all him. We watched him write the entries personally, and we gave consent for each analysis written of us. He’s a smart, resourceful hero who will most certainly be the number one in the future, and you’ve lost all of us because of your mistake.” Todoroki announced.}

"Ruthless." Izuku grins.

"Your worth it." Todoroki affirms.

{“Now surely there must be some kind of misunderstanding-”

“What, like the one Deku tried to tell you about?!” Bakugou interrupted with a snarl. “He *told* you he didn’t steal or lie, and he’d never hurt anybody! But you’ve got your head so far up your own ego you couldn’t piece together the fact that somebody could be as smart as you. So *no*, Principal Nedzu, there’s no *misunderstanding*. We’re *leaving*.”}

"Preach!"
"Sing it!"
“Tell him!"

{“Oh, and if you try to pull anything like expelling us instead of processing our withdrawal forms, we have witnesses who know we’re withdrawing and dated proof of phone calls to our parents asking to withdraw. Also, you’ll be hearing from Mrs. Midoriya in the near future I suspect, given that she’ll be suing you. Do you have any questions, Principal?” Todoroki asked, that smirk still in place on his face. Nedzu looked like he couldn’t process what they said.}

"I don't know if I'm more afraid or impressed that Nedzu is blue screening right now." Mic vibrates in his seat.

{“You can’t be serious, surely. You are aware of what he had written in those notebooks, yes?” Nedzu quickly tried to explain, sensing the imminent media storm that was about to happen should an *entire class* withdraw from U.A. on top of a lawsuit. “For you, Bakugou, he wrote-”

“I fucking know what Deku wrote! And so what if the knowledge is dangerous?! Hero work is dangerous! You have the knowledge now, so now *you’re* dangerous! You just couldn’t accept that somebody was as smart as you and so you expelled him!” Bakugou narrowed his eyes at the principal. “You hate humans and you put yourself so far above us that you don’t think it’s possible for somebody to be like you. Well, guess what! Deku’s a fucking hero nerd and he’s a genius with analysis! And you decided to accuse him without even getting somebody to confirm it, like, you know, the *damn lie detector*!”}

"Tear into him!"
"That's right!"
"Use fucking logic!"

{“And you underestimated 1-A as a whole, principal.” Todoroki said before Nedzu could get in another word edgewise. “We follow each other. We’re a team, and we don’t leave one of our own behind. So please, make this easier on yourself and allow us to withdraw.”

“Well, perhaps I was a bit rash with my expulsion,” Nedzu conceded, though it was clear it was only to save face and he didn’t believe it. “So we can bring Midoriya back in and have a talk with him about his notebooks, this time with Detective Tsukauchi present-”

“No. It’s too damn late for that. None of us want to go to a school that walks all over its damn students. You should have thought of that before you did this shit in the first place.” Bakugou crossed his arms over his chest. “And purple fu- *Shinsou* and Hatsume’s withdrawal forms are in there as well. They want to follow Deku as well.”}

"That looked painful." Sero chuckles.

{“… Is there no way I can convince you to change your mind?”

Nedzu asked, putting his head in his paws. He knew when he'd been outmatched, and this was going to be a killing blow to U.A.'s reputation. All because he couldn't be bothered to fact-check his accusations.

"No. You cannot." Todoroki said firmly. Nedzu didn't look up from his desk and simply dragged the pile of papers to himself with a small sigh.

"… Very well, you may withdraw." Nedzu said softly. "U.A. is sorry to see you go."}

"Little late for that." Shoji comments.

{*"… Very well, you may withdraw."* Jiro heard Nedzu's voice through her phone. *"U.A is sorry to see you go."*

And with that, she stood up and grabbed her bag. Aizawa stopped his lecture with a sharp look, wondering what the hell she was doing. He was about to open his mouth and reprimand her, but he was interrupted by the rest of the class promptly following suit.}

"Oh so they're going for the dramatic exit," Midnight grins "We've taught them well."

{"Excuse me, what do you think you're all doing?" He asked with a raised eyebrow, crossing his arms over his chest. "First Bakugou and Todoroki don't show up to classes and now this. Mind explaining what's going on?"

"Thank you for your time teaching and protecting us, sensei." Momo said curtly, giving him a bow. "But I'm afraid we're no longer students of U.A. and we'll be collecting our things and leaving. I wish you luck in your future endeavors, sir."

"Excuse me? What are you all talking about?" Aizawa asked, now on the defensive.}

"And the rug has been pulled." Dabi chuckles.

{"Sir!" Iida spoke up. "All of us have withdrawn from U.A. in solidarity with Midoriya in the face of his wrongful expulsion! We will be continuing our education elsewhere, as we cannot study at a school that levels such accusations at its students without

proof!”

“What are you - you kids can’t be serious. He had those notebooks, you have *no idea* what’s written in them. The things he came up with-”

“Were all things we asked him to write, sir!” Uraraka spoke next. “The whole ‘breaking my fingers’ thing, right? I know he wrote that! We all asked him to identify our weaknesses so we could work on getting rid of them. But you didn’t bother to check that, sir! You just believed Principal Nedzu without thinking about it. And we can’t trust a teacher or a school that would blindly go against us without proof like Iida-kun said!”

“Yeah! Midobro would never hurt any of us, he even said he was uncomfortable writing about us at first because he had a bad experience with analyzing his classmates in the past!” Kirishima said firmly. “But we all begged him to! And we watched him write most of the hero analysis ourselves, sir! He really is that smart!”}

"They probably feel guilty for that." Kirishima comments "I know I would."

{“And Nedzu just… never bothered to check. *I* never bothered to check.” Aizawa put a hand to his head in disbelief. “Fuck… I really messed up this time. Problem Child… I said such awful things about him. He’d never - and now you’re all…”

“I’m sorry, sir. For what it’s worth, you are a good teacher and we will always remember what you taught us for heroics.” Tokoyami ducked his head a little, embarrassed to say these kinds of things. But then he looked back up with a firm expression. “But what they said is true. We cannot stay. I’m sorry, sir, but it would be impossible for us to not worry about being expelled ourselves over things that weren’t true.”}

"Trust is a fickle thing indeed." Shoji agrees.

{“So with that being said, we’ll be taking our leave,” Momo said calmly. “We’ll be packing our things in the dorms if you need us, sir. Bakugou and Todoroki should be coming back from turning in our withdrawal papers any moment now. And just so you’re aware, Shinsou and Hatsume will be leaving with us.”

“… Shinsou too?” Aizawa put his head in his hands.

“Goddamnit…”

“If you’ll excuse us, sir.”}

"Devastation, plain and simple." Sato says quietly

{Izuku looked down at the Ketsubutsu uniform in his hands and then to All Might, who was smiling brightly in the living room of the Midoriya apartment. He handed him an I.D. card with the Ketsubutsu logo on it and patted him on the shoulder, and handed him a letter.

“Your official letter of enrollment in Ketsubutsu, my boy. I’ve already delivered the others to the other kids. I’m proud of you for going through all of this, I know it can’t be easy to leave behind a school you worked so hard to get into.” He said gently. But Izuku shook his head with a small, wistful sort of smile on his face.}

"UA has its moments." Izuku winced.

{“It’s not that hard, sir, not with you and my friends on my side. I couldn’t believe everybody would just drop everything and follow me.” He said, and All Might laughed.

“Of course they would, my boy! You’re an inspiration to many and they all knew you weren’t capable of the things Principal Nedzu insinuated. You will be a great hero, with or without U.A., my boy. I hope you know that.” All Might said easily.

“We all will, sir. 1-A is a family… and we’ll be heroes together.”}

“Hell yeah, we will!"
"We'll take the world by storm!"
“Watch out villains!"

{*“This just in! An entire class has withdrawn from U.A. in what some are calling a mass exodus after the wrongful expulsion of a hero course student! The class, the infamous 1-A of many villain attacks, has decided to stick by their expelled classmate-”*

“Breaking News: U.A High School being sued for character defamation! The Principal of U.A High expelled a hero course student after making baseless accusations against him, all dispelled after an

interview with Detective Tsukauchi of the Musutafu Police Force-"

The weekend before their transition to Ketsubutsu, U.A's former class 1-A met up and snuggled together in the comfort of the Midoriya apartment, clicking away from the news to find a different movie to watch. Izuku smiled at all of them and for once in his life, he felt *safe* and *content* with his life, even if it had just been upended.

To them, he wasn't the *quirkless creep*, he was just Izuku, and that was enough.}

"This feels like an ending. Is it an ending?" Ashido asks.

"For part one but there are others so we're not quite done with this world yet."

"Cool!" Kaminari cheers.

"I really want to see the aftermath." Uraraka comments.

"Or others' perspectives." Hatsume agrees.

"Yes, I know, but for now we have to move on." Headcase says with a chuckle.

Now Playing

With Confidence Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

What is a hero?

Now Playing

With Confidence

The Classmates

{The class had become deathly silent by the time Midoriya reached the blackboard. Grabbing a piece of chalk, he wrote on the board:

What makes a hero?}

"Excellent question." Nedzu comments

{He turned to his classmates.

“I’ve been thinking about this question for a long time. Probably since I was four. I think I know the answer but I’m curious about what everyone else thinks. Heroes are so ingrained in our society that they often overlap with other industries, so sometimes I think the definition of what a hero is has become a bit murky. What do you guys think? What makes a hero?”

Typical middle school replies came back to him, trickling before becoming a flood.

“A strong quirk?”

“Personality! No one wants a boring hero.”

“That’s true! Can’t get into the spotlight if you’re not interesting. You have to look good or have a cool costume.”

“You also need to be good with the public. Remember that one hero who retired early because they couldn’t stop stuttering on a live stream? Memes for days.”

Midoriya listened and wrote down everyone's thoughts which boiled down to:

A strong quirk.
An interesting personality.
Good looking and/or unique costume.}

"For daylights maybe." Aizawa grumbles.

{“Ok! For the sake of time, let’s leave it at these three since that’s what I’m hearing the most.” he turned back to the class and zeroed in on one person.

“So now that we agree that these traits make a hero, how do you plan on becoming one Ito-san?”

Ito, who was known for popping his eyes out to scare the girls in their class, jerked in surprise at being called out. “What?”}

"Ew."

{“You applied to a hero school, right?” Midoriya asked and Ito nodded. “So, based on our criteria of what makes a hero, what’s your plan to stand out? What are you going to do to make them want you?”

“Um, ah, that is. . .” Ito trailed off, a red flush creeping up his neck as he began to hear giggles throughout the class. Irritated, he snapped back, “At least I have a quirk and a chance! No hero school is going to allow a quirkless kid in!”}

"We would." Nedzu claims, his faculty agreeing without hesitation.

{Midoriya heaved a heavy sigh.

“Ito-san,” he began slowly as if he was talking to a small child, “I’m not in this equation - the strong quirk kicks me out automatically. Please try to keep up. Also, this isn’t about my future, it’s about yours and I would like to know how you plan to prove that popping your eyeballs out makes you hero material.”}

"Yes, condescend to them, they deserve it." Shinsou smirks.

{More giggles kicked up around the room.

“I, well, that is. . . I can use them to spy on villains!”

“But they’re still connected to your optic nerve, right? How far can you extend them?”

“Um, a foot, maybe?” Came the weak response and Midoriya raised an eyebrow.

“So you think you can spy on villains with only 12 inches to work with? Don’t you think they would notice an eyeball or two lying around? And what if you’re discovered? What then? How quickly can your eyes go back into their sockets? How is your quirk going to help you if you have to fight?”

“I could throw my eyes at them! People always freak out when I do that! Then I can knock them out with a sucker punch to the face.” Ito exclaimed with pride, flexing one of his biceps.}

"This kid is an idiot." Aizawa deadpans.

{Midoriya laughed. He laughed long and loud to the point that everyone was becoming uncomfortable. After what felt like an eternity, his laughter slowed into chuckles, and he wiped the tears from his eyes.

“Ah, Ito-san, I’m sorry. I don’t mean to laugh at you but are you being serious? Is that really your plan for when you have to fight?”

“. . . yes?”

Midoriya’s expression became one of pity.

“Ito-san, I don’t want to be the bearer of bad news, but I hope you picked out a normal high school as your second choice because no hero school is going to take you in.”}

"Thank god." Bakugo huffs.

{“You don’t know that!”

“Your optic nerves are probably stronger than most, but they’re not made of steel. It would be ridiculously easy to beat you, even I could do it.”

“Yeah right! As if a quirkless nobody like you could -”

“All I would need to do is grab your optic nerve and pull.” Midoriya said with a straight face and Ito paled as gruesome images materialized in his head. “I imagine it wouldn’t take much and even if pulling didn’t work, collateral damage from fights guarantees something sharp will be around, so I could just cut them. Actually, I don’t even need to go that far - I could just crush your eyeballs. Then you wouldn’t have eyes *or* a quirk.” Midoriya’s smile would probably be in Ito’s nightmares. “So, Ito-san, please rethink your strategy, or don’t bother with the entrance exam at all.”}

"*Oh shit.*"
"So this is what his analysis looks like."
Gulp
"Scary."

{Somebody laughed as Ito’s shoulders slumped in defeat and Midoriya snapped his head and zeroed in on them with a frightening accuracy that matched the manic smile growing on his face.

“Ah, Mika-san! I was wondering who should go next. Thank you for volunteering.”}

"Dude, I'm having flashbacks." Kaminari squeaked.

"I know what you mean." Ashido whines.

{Mika hiccupped in fear.

And that’s how the rest of the class went; with Midoriya dissecting most of his classmates' quirks and personalities. It was a psycho-analyzation that none of them had woken up expecting and it showed.}

"I can't believe I'm doing this." Izuku whispers in horror.

{“Suzuki-san, mutant-type quirks don’t get a lot of sponsorship offers. How are you going to combat that if you want to be a limelight hero?”}

"Hugs." Shoji deadpans.

{“Kuwabara-san, how do you plan to use the spikes growing out

of the top of your head to rescue civilians?”

“Kato-san, you have a quiet personality. How are you going to stand out from the rest when you have a hard time with public speaking?”

It occurred to Iwamoto a little too late that Midoriya was using the list the class had made earlier to turn the tables on them. Swallowing his fear that he was about to lose his career, Iwamoto stood up before Midoriya could sink his teeth into the three students left.}

"So that idiot sat there and watch at least sixteen students get verbally wrecked?" Dabi asked incredulously.

{“Stop, Midoriya! You have terrorized your classmates enough. Telling them all sorts of awful things - how could you say those things to them? I don’t know what’s gotten into you today but enough is enough!”

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Midoriya's next victim - Eiko - mouth 'thank you, sensei' as Midoriya turned to him.

“That’s an interesting way of putting it, sensei. But I don’t think I terrorized anyone.”}

"Then what the fuck would you call it?" Shigaraki scoffed.

{“Excuse me?! Then what would you call the last hour?”

“Hmm,” Midoriya leaned against the podium, tapping his chin. “An eye-opener? A wake-up call? We’ve all got big dreams and I’ve been told by everyone in this room that my mine is unattainable. That I should be *realistic* and pick something else. It’s been scrawled onto my desk, clawed into my clothes, and burned into my skin. So I thought. . .” he trailed off, quiet for a moment before looking up and giving everyone a cheerful smile.

“I thought since everyone has been so kind to bring me back down to reality time and time again, it was only fair I returned the favor at least once. Ah! But don’t worry sensei! This definition they decided on for a hero is wrong! They missed a major component. And that is why I don’t believe anyone here is qualified.”}

"Go for the jugular!" Jiro cheers.

{Underneath the list he added:

Having morals.}

"Yeah, that's pretty fucking important!"
"Hard to be a good hero if you can't be a good person!"
"I've met villains with better personalities!"

{“See, the previous descriptors can apply to villains, celebrities, models, CEOs, and a bunch of other professions. But a hero? *A real hero has to care.* They have to care about those weaker than them. It’s not just about flashy battles and arresting villains; it’s about calming people down after a disaster, it’s about reassuring desperate people that they’re not alone, it’s about giving civilians a sense of safety and trust.”}

"That is the true essence of Heroics, or at least it should be." All Might agrees.

{Midoriya stared his class down.

“As a quirkless person, not one person in this class has ever made me feel safe. Every day I feel like I’m walking in here to be eaten alive. In the future if one of you does become a hero and you have to save me, would you?”

Silence.}

"And isn't that telling." Izuku sighs.

{“. . . and that’s why no one here is qualified to be a hero, sensei.”

Bakugou’s palms crackled.

Iwamoto pointed to the door. “Principal’s office. Now.”}

"Yes because that will solve everything." Ashido decides to be sarcastic.

{Midoriya shrugged, grabbed his stuff and as he stepped out the door, he turned back and gave everyone a sweet smile.

“I know it’s a long way off, but good luck on your entrance exams everyone! I hope this lesson is one you remember when they come around.”}

"Even when you're ruthless you're kind." Todoroki smirks.

"I think I was being ornery." Izuku corrects.

{The sound of the door shutting echoed and the class listened as Midoriya's footsteps faded away.

"Sensei," someone said, sounding weak in the tense air. "Can I change my school choices?"}

"Guess they aren't hopeless." Ojirou sighs.

{Iwamoto sighed. For some reason, an old joke popped into his head. It was older than dirt but it had stood the test of time:

Fourteen-year-olds are the meanest people in the world. They will make fun of you but in an accurate way. They will get to the thing that you don't like about you. They don't even have to look at you for long.}

"True."
"Mood."
"Preach."
"Yep."

{*'Apparently they can smell the weakness of other fourteen-year-olds too.'* he couldn't help but think as he took in the frightened, desperate gazes of his students. Midoriya had done a number on them - and himself if he was being honest.

"Anyone who wants to make changes, do it now. They haven't been recorded yet so you have time."

The desperate scribbling of pencils on paper sounded like thunder in his ears.}

"Well that was amazing." Todoroki deadpans "I look forward to more."

"Me too."

"Seconded."

"Thirded."

"I agree."

The calls continued until Headcase called for the next episode to

begin.

Now Playing

Going On Strike Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

What I need to prove

Chapter Notes

{On screen}

Now Playing

Going On Strike

Chapter 3

{Hitoshi is excited.}

"True." Shinsou deadpans.

{It really is as simple as that to describe how Hitoshi's been feeling recently. Before, there was an almost constant small buzz of *doubt* under his skin. Yes, he's more than happy he got into the hero course— he's never felt more relieved and determined before! But sometimes when he's sitting through another bout of insomnia and he's left only with his thoughts to fill the silence, he couldn't help but think " *When's the other shoe going to drop?*".}

"When you join our class please do not hesitate to confide in us any such thoughts." Iida offers.

"And don't be afraid to wake me up for it." Izuku adds.

{But then Midoriya just took one look at him and said "Yes— this is friend material" and wormed his way into his life.

It didn't start off as a lot at first— but that still didn't take away from the fact that Midoriya was the only person Hitoshi felt comfortable around in 1-A.}

"I hope we can change that for you." Uraraka smiles at Shinsou.

{Then with the revelation about Izuku's previous quirklessness

seemed to just seal the deal for Hitoshi. Midoriya was someone who *understood* — understands the feeling of “where the hell is that other shoe?!”. He gets why Hitoshi feels that way because he probably does too.}

"Constantly." Izuku confirms.

{In fact— Midoriya might’ve actually found it.

The other shoe was the revelation of the true way their classmates think. The other shoe is the reason why Midoriya felt as if he couldn't trust his classmates with actually *knowing* him for so long.}

"I look forward to getting to know the real you." Tsu tells Izuku.

{And that brings Hitoshi to his current source of excitement— Midoriya’s plan™. Now that the other shoe has dropped, Midoriya wants to burn it into nothing and grind its ash into the pavement with his heel. And Hitoshi’s excited because he gets to do that too.}

"That does sound fun." Kaminari agrees.

"I've never thought I'd be looking forward to watching myself suffer." Sero comments.

"I know right." Ashido cheers.

{Before anything *really* fun could happen though, Izuku had to start focusing more on his own skills and traits that he already has— and that’s where Aizawa-Sensei came in. With the revelation of what lies in Midoriya’s notebooks, Aizawa-Sensei has been mainly pushing both fighting styles and techniques while he puts off *schedules* for a meeting with Nedzu about them.}

"Bold of you to assume I don't already know what you're doing." Nedzu grins toward Aizawa, who sinks into his seat further.

{He’s also agreed to join Midoriya’s plan™ so that automatically gives them infinitely more freedom to do whatever the hell they want and have Aizawa-Sensei back them up. He was visibly furious when they told him about the very originally dubbed “News incident” and was more than happy to aid the spread of chaos in the name of “*learning*”.}

"The teachers on board those kids are fucked." Dabi chuckles.

{(Hitoshi could have sworn Aizawa-Sensei mumbled something about fighting “fire with fire” but that also could’ve been his imagination)

Hitoshi nor Midoriya are complaining though. This truly is the definition of Aizawa’s “liquid teaching methods”.

Hitoshi grins a bit to himself as he waits for the heroics class to start.}

"The anticipation is killing me." Hagakure whines.

{Hitoshi’s grin only gets *wider*.

“Today class, we’ll be doing something similar to what you’ve been doing with Aizawa. Except today— you’ll be using your quirks along with the hand-to-hand you’ve been learning! Specifically, you’re super moves!” All Might boisterously informs. Despite being limited to his skeletal self, he never lost his booming voice.}

"And we love him for it." Koda assures.

{Hitoshi sends a pointed mirthful glance at Midoriya who was right next to him— Midoriya returns it in kind; practically vibrating in silent anticipation.

Hoooo boy—- this’ll be *good*.

“You may pair up with whoever you like! HOWEVER! It is advised you pair up with someone you usually don’t, so you have variety!”}

"Come on, what are they gonna do?" Toga whines.

{Some decide to heed All Might’s recommendation and pair up with opposing quirks— while some just went to their usual friends. Recently, Hitoshi and Midoriya would hog each other— running straight to the other before anyone had a chance. This time however will be *different*.

With Midoriya being “freed” from Hitoshi, one of the friends he’s been avoiding decides to make a move— clapping their hand down on Midoriya’s shoulder.

“Hello Midoriya! Would you like to partner up?” Iida asked. His voice was slightly apprehensive, but that was only noticeable if you were paying attention.}

"So I've volunteered to be the first target it appears." Iida comments with hidden amusement.

{Midoriya froze up slightly— even if he was expecting to be ambushed by *someone* in his friend group the second he was available, it didn’t stop the brief flash of slight fear and anger that traveled up his spine. Thankfully though, none of it seemed to show through as he turned to Iida and gave his best fake-but-trying-not-to-be-fake smile.}

"You're way too good at that." Mei chuckles.

{Iida smiled back— silently relieved as they walked off to go spar and work on incorporating their quirks and super moves more effectively into their sparring.

Or… so it would seem.

Hitoshi was brought out of his thoughts by an approaching classmate— Ojirou Mashiro.

“I want a rematch” Ojirou declares. It's simple and sweet, but the meaning gets across fine.

Hitoshi nods in response going over with the monkey boy to spar. Though, he makes sure to keep an ear out for when things will get *interesting*.}

"He’s totally gonna kick Iida's ass without his quirk." Kaminari bounces in excitement.

"That other me isn't going to like that." Bakugo groans.

"Let's hope he doesn't do something stupid." Kirishima tries to comfort earn a *look*.

{Iida wouldn’t show it— but he was relieved when Midoriya accepted his partner-up request.

He’s been acting so out of sorts for the past couple of weeks and Iida just didn’t know what had caused it!}

"Just wait." Jiro smirks.

{Well, that was kind of a lie— he knew where it started. It was the day Midoriya had struck fear through everyone down in the common room after breaking his glass. But despite that, he still didn't know what prompted such a reaction!

Not only did Midoriya show true anger for the first time, but he had started avoiding Iida and his other friends in favor of spending time with that new transfer student, Shinsou Hitoshi.}

"Please don't blame Shinsou for that." Iida comments in concern.

{Well, it would seem as though Midoriya has gone back to normal. That is truly a relief.

They both stretch briefly on opposite ends of their designated sparring spot— staring across at each other with the promise of good and fulfilling spars to come.

When they're both done, Iida gets into his ready stance, whereas Midoriya settles into a… relaxed pose? Well, no matter! A fight waits for no one, so Iida takes off with a Recipro Burst right at the beginning. Midoriya shouldn't have enough time to situate himself and dodge so—

Midoriya sidesteps Iida at the last possible second— ducking under Iida's outstretched arm and safely out of the way. His almost relaxed posture still held.}

"He took to that fighting style well." Aizawa comments hiding his pride.

{In Iida's surprise, he continues off into a wide arc to come back around. Keeping up his forward momentum, Iida runs at Izuku again— the results staying the same. It doesn't matter how low or high Iida comes in with his punches or kicks— Midoriya always seems to be able to step out of the way fast enough. The only time Iida's been able to get Midoriya moving more is when he jumps up for a high-ground attack.}

"This is so cool." Kaminari grins.

{Getting frustrated, Iida tries a new strategy. Instead of readying himself for a punch or jump, Iida simply brings his knee up to hit Midoriya in the stomach.

{This is where Midoriya finally strikes— instead of just side-stepping out of the way, he also jumps. With a well-placed kick to the back of the head— Iida crashes down to the ground. In mere seconds after— Midoriya is on top of Iida holding him down. After a few attempts to wriggle free— Iida yields.}

"I don't think I've had a loss that was quite so satisfying." Iida smiles.

{After Midoriya gets off— Iida sits up to go compliment Midoriya on his skills only to abruptly stop in his tracks. Midoriya… Midoriya never actually used his quirk, did he?

Now that Iida thinks about it, not *once* during that fight did he see the tell-tale green lightning of Full Cowl activating.}

Rueful grins and malicious smirks are seen on the faces of each audience member.

{Despite this, he still approached Midoriya to give his comments.

“Midoriya! Your movements have become so fluid! I wasn’t able to land even one hit on you! However— I can’t help but realize that you never used your quirk once?” Iida phrased that last part like a question, giving Midoriya room to prove him wrong.

Midoriya just nods in affirmation as a response, eyes hard and full of determination.

It puts Iida off a bit, but he doesn’t verbalize what he’s thinking— instead taking his place from right where he started.}

"Round 2: Fight!" Kaminari cheers.

{The next few spars go on similarly— Iida will sprint forward and Midoriya will jump out of the way until he finds the best opening to take Iida down. They’ve used different tricks and moves, but one thing remained the same. Midoriya never used his quirk once.

“Midoriya— why aren’t you using your quirk? We are supposed to be working on using our quirks in sparring and combat! Not the quirkless sparring we did with Aizawa-Sensei!”

Midoriya just raises an eyebrow at Iida.

“You think I don’t know that?” Midoriya asks.}

Snort

“That sass."
“Burn."
Snicker

{“Well—“

“What seems to be the issue?” All Might questioned as he walked up to Iida and Midoriya.

There’s a tense silence for a few seconds as Iida tries to formulate a sentence.

“W-Well All Might-Sensei! I-It seems as though Midoriya is not using his quirk for the exercise today!” Iida finally stuttered out— waving his arm in a chopping motion.

All Might looks over at Midoriya, slight concern written on his face.

“Young Midoriya… I thought you had a good handle on your quirk now? You also have your shoot em’ up style you’ve been working on, wouldn’t your quirk help—“

“*I’m not using it*” It comes out firm with no room for argument.}

Shiver "Chills." Uraraka grins.

{“Y-young Midoriya…?” All Might looks even more concerned.

Silence once again falls on all three of them. All Might looks over at Iida for an answer only to get nothing. Iida was just as confused as All Might.

“I was doing just fine fighting Iida without it— I don’t *need* to use it” Midoriya clipped— voice oddly detached but still carrying a firm weight.}

"This is true." Tokoyami nods proudly.

{By now other students have started noticing the confrontation— abruptly stopping their sparring to instead look over at the three.

Iida notices the subtle glance that Midoriya shoots over to Shinsou who’s currently smirking. This seems to prompt Midoriya to send over a small smile before his face settles back into a determined and unyielding expression.}

"I love being part of this." Shinsou confirms.

{“Why don’t you, young-Midoriya?” All Might presses on despite the slight wobble to it.

“Iida?” Midoriya questions.

“Y-yes?” Iida unconsciously straightens up.

“Did I need to use my quirk at all during our spar?” Midoriya refers. Though, it’s said like he already knows the answer.

“Not p-particularly… no” Iida answers honestly.

“Well there you have—“

“DEKU!!!” Someone roars out.}

"And cue the asshole." Jiro rolls her eyes.

"At least he warned us about it." Momo comforts.

{It happens so quickly that most couldn’t even say what happened. One second Bakugo Katsuki was rocketing towards Midoriya, only to get slammed into the ground after being knocked off balance with Midoriya’s knee firmly pressed into Bakugou’s neck.

Still no sparks of green lighting.

The shock of it was what probably caught Bakugo off guard— but that doesn’t matter right now.

“DEKU!! WHAT THE HELL!! YOU LOOKIN’ DOWN ON ME HUH? YOU THINK YOUR SO HOT SHIT YOU DON'T *NEED* YOUR QUIRK?”

“Bakugo” it comes out so *cold*, it’s hard to imagine it coming out of Midoriya's mouth.

Bakugo suddenly goes ridged— almost limp in shock as he slowly looks up at the cold and calculating toxic green of Midoriya’s gaze.

“You of all people should know *why*.” Midoriya states like it's a fact— only to lean down and whisper something too quiet for any others to hear into Bakugo’s ear.

Bakugo's eyes blow impossibly wide with realization and…

fear…?}

"What the fuck did he say?" Bakugo growls.

{Before anyone can do anything more the bell suddenly rings, signifying the end of class.

Midoriya huffs out a sigh and gets off of Bakugo. Surprisingly, Bakugo doesn't try anything more after that— simply looking at Midoriya with his blown red eyes as he mindlessly rubs the dirt off of his face.

Shinsou sauntered over— passing all of the gobsmacked and stalk still members of Class 1-A. He threw his arm over Midoriya's shoulder and started leading him back inside— whispering softly and quietly with a small smile on his face.

No one dared *move*.}

"What did you teach that kid?" Mic asks.

"Something wonderful." Aizawa grins.

{Shinsou and Midoriya walked back out to the field where Aizawa stands waiting for them. He's about to ask them to start their warmups when he cuts himself off at the expressions his students are wearing.

Shinsou has his usual smirk— but it's accompanied by wild eyes that make it appear almost sharper— threatening— *dangerous*.

A similar expression rests on Midoriya's face, except for the fact that he's not smiling at all. His face is stone cold and his gaze soul-piercing. Pure determination seems to almost drip off of the two as they stare their teacher down.

Aizawa *smiles*.}

"Don't look now, but our sensei has the same expression." Hagakure whispers conspiratorially.

{Somewhere in a large room with a camera recording pulled up on the computer monitor, a rat cackles into his tea— spilling it all

over the place.

“My, my! What a mess I’ve made!” The rat states with joy—looking down at the tea puddles on the desk in delight.}

{“You of all people should know what *I* need to **prove**.”}

The crowd chants 'next chapter' over and over until it loads thoroughly enjoying each story.

Now Playing

Solidarity pt2 ch1

Chapter Summary

a change of perspective (or six)

Chapter Notes

{on screen}

Now Playing

no stability (without solidarity)

a different perspective

{If there was one thing the principal of Ketsubutsu was expecting, it was not a phone call from All Might in the middle of the night. Ketsubutsu's principal, Tojo Akari, was a diligent but kind woman who cared for her students like they were her own kids; she loved watching them grow into fine young heroes and she cried at every graduation.}

"Aw, that's so sweet." Hagakure coos.

{But she'd worked late and had ended up well into the night before she locked up the school and left for the day. She had been on her way out to her car when her phone rang, and the caller ID read 'Yagi Toshinori.' Her eyes went wide - what in the world had All Might called her for?}

"Something very important." Yagi rumbles.

{"Hello? Tojo Akari speaking, how can I help you?" She asked, trying her best not to sound nervous. Usually, if a bigger hero called her for something, it was because one of their students had done something they weren't supposed to. She hoped that wasn't the case.}

"Do you think Nedzu knows about Hosu?" Iida whispers.

"It's Nedzu." Izuku deadpans while Todoroki nods along.

{*“Ms. Tojo! I’m glad you answered. I have a very sudden favor to ask of you. Something happened today at U.A., and I believe you’d best hear about it before the news picks up on it.”* Yagi explained, and Akari blinked. Something happened?}

"Oh, something happened." Dabi chuckles.

{“Well, what seems to be the problem? Why wouldn’t Principal Nedzu reach out regarding issues with the school?” She asked curiously. She heard the man sigh, clearly annoyed, on the other end of the line. He grumbled something to himself before speaking.

“Because he’s made a foolish mistake. You see…” And Yagi explained the situation in detail; from Midoriya Izuku’s wrongful expulsion to his class’s insistence on following him. She could hardly believe her ears. Had Nedzu’s pride finally overrode his common sense? Getting a detective he knew personally that could easily verify the truth seemed like the easiest solution in the world, yet he’d expelled a student based on nothing more than a notebook or two.}

"She is right to judge me so harshly." Nedzu sighs.

{“And you said the entire class plans on withdrawing tomorrow?” She asked.

“Yes, and that’s where my favor comes in. I wish to find these kids a place at another hero school. I know Ketsubutsu emphasizes trust and communication with its students, and I had hoped you would be willing to consider taking on another class. These kids are good students and they want to stick together. What’s more heroic than that?” He said, fondness in his tone.}

"We made him proud." Ojirou grins.

"And we'll keep doing it." Sato agrees.

{“You don’t even have to ask. Of course, I’ll take them on! I’ll have to find a teacher willing to add another course to their workload, but this is an opportunity. Not to sound crass or anything, but Ketsubutsu taking on the infamous Class 1-A would boost our reputation considerably. And of course, I’d want to give the kids a chance to build trust with their teachers again.” She explained. This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, and she wouldn’t waste it.

“Perfect, thank you so much. If there’s anything you need from me, please let me know. I’ve got to finish getting the rest of the kids’ withdrawal forms signed, but I wanted to at least get the ball rolling on their re-enrollment.” Yagi said. *“Ah! And one more thing; there are two students joining not in the heroics course. Shinsou Hitoshi, a student who was training to transfer into the heroics course under Eraserhead, only now he’ll be following Midoriya as well. And Hatsume Mei, a bright and talented support course student. Would it be possible to include them as well?”*

“Consider it done. I remember Shinsou from the sports festival. Wasted potential from an entrance exam that uses robots. He’ll have a place with 1-A when he joins. Well, they’ll be 1-C here, but the point still stands.” Akari chuckled.}

"Not how I wanted to get into the hero course but I'll take it." Shinsou chuckles.

"You would have made it anyway, like in 'Going On Strike'." Izuku smirks.

"If the grape got expelled or didn't exist or whatever happened in that world." Shinsou replies.

"If only." Uraraka sighs wistfully.

{*“Wonderful! I’m beyond thrilled to let the students know. Thank you so much for being willing on such short notice.”* He said, sounding genuinely pleased.

“Of course! Now, I’ve got to go draw up paperwork and preparations. I’ll have them signed up with Ketsubutsu by the end of the week. Can you have somebody pick up ID badges and uniforms for them when I have them ready? My, there’s so much to be done…” Akari muttered, picking up her things and beginning to head back inside the building.

“I’d be happy to pick anything up myself, you just let me know what’s needed. I know there’s a lot of paperwork to be filled.”}

"We are lucky to learn from such a man as he." Tokoyami smiles.

{Emi yawned. Somebody was calling her right now? She was taking a nap before her late-night patrol! She grumbled and looked at her phone, but then woke up nearly instantly when she

realized it was the principal. What was Tojo calling about this late?

"Hello, Ms. Joke speaking! How can I help you, Principal?" she asked, sounding chipper though she'd just woken up.

"Hello Fukukado-san, I have a rather sudden question to ask you. How do you feel about taking on a homeroom class? I know you're only hero ethics and underground basics right now, but I've had an opportunity fall into my lap that I don't want to waste." Tojo explained. Emi froze, not knowing how to react to that. A homeroom class?}

"Ms. Joke is going to be our homeroom teacher?" Kaminari grins.

"That'll be so fun!" Ashido cheers.

{"Do you mind me asking why before I agree to something so suddenly, Principal Tojo?" She asked, hoping for the best. Tojo just laughed.

"Of course! Are you familiar with U.A. High's Class 1-A? You encountered them while you supervised the third-year Licensing Exam, didn't you?" Tojo asked in return.

"Yeah! That's Eraser's class! What about them?" She grinned, excited to hear news of an old underground colleague. As much as she jokingly flirted and asked for dates, she knew he wasn't actually interested. She really only saw him as a friend.}

"That doesn't make it better." Aizawa grumbles.

{*"Well… they're all withdrawing from U.A."* And the principal went on to explain the situation as it had been explained to her, and Emi was in disbelief. Eraser had really gone along with Nedzu so blindly…?

"And you're taking them on, I'm guessing?" She asked.

"Exactly right. And you're the only one who can realistically fit an entire homeroom into their teaching schedule. I'll hire another teacher on short notice if I have to, but it would be easier if you'd agree. Besides, you're good with kids that have trust issues. I suspect they'll have a few." Tojo explained. Emi hummed thoughtfully.}

"Understandable."

"True."
“I mean... yeah."

{“Alright, I’ll teach them.”}

Applause and cheers fill the room.

{When Nemuri woke up that morning, the last thing she was expecting to see was an entire class marching out of their homeroom. She’d been delivering some papers to another teacher, and she saw 1-A’s entire student body walk out of the classroom with their things. When she walked by the door, she saw Shouta sitting with his head in his hands.

What was going on?

She was about to head in and ask, but then the intercom came on.

“Will all teachers please gather in the conference room for an emergency meeting? Please leave your classes to their respective representatives for the time being.”

What…? She heard Shouta get up angrily, and it looked like he had tears in his eyes. Okay, now she was genuinely concerned. What in the world had happened? She quickly made her way to the conference room, where there were other teachers arriving as well, looking just as confused. They all entered, including Recovery Girl and Hound Dog. The only one missing was All Might.}

"I'm going to tear into you." Midnight warns.

{“Is Yagi-san running late today?” Cementoss was the first to ask. The silence in the room was tense and nearly suffocating in its intensity.}

"You could say that." Jiro snarks.

{“It appears… I have made a mistake. A rather grave one that I fear may have far-reaching implications for U.A. as a whole.” Nedzu murmured, and Nemuri felt her blood run cold. She had a horrible feeling, and she didn’t like where this conversation was going. “Yesterday, I had a conversation with Midoriya Izuku regarding notebooks he has been cultivating during his time at U.A. Other students expressed concern over them last week, so I

decided to look into them."

Oh. Oh no. She didn't like where this was going at all.}

"She's putting it together." Aoyama sighs sadly.

{*"Right,"* Yagi had said, his tone almost angry. She had regretted asking him because it spoke of implications she didn't like. *"Just kids talking."*

And those kids had gone to Principal Nedzu about their talking.}

"It's not your fault." Izuku whispers to the screen.

{"Those notebooks contained some of the most thoroughly devastating hero analyses I have ever read. In fact, as was the largest part that led to my mistake, I believed Midoriya to be incapable of writing something like that as it was on par with my own analysis." Nedzu continued, and Nemuri had a sinking feeling in her gut that she *knew* where this was going, now.

"It's just notes on heroes he likes, being a fanboy and all." The person closest to him didn't seem worried about it at all, and he was the former number-one hero. He, surely, would know analysis when he saw it. But if he only described it as 'just notes…'

"And so, after coming across such analysis, I came to the conclusion that it had to have been stolen from my files, as much of it matched." Nedzu said, his tone unbelievably flat. Nemuri felt her heart lurch in her chest. "And so, believing that, I made the next conclusion that it was highly likely that Midoriya Izuku was a traitor to U.A. Yesterday, I expelled him under that belief."}

"Without proof!"
"Jumping to fucking conclusions!"
"Narcissistic bastard!"

{The room promptly burst into chaos, but Nemuri was pointedly silent.

She'd seen it, those notebooks. How Midoriya had asked her with a shy smile how her quirk worked and what it was like being a pro. He'd even asked her to autograph a gorgeous portrait of her he'd drawn in that book of his. She thought it was the most flattering thing a student had ever done, and she felt so proud to teach him.}

"Thus why I will rip each of you to shreds for that boy." Midnight growls.

{How could the principal just conclude based on notebooks alone that such a kind boy had done the unspeakable to his classmates? And classmates that had become like family, nonetheless. She may joke, but she knew genuine closeness when she saw it. She saw how deeply 1-A cared for each other in the ways they all whispered good morning to each other, how they comforted one another over even the little things, and how they all stood together in everything they did.

And now one of their core members, one of their biggest supporters, had been expelled.

And if they stood together in everything…

Suddenly, the class walking out made more sense, and she paled at the implication.}

"The dots have been connected." Kaminari nods.

{“Principal Nedzu!” Hizashi was the first to finally breach through the chaos to be heard. “Did you just expel him without confirming it first?! Didn’t you get Detective Tsukauchi or another police officer to confirm that sort of thing?!”

“No, and that was the other half of my mistake. I believed it to be unnecessary, and that it would bring too much attention. If we had a traitor in our midst, bringing in the police would make it into a spectacle and put a mark upon U.A.’s reputation. I also wanted to keep All Might separate from this, seeing how close he is to the boy. I believed his judgment would be biased.”}

"There's a reason we use character witnesses in court." Tsukauchi growls.

{And that just hit Nemuri where it hurt. That man was the only one Midoriya truly spoke to. He would know better than anybody when it came to him. Nedzu should have included him at the very least if he didn’t want to involve the police. But instead, Midoriya had gone into Nedzu’s office to be expelled, all alone.

Had he cried? Had he begged not to be expelled? Had he tried to tell Nedzu it wasn’t like that? Nemuri knew how terrified and distrustful he was of teachers and other authorities. The thought

of Midoriya in tears, all alone against the force that was Nedzu when he had his mind set on something, made her tremble and tears bead in her eyes.}

"She saw all that?" Izuku questioned.

"She *is* a hero; and a teacher." Uraraka considers.

"She's a good one, kero."

"Despite her aesthetic." Iida winces.

{She wanted to apologize to that boy for any way she had ever wronged him.

“You just left him all alone?” She finally managed to ask, and at the choked-up tone in her voice, the entire room went silent. They all looked at her with varying expressions. Shouta couldn’t even bring himself to look at her. Did he know? Was he there when it happened? “You expelled that poor boy without any proof or a single person for him to rely on?”}

"Fucking idiots." Shigaraki grumbles.

{“Yes… and that was my mistake. Because I did not consider that he *did* have people he relied on. As of this morning… I was informed of my mistake, explained that 1-A watched him write the entries in the notebooks personally and consented to the ones written about them, and then promptly withdrew in solidarity. U.A. is now down 22 students, as Shinsou Hitoshi and Hatsume Mei have also joined them.” Nedzu said, and the room was silent still.}

"I mean, we watched it 'appen, and I can 'ardly believe it." Snipe comments.

{That was a death sentence for the school’s reputation. Everyone in the room knew it.

“In addition… All Might has tendered his resignation and will no longer be working here. He wishes to continue supporting 1-A in their endeavors elsewhere. He was less than pleased with my choices regarding Midoriya’s situation.”}

"Good." Torino snorts.

{“Shouta. You haven’t said one word. I saw your class walk out this morning. Did you know about this? Were you a part of this?” Nemuri asked, tears in her eyes.

“… Yes. I did. And I believed Nedzu because it made too much sense. Midoriya would be the last one anybody expected and… and he was skittish. Defensive. But he always played up being the hero. At least, I thought so… but I was wrong. I was *so wrong*.” Shouta rasped, his head still in his hands like they’d been glued there. “I said horrible things to that boy. The one time I let my emotions override my logic and I go and do this…”}

"Suffer." Aizawa deadpans.

{“I quit.” Nemuri said, standing sharply from her chair. “I can’t believe *this* is what’s come from U.A. We’re supposed to be the best school in the country, and we treat our students like this? And you don’t even sound sorry about it, Nedzu! You only care about your *reputation!* Well, I became a teacher to *help* students, and right now all I feel like is that I have *failed* Midoriya and 1-A in every possible way. So I will finish out the day and then I *quit*. I pray Midoriya and the rest of his class forgive me one day because god knows I won’t forgive *you*.”}

“Well said!"
“You tell 'em!"
“Go sensei!"

{Monoma Neito was a prideful boy, one who had a lot of insecurities but buried them deep down beneath his façade. In reality, he hardly had it in him to hate anybody, even if they were from 1-A. He thought that perhaps because they’d been involved in villain incidents, they might’ve thought of themselves as more experienced, but that wasn’t the case at all.}

"Okay, just expose me I guess." Monoma grumbles.

{Vlad King had told him not to think like that and explained that at the U.S.J, they had been fighting for their lives. It wasn’t some training simulation. He didn’t fully understand until the training camp, and by then members of 1-A had been involved in two more incidents - Hosu and some shopping mall in Kiyashi Ward.

And by the time the dorms were implemented, he saw just how close that had made 1-A. Even the teachers didn't see everything.

After a group study session, Kendo had returned and said what she saw was surprising. 1-A was so comfortable in each other's spaces that it seemed like they were a family, and she could hardly believe they'd only known each other for just a semester.}

"He sounds jealous." Sero chuckles.

{Even Bakugou and Midoriya, after that fight the first few nights in the dorms, had gotten close and started relaxing around each other.

So Neito, being himself, had felt his pride wounded by that statement. He was an acquired taste, as far as personalities went. He admittedly felt bad every time Kendo had to clean up after one of his rants against 1-A. He… wanted to be that close to his own classmates. He was… dare he say it… jealous. So when he heard the whispers start up about those notebooks Midoriya carried around, he had joined in. He'd said things as well that only added fuel to the fire.}

"Damnit." Monoma groaned.

{All because he was jealous.

And now, Vlad King had come back from his teacher's meeting with one of the most stricken expressions he'd ever seen. He stood at the front of the classroom, and he *bowed*. Not just a respectful bow, but a full, apologetic bow in front of his students.}

"Oh, sensei." Kendo whispers sadly.

{"I'm sorry." Was the first thing out of his mouth. Before any of his classmates could speak, however, Vlad King stood back up. "If I have ever put you in a position where you have been made uncomfortable or felt like you could not speak with me as your teacher, I want to apologize. Today's meeting has made me realize I should be doing more for my students, to foster trust between us. I see great heroes in all of you, and I want you to be able to trust me."}

"I always want my kids to trust me." Vlad agrees.

{"Sekijirou-sensei, what's this about?" Tetsutetsu asked, almost nervously.

"Yesterday evening, Midoriya Izuku of 1-A was expelled from U.A

based on false accusations. In response, his entire class, as well as two other students, have withdrawn from U.A. in support." He said, and 1-B burst into chaotic chatter. Monoma, however, felt like he'd been punched in the gut. He had helped, hadn't he?

He'd said those things about Midoriya and his notebooks. Was that why he'd gotten expelled? Over the rumors, he helped to start? He hadn't meant for it to go this far. He was just jealous, he just wanted to knock a 1-A bigshot down a few pegs. And now an entire class was gone because they trusted him enough to follow in his wake.

Suddenly, Monoma felt like he was the furthest thing from a hero in training.}

"That feeling is gonna stick around for a while." Monoma sighs.

{Eri liked mornings. Well, mornings here at U.A., anyways. She woke up with a yawn most days, followed by a big stretch and her routine of brushing her teeth and changing out of her PJs. Her days were spent quietly doing and learning things she didn't know about before. She liked this sort of routine. But her favorite days of all were the ones she got to spend with Mr. Deku.}

"Oh fuck my heart." Uraraka winces.

{She really liked Mr. Deku. He had lots of scars like her, even some that nobody else had seen before. She asked how he got his scars, but he just shook his head and said people used not to be very nice to him. She frowned at that.

How could anybody be not nice to Mr. Deku? He was a little funny and very nice, and he always seemed to know what to say to her. He never made her feel bad or pitied her. She could see it, sometimes, when Mr. Aizawa looked at her. He was sad for her, but she didn't want him to feel sad when she was already sad. Mr. Deku, though, he just looked like he *understood*. He would listen and nod along with her explanations like he knew exactly what she was feeling.}

"Do I do that?" Aizawa tries to remember.

{It was comforting, having somebody who understood.

But this morning, it seemed like a lot was going on. One minute

she was in the teacher's lounge, quietly working on coloring a page in a book, and the next, the teachers were being called in for a meeting and she was being scooped up by Mr. Mirio. She asked what was going on, but he just said Mr. Aizawa would be busy for a little while and that he had some sad news.

She didn't like sad news, but she listened anyway.}

"Poor baby." Hagakure whines.

{"So, Eri, you know what school is, right? And you know what students are?" Mirio asked carefully. She nodded, she learned those already. "Well, Deku was a student here. But yesterday, Principal Nedzu expelled him."

"What's expelled mean, Mr. Mirio?" She asked, tilting her head. That was a new word.

"Um… well, it's when a principal or a teacher makes you not a student at that school anymore." He explained. And then Eri's eyes went wide.

"So… So Mr. Deku isn't a student anymore?" She asked, her eyebrows scrunching up in worry. If he wasn't a student, how was he going to come and play with her?}

"He can't." Ashido sniffles.

{"No, Eri, he's not. And I'm sorry, but he's not coming back to U.A. He wanted to come and tell you himself, but he didn't think Mr. Aizawa would let him." Mirio explained. Tears welled in Eri's eyes and she sniffled, twisting her hands in her dress and bunching it up.}

"Damnit." Kirishima whispers tears in his eyes.

{"Wh-Why would Mr. Aizawa not let him tell me?" She asked, her voice trembling. Mirio looked like he was about to cry too, seeing her cry like that.}

"Why wouldn't I?" Mirio says sadly.

{"Because, well, Mr. Aizawa and Principal Nedzu thought he did something really bad, but he didn't, and they didn't believe him… so they made him leave." Mirio explained. Eri threw herself into his arms for a hug, and Mirio did his best to comfort her.}

"This isn't fair." Hado whispers with angry tears in her eyes.

{“I-I don’t want Mr. Deku to leave!” She cried against his shoulder. “He - He promised he’d teach me new words - and - and make candy apples! Mr. Deku is the best! He can’t leave!”}

"I'm sorry sweetheart." Midnight cries.

{“I know… I know. I’m sorry, Eri. I didn’t want Deku to leave either. I’m so sorry. But he’s going to a different school now. Maybe I can take you to visit him sometime!” Mirio said, trying his best to smile. Eri just shook her head.

“I don’t want to visit… I want Mr. Deku to stay… I-I want to go with Mr. Deku…” She said, her lip wobbling as if she might cry again. Mirio gently patted her head and still held her in that comforting hug, because he didn’t know what else to do.}

"What else *can* he do?" Ojirou asks clearly upset.

{“I do too. I’m really mad at Principal Nedzu and Mr. Aizawa, but I’ve gotta be brave! That’s what Deku would want, for us to smile and be brave.” He said, gently setting her down when it finally seemed like she was calm enough to be let go.

“I don’t think I want to stay with Mr. Aizawa anymore, Mr. Mirio…” Eri huffed, wiping at her eyes. “He made Mr. Deku leave…”}

"And now the girl I'm responsible for doesn't trust me." Aizawa groans.

{“Oh, Eri… I know Mr. Aizawa made a mistake, but don’t you like staying with him?” Mirio asked softly. Eri clutched the hem of her dress and she shook.

“Mr. Aizawa is… okay… but he’s not as nice as Mr. Deku… Mr. Deku never makes me feel bad… Mr. Aizawa looks at me sometimes and I feel like he’s sad for me. B-But Deku understands! H-He has scars like mine! He’s so nice, Mr. Mirio, he just can’t go!”

And Eri was crying again, and Mirio didn’t know what to do at all.

He felt like Deku would’ve known what to say.}

"Sometimes all you can do is survive." Izuku murmurs.

{Of all the things Tsukauchi expected to be doing today, interviewing a furious mother and her son, was not it. Especially when said mother and son were the Midoriya's, a boy who was like Toshinori's son and a woman who was the image of a mother bear. But they'd come into the police station early that morning, an expression of motherly anger on Midoriya Inko's face.

Toshinori came in shortly after, looking just as mad as Inko was, and boy was that a sight. Toshinori didn't get mad very often, and when he did, it was terrifying.}

"I almost felt sorry for so many villains over the years." Tsukauchi mumbles.

{"Hello there, Naomasa. I have a favor to ask of you if you'd be so kind." Toshinori said, although his tone was closer to the kind that said it wasn't really a favor but a heavily disguised order. Still, the man was his friend, and he'd grant him favors the world over.}

"I'm sorry have I done that before?" All Might asks his friend.

"Not often if at all." Tsukauchi comforts.

{"Sure, Toshi. Just tell me what it is you need." He agreed, taking a sip of his coffee.

"My son was expelled from U.A. yesterday under a baseless accusation without a parent or guardian present." Inko said, straightening her purse on her shoulder. Tsukauchi was glad he'd set down his coffee cup, because holy shit, he hadn't been expecting that at all. "We'd like you to interview my son, on record, regarding his expulsion and the situation surrounding it. I will be suing the school for their treatment of my son and I want this to be used to clear his name."

"Of course, you'll have my full cooperation." Tsukauchi gave a firm nod. "Give me a minute to set up an interview room and I'll be right with you."

He had a feeling this was going to be a very long day.}

"Without a doubt." Aizawa agrees.

As the screen fades out tissues are passed around and the last of the crying crowd is comforted and calmed. In only moments the next chapter plays.

Now Playing

With Confidence Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

bluffing and blackmail

Chapter Notes

{on screen}

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now Playing

With Confidence

The Principal

{*"Principal Akashi, Midoriya Izuku is here."* his secretary's voice crackled through the speaker in his office. Akashi frowned - she sounded uneasy but it was hard to tell through the static.}

"Well if I went on about her quirk that's understandable." Izuku sighs.

{"Send him in." he replied as he reread the email Iwamoto had sent him regarding the situation. It baffled him because the behavior described did not sound like something Midoriya would do. True, the boy was often in trouble for distracting his peers with his mumbling and jealous behavior, but he was timid.}

"Aren't you in for a treat." Jiro grins at the man.

{A quirkless boy like him would never have the guts nor intellect to blatantly break down his classmates' quirks the way the email described. Yet, he also couldn't think of a reason why Iwamoto would lie and with this being Bakugou's last year here, Akashi wanted everything to go smoothly. It wouldn't do for weird rumors about Aldera nor its students to spread when one of their most talented was about to go on to study at UA.}

"I swear they would have let me get away with *murder*." Bakugo growls.

{He'll hear Midoriya out and then deal out an appropriate

punishment.

“Just think about it, ok Mrs. Yuki? I think it would really help strengthen your quirk!” Akashi heard Midoriya say as his door was opened. He caught sight of his secretary’s face and wondered what the boy had said to her - she looked as pale as her surname.}

"That's a sight." Dabi laughs.

{“Hello, Midoriya-kun.” he said as the boy took a seat across from him.

“Principal Akashi,” Midoriya gave him a small nod in return.

“Do you know why you’re here, Midoriya?” Akashi asked, preparing himself for the tears and denial.

“Ah, Iwamoto-sensei said I was torturing my classmates but that isn’t true, sir.” It was said so casually as if he was talking about the weather.}

"Midoriya doesn't give a shit." Kaminari chuckles.

{“Oh?”

Midoriya nodded, looking more relaxed than Akashi had ever seen him. “Everything I said was true. My intent wasn’t to bring anyone who wants to be a hero down but to ground them to reality. To show them... where their limits are, so to speak.”

Akashi sighed. The email was making a little more sense now. Apparently, Midoriya’s jealousy overrode his shy nature today.}

"He isn't jealous!" Uraraka scolds.

{“It’s not your place to tell your classmates what they can or cannot do with their futures! Aspiring to be a hero is an admirable dream for anyone.”

“An admirable dream for anyone but me. Isn’t that what you mean?”}

"And so it begins." Aizawa smirks.

{Akashi froze, startled at the curt accusation.

“Be reasonable, Midoriya. I know life hasn’t been fair to you but you have to be realistic about your own future and leave others alone. Now, about your punishment for disrupting class -”}

"He doesn't deserve to be punished for telling the truth." Yaoyorozu frowns.

{“Y’know, Principal Akashi, your plan never made sense to me.” Midoriya said, scratching his head.

Akashi frowned. “I’m not sure what you’re talking about - and don’t interrupt me while I’m talking to you!”

“I’m talking about your plan to make Aldera more respectable by using Bakugou’s fame once he becomes a pro. It just doesn’t make sense to me.”

“…”

“I understand you want to give your most talented student the best you can, but sacrificing weaker students to feed his ego - that seems wrong, don’t you think?”}

"No shit!"
"Duh!"
"Obviously!"

{“Now see here, Midoriya!” Akashi sputtered, face red. “I have never done such a thing and Bakugou hasn’t done anything to deserve such slander from you!”

“Oh?”

It was said softly, in a sweet lilting way but there was something about it - it made Akashi think of a razor blade wrapped in velvet.

Midoriya rolled up his sleeves and leaned forward in his chair until his elbows were on Akashi’s desk. There were faint scars across his forearms. One was shaped like a handprint.}

"I don't have that scar." Izuku immediately defends, rolling up his sleeve as proof.

"Of course one of these assholes would be worse than me." Bakugo groans.

{“The burns say otherwise; as do the scorch marks on my desk

and the smoke that sticks to my uniform."

". . . he's still young, Midoriya. Accidents happen. I'm sorry if his explosions hurt you but he can't control the strength of his quirk yet." Akashi said, trying to do some damage control before Midoriya got any *ideas*.

Midoriya gave him a look of disbelief and sat back. "If Bakugou can't control his quirk after having it for over a decade then I guess he's not as talented as you think he is."}

"Shade!"
"Truth."
"Hahahahaha!"

{"Midoriya!"

"And if you knew that, then you should have arranged for a quirk counselor to work with him. Not let him run wild and hurt people whenever he feels like it."}

"Yeah!"
"Exactly!"
"Tell him!"

{"I just meant that he probably gets excited when roughhousing." Akashi explained, desperate to take back control of the conversation.

"That is still a sign of poor control."

This boy! Akashi withheld an aggravated groan.

"We are not discussing this further! We are discussing your punishment for being so rude to your classmates. I think two weeks of detention and extra cleaning duty should suffice and I'm being lenient with you."}

"Sure." Aizawa drawls sarcastically.

{". . . I still don't understand your plan."

"Midoriya!"

"Where did All Might attend middle school, Principal Akashi?" Midoriya asked and he came up short, not expecting the question.

“I, that is -” he stuttered, trying to get out an answer.

“You don’t know. What about Endeavor? Or Best Jeanist? Can you name the middle school of any ranking hero? I don’t think you can. Know why, Principal Akashi?”

He was beginning to understand Iwamoto’s warning about Midoriya’s smile. When had it become so terrifying?}

"When his anxiety decided to take a vacation and took his kindness with it." Shinsou grins.

{“Because it doesn’t matter. No one looks at a hero and goes ‘Wow! I wonder where they went to middle school!’ No, they look up where they went to high school because that’s where *they trained to be heroes!*” Midoriya continued on, still smiling, still looking soft. Gentle, as if his words weren’t daggers hitting their targets dead center. “What, do you think Bakugou is going to give this school a shout-out if he goes pro? Do you think people will look up to you or something if he does? You might not be here even if such a thing were to pass - this school might not be open anymore. We’re on the list of schools to be condemned in the next 3 years.”}

"Well makes things easier." Nedzu adds to his Aldera notes.

{“Don’t speak ill of the school.” Akashi managed to croak out.

“I’ll stop when the roof is fixed and the floor tiles stop coming undone. There’s a betting pool on when the rail on the second-floor stairway is going to fall off.”}

"Takashi-kun went to high school with the newest cell model because of that rail." Izuku huffs.

{Yeah, Akashi and the teachers had a bet on that too. But Midoriya didn’t need to know that.}

"I fucking knew it!" Bakugo barks out.

{“I know the school is “well-lived” in but that’s just how it is with all the budget cuts. I don’t know how you know about the condemned list-”

“I follow the school board’s social media.”

"- but, *again*, it doesn't concern you." Akashi sighed. "It seems you have a trend of putting your nose in the business of others today."}

"The essence of heroism." Iida nods.

{"In all fairness, they were in mine first. If you want to be mad at someone, be mad at Iwamoto-sensei for telling everyone I'm trying for UA."

"Still? I thought I advised you heavily against trying."

"You did. So did my classmates but you never seemed to mind when they told me to give up. I know you've heard their, ah, *encouraging* words to me a few times."}

"This school just keeps getting worse." Mic hissed.

{"Don't be upset that they're concerned for you."}

"*Concerned*?" Shigaraki scoffs.

{"A fun way to interpret those interactions. And wrong. Regardless, it's none of their business and ultimately it's UA's call on if I get in. Not my classmates, not my teachers, and not yours."}

"Sing it!"
"Exactly!"
"Preach!"

{Akashi looked - really looked - at the student sitting across from him. There was no tension in his body, his eyes were slightly narrowed and his mouth was set in a firm line. He didn't look upset, more like he was slightly inconvenienced that he was having this conversation at all.

Akashi wondered where the nervous boy he was familiar with went.}

"Gotta love quirks." Twice laughs "**So inconvenient!**"

{"I'm sure Iwamoto-sensei didn't mean to call you out like that but that doesn't give you the right to talk to your classmates like you did."

Midoriya was silent and Akashi withheld a sigh of relief.

Normally it wasn't so hard to get through to this student.

"Let's agree to disagree. Oh! Speaking of rights, let's talk about mine since we're here."}

"This is so *fun*." Midnight smirks.

{Akashi groaned. "Midoriya, please. . ."

"Principal Akashi, I don't think you understand the situation you're in." the boy gave him an assessing look. "I wonder - have for some time, actually - why are you so focused on Bakugou boosting the reputation of this school when you should be focused on making sure I won't tear it down?"}

"It's happening." Hagakure whispers excitedly.

{What sort of power trip fantasy was this boy having right now?

"You can dress up how I've been treated by my peers and teachers all you like, but we all know what's going on. Frankly, I'm tired of being a punching bag and I'm tired of *you* sweeping it under the rug simply because I don't have a quirk. I'm tired of people using their quirks on me because they're bored or frustrated. I'm tired of getting scolded by teachers and punished for things I haven't done. Mostly, I'm tired of being looked upon as lesser for something I cannot control."}

"Go for the kill!" Ashido and Sero cheer.

{Midoriya clapped his hands and smiled. Razors in velvet went through Akashi's head again and dread filled his stomach.

"You might have forgotten that the Quirkless Protection Act is still an active law but I haven't and neither has the school board."

'Oh no.' Akashi thought before his mind went blank with panic. That act was old - had been made when the quirkless still outnumbered the quirked. In the beginning, it was a biased law that unfairly favored quirkless people. Nowadays, though minor adjustments had been made to it, it was one of the few lifelines a quirkless person had in the world.}

"It never got bad enough for me to use it." Izuku mumbles.

"Yes it did, you were just too used to it, to do so." Todoroki corrected.

{“I know a lot of people don’t take it seriously but the school board does - one of the members has a quirkless child around my age. So trust me when I say that if I make a complaint to them about this, it won’t be ignored. And if they determine Aldera has ignored it, well, budget cuts will be the least of your worries.” Midoriya leaned back and cocked his head. “I wonder if Aldera could afford the legal fees if this went to court.”}

Nedzu is cackling and for once no one is scared because of it.

{*‘Oh shit.’* Akashi thought trying desperately to think up a rebuttal. Midoriya kept talking.

“I know that, technically, there’s no evidence of any mistreatment towards my person here. The cameras don’t work and it’s not like you’re handing out detentions to anyone but me, so there’s not a paper trail to follow.”

Akashi felt he could breathe a little easier at that confession. Right. No evidence. It would turn this into a he-said she-said situation with no clear winner. Aldera could survive that.

“But my classmates really love posting on social. Look!”

A phone was shoved in Akashi’s face, with a popular app opened. A play button was pressed and he watched. Video after video of Midoriya being teased, taunted, and harassed for all to see. Aldera might have been able to claim ignorance if most of the videos weren’t filmed in classrooms with teachers looking on and doing nothing.}

"Remind me to ask Midoriya for those videos when we leave." Tsukauchi makes a note as he speaks.

Meanwhile...

"Remind me to send Tsukauchi some of those videos." Izuku asks his friends.

{Midoriya took his phone back.

“Now that you’ve seen how ‘concerned’ my classmates and teachers are for me, let’s discuss what’s going to happen from here on out.”

Principal Akashi withheld a whimper and nodded. Midoriya must

have seen something in his expression because he began to laugh.

“Don’t look so frightened, sir! I’m not going to ask for anything that can’t be easily granted. I just want a little respect; a little equality so that the rest of my time here at Aldera can be peaceful. You look like I’m blackmailing you into compliance and that kinda hurts, y’know?” Midoriya frowned. “*Do* you think I’m blackmailing you?”}

"I mean you kind of are." Toga giggles.

{“You’ve . . . given me much to think about. That’s all.”

Midoriya hummed. “I guess I have! Remember Principal Akashi, it can only be called blackmail if the person being threatened knows their actions aren’t ethical or legal. But we both know my mistreatment at this school was done out of naïve ignorance and that it’s going to change right now, isn’t it? Since we still have so much time left, why don't we go over my permanent record first? I think there are a few, ah, misunderstandings that need to be corrected.” the smile Midoriya flashed him was going to be in his nightmares.}

"I didn't even look at that file." Nedzu considers.

{Akashi gave a stiff nod and with shaky fingers, pulled the file up on his computer.

In the end, Midoriya Izuku did not receive any punishment for his actions that morning. Since he was a model student and this was a first offense, a verbal warning and nothing more was issued.}

"Well that was satisfying." Aizawa sighs. Murmurs fill the room as the people wait for the next chapter to begin. Popcorn refilled, drinks topped up and settled for more.

Now Playing

Chapter End Notes

https://discord.gg/hrXUJX3T

Going On Strike Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Is that Banjo music?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Now Playing

Going On Strike

Chapter 4

{Small explosions go off in the palm of Katsuki's hand as he waits for class to start. His head's resting on his propped-up arm as he tries to hide his shaking fist that's currently building up excessive amounts of nitroglycerin under his desk.}

"You look shook." Kaminari snickered.

"Whatever." Bakugo rolled his eyes.

{His mind is oddly blank. Normally his vision would be clouding over with red by now as his stupid-ass brain whirred nonstop with muddled thoughts.

No… for once his brain is oddly clear—

If you ignored the one thing currently looping on repeat like some kind of broken record.

*"You of all people should know what I need to **prove**."*}

"It's weird seeing Bakugo *care* about something like this." Ojirou whispers.

{Katsuki clenches his shaking hand tighter— knuckles turning white as he grinds his teeth together.

Katsuki remembers it vividly. He remembers blasting forwards with the full intention of putting Deku back in his place— only

for Katsuki's entire world to *tilt* and all of the sudden *he* was on the ground and at the mercy of *Deku*.}

"He's still thinking about the 'put in place' thing." Bakugo groans.

{*'Those unnaturally bright toxic green eyes that seem to pierce straight through you— digging and digging into your very being only for them find nothing worth their time. Nothing new, interesting, or exciting to be found. Just the same thing they've always seen.'*}

"That's harsh man." Sero says in concern.

{Katsuki remembers sitting on the ground like an idiot while his dumbass friends tried to wrangle answers out of him. Though they didn't get very far, because once he snapped out of his trance he screamed at them to "FUCK OFF!" and stalked away.}

"Typical." Ashido teased.

{Despite his full intention of just forgetting the day ever happened in the first fucking place, what that stupid nerd said kept on repeating over and *over*.

Katsuki should be mad— furious even! What gave Deku the right to fuck with him like that? Stick in his *mind* like that?!?

But… then he remembers what the nickname "Deku" means.

He remembers that Deku used to cower before him. He remembers how he'd take his anger out on him— push him— punch him— kick him— *burn* him—}

Bakugo and Midoriya tense slightly hoping not to be questioned.

{He remembers that Deku used to not have a quirk. He remembers Deku used to be *quirkless*.

"You of all people should know what I need to ***prove.****"*

Yeah… Katsuki knows very well.

He remembers that day. When everyone's perception of Deku cracked and shattered like the glass that was dropped. The water puddles of their misconceptions spilled all over the floor and lay bare.}

"Getting goosebumps just thinking about it." Hagakure shivers.

{*'Why did Deku deserve what I did to him again…?'*}

"He didn't." Aizawa deadpans.

{Katsuki runs his hand through his blond spiky hair— ruby eyes looking down at his desk.

Heroes are supposed to save the day. Heroes are supposed to help people. Heroes are supposed to be the very best.

No— Deku was not the very best. He didn't have a cool quirk that could make him teleport or manipulate water. He didn't even fight back when Katsuki would beat him up.}

"And yet you kept doing it." Dabi snarls.

{Katsuki though— he was the very best. He could blow shit up and tell people what to do. He could beat them up with no consequences because everyone knew he was going to be a *great* hero one day.

But Katsuki doesn't save the day. He doesn't help people— fuck— he makes their day worse!

Deku though— he *has* saved the day. He tries to help everyone because that's what a hero does.

Even before he had a quirk— Deku saved the day.

Katsuki remembers how a vile liquid filled his mouth and cut off his airway. The feeling of helplessness and anger at the heroes who stood by and did *nothing*.}

"The slime villain?" Shoji asks.

"It seems the rumors were true." Tokoyami agrees.

{Katsuki lets out a quiet growl as his eyes start to quiver. His hand pressed uselessly against his head to somehow relieve himself of his now *painful* thoughts.

What the fuck…

Katsuki lets out a sigh. It's not his usually annoyed huff or groan. It's long and drawn out— quiet and strained.

His hand stops shaking and just settles limply at his side.}

"He's learning." Midnight smiles softly.

{Heroes are supposed to save the day… Heroes are supposed to help people…

The memory of those cold and calculative green eyes fixated directly on *him* flashes across Katsuki's eyes.

How's he supposed to save the day now…?

"You of all people should know what I need to ***prove.****"*

"What I need to **prove**."

Prove…

Dek— no… Midoriya Izuku wants to prove something, doesn't he?

Katsuki's breath hitched as his mouth stretched into a somewhat hysteric and wobbly smirk. His eyes look straight ahead and shake as his resolution stones.

Heh— yeah…

He'll prove it all right.}

"And now Bakugo's on board!" Kaminari cries.

"We're doomed!" Ashido agrees.

{The 1-A classroom is quieter than it usually is. There's still idle chatter, but it's very minimal and most conversations are spoken softly.

Maybe it was because everyone was still tense from yesterday— or maybe it's because two students are missing while classes should be starting here in the next few minutes.

No— that's exactly the reason why the air feels so heavy and quiet. One of those missing students is who has been the main cause of these recent... outbursts…}

"Their terror is le plus divertissant." Aoyama giggles.

{Before anyone can nominate someone to text one of the two students— Jiro suddenly voices out that she hears… banjo

music?}

"Wait..." Bakugo looks on in recognition.

{Before anyone can question her sanity the melody starts to faintly reach the ears of everyone else in 1-A.}

"I've heard that song before." Kaminari says trying to remember.

{The tune is quiet and echoed— approaching at a leisurely pace but still approaching nonetheless.}

"He's not really..." Jiro whispers in equal parts horror and awe.

{It's strangely ominous despite the upbeat tune.}

"For good reason." Izuku chokes out.

{Wait… is that singing?}

"*Oh my god.*" Bakugo starts to wheeze much to Kirishima's concern.

{The lyrics can only be barely made out by the people sitting closest to the wall and people who have hearing quirks because of how muffled it is, but despite that— when the sound reaches just outside the door of class 1-A, everyone collectively feels a spike of dread wash over them that sinks into their very souls.}

Dabi is cackling.

~ [I've No More Fucks To Give] ~

{Midoriya Izuku kicks open the door— not even taking a moment to acknowledge the confused and quite frankly frightened faces of 1-A before very loudly singing—

"I'VE NO MORE FUCKS TO GIVE!"}

Iida's jaw drops.

{**"My fucks have runeth dry!"**}

Uraraka covers her mouth with her hands to stifle her laughter.

{**"I've tried to go fuck shopping but there's no fucks left to buy!"**}

Kaminari has started to sing along.

{**“I've no more fucks to give”**}

Ashido and Mei joins Kaminari.

{**“Though more fucks I’ve tried to get”**}

Ashido drags Sero into the song.

{**“I'm over my fuck budget, and I’m now in fucking DEBT!”**}

Dabi is catching his breath.

{There’s a giant smile on Midoriya’s face that seems to leak amusement and joy as he sings— eyes wide with mirth and an underlying smugness that only the most perceptive can pick up.

Behind him is Shinsou with an equally wide smirk— nonchalantly holding up his phone with the banjo track playing on it as background music.}

"This is an honor." Shinsou wheezes.

{**“I strive, strive, strive, to get everything done”**}

Toga has joined in.

{**“I've played by all the rules, but I’ve very rarely won”**}

Todoroki is completely blank-faced and seemingly frozen.

{**“I've smiled, I’ve charmed, I’ve wooed and laughed, alas to no avail!”**}

Uraraka breaks and joins the song.

{**“I've run round like a moron, to UNEQUIVOCALLY FAIL!!!!!”**}

Dark Shadow has joined in much to Tokoyami's dismay.

{Midoriya sauntered to the front of the class— throwing his hands out to his sides dramatically, arms out wide as he boisterously screams out that last line.

Most— if not all of his classmates have their jaws hanging open

like goldfish. This just makes Midoriya's eyes gleam *more* than they already were.

"I've no more fucks to give"}

Mina jumps out of her seat to start dancing.

{**"My fuck fuse has just blown"**}

Midnight has joined in and Mic tries not to laugh.

{**"I've been hunting for my fucks all day"**}

Aizawa is grinning like a madman

{**"But they've upped and fucked off home!"**}

All Might gapes at the screen.

{**"I've no more fucks to give"**}

Tsu is trying to comfort Iida.

{**"My fuck rations are depleted"**}

Twice stands as he joins in.

{**"I've rallied my fuck army but it's been fucking defeated!"**}

Jiro can't take it anymore and blows everyone else out of the water.

{There's a bit of a chuckle that leaks into Midoriya's voice as he puts a hand on his forehead in faux despair— though the grin on his face just makes him look like he's giggling in utter amusement while simultaneously not believing he's doing this right now.

"The effort has just not been worth the time or the expense!"}

Aoyama dramatically acts to the song.

{**"I've exhausted all my energy, for minimal recompense!"**}

Monoma grips his armrests and bites his lips in order not to join.

{**"The distinct lack of acknowledgment has now begun to gall!"**}

Hagakure drags Ojirou over to Mina.

{**“And I’ve come to realize that I don't give a fuck at all!”**}

Koda chuckles softly in his seat.

{Midoriya puts his hands on his hips as he draws out the ‘all’—turning his head to gaze out of the window as Shinsou continues to lean against the doorframe of the door that was just ruthlessly slammed open as he casually watches the show unfold.

“I've no more fucks to give”}

Shoji comforts Tokoyami when Dark Shadow wraps around the dancers.

{**“My fucks have flown away”**}

Sato doesn't know what to think.

{**“My fucks are now so fucked off they've refused to fucking stay!”**}

Yaomomo has gathered water for when this is over.

{**“I've no more fucks to give”**}

Nedzu caimly sips his tea.

{**“My fucks have gone insane”**}

Shigaraki leans away from his league mates.

{**“They've come back round and passed me while they're fucking off again!”**}

Iida has his head buried in his hands.

{Midoriya’s now making frivolous and dramatic gestures with his hands to emphasize each word.

“I've no more fucks to give”}

Kirishima is trying to get Bakugo to breathe.

{**“My fucks have all dissolved”**}

Monoma breaks.

{**“I've planned many projects, but my fucks won't be involved!”**}

More of 1B join him.

{**“I've no more fucks to give”**}

Kendo just shakes her head.

{**“My fucks have all been spent”**}

Shinsou hums along.

{**“They've fucked off from the building and I don't know where they've went!”**}

Katsuki finally calms down, until he looks at the screen again.

{After making a show of “searching” for his fucks he gestured to Shinsou as they started walking towards their desks. Midoriya put his feet up on the desk and leaned back with his hands resting behind his head to support it.

“I've no more fucks to give!”}

Headcase ushers the dancers back to their seats.

{**“I've no more fucks to give!”**}

People continue to sing as they settle.

{**“I've no more fucks!”**

“I've no more fucks!”

“I’VE NO MORE FUCKS TO GIVE!!!!!!!!!”}

And the entire time Izuku just grins.

{As soon as Midoriya finished singing his last line and Shinsou turned the banjo accompaniment off— the bell rings and Aizawa-Sensei walks in exactly when it goes off.

Nobody has any time to register what the hell just happened. The self-dubbed “Dekusquad” looks particularly unsettled— with Todoroki rubbing and squinting his eyes like he didn’t believe what he just witnessed, Iida existing in a limbo state of “getting

up to go reprimand— but too shocked to actually do anything", Uraraka looks like she's going through an existential crisis, and Tsuyu just looks concerned.}

"Fair." The squad choruses.

{Before the deafening silence can continue any longer, Bakugo abruptly bursts out laughing. Cackling madly and heaving over— holding his stomach. There are *physical tears* rolling down his face at this point— boarding hysterical.}

The Bakugo in the theater isn't doing much better.

{Everyone else is still too shocked to do *anything*.

Midoriya briefly looks surprised at Bakugo's reaction but decides to join in himself and starts laughing out his own cackles— Shinsou, not being able to keep it in anymore, succumbs and doubles over too.}

The same happens to the boys in the audience.

{(Shouta hides his own snickers and grin in his capture scarf— having been standing outside listening in the whole time. He'll have to go bug The Rat for a recording of it later)}

Aizawa glances at Headcase who sighs and then nods.

{"Alright class— we'll be going over hero laws again today. By the end of the year, I want at least most of these engraved into your soul"

Aizawa-Sensei just talks over the 3 currently wheezing students like they don't even exist— turning to the blackboard behind him as he starts writing out the different laws. His turned back only provides more blind spots to shield his physical amusement from view.}

"You're just gonna ignore it." Mic tries to calm himself.

{Nobody really got anything done during homeroom that morning.}

"Who would?" Toga giggles.

{"You got the goods?"

"You *know* it"}

"That sounds like a drug deal." Uraraka teases earning herself a smack in the arm.

{Midoriya passes one of his notebooks off to Shinsou discreetly like some kind of back alley drug deal. The effect is quickly ruined when Shinsou not very discreetly snorts into his hand as Midoriya stares at the ceiling like it had ancient runes written on them, utterly failing at hiding his grin.}

"A terribly executed drug deal." Tsu corrects.

{Tucking the notebook carefully into his messenger bag— Shinsou bids Midoriya farewell as he joins the steady flow of students making their way to lunch, only to break off and head down another hallway towards the *support course*.

Off to purgatory.}

"This is where I come in." Mei rubs her hands together.

{Midoriya lets his hand that was in a half wave fall slowly at his side shortly after Shinsou left. Suddenly feeling slightly hollowed and *very* exposed without Shinsou by his side.

Taking a quick and shuddering breath— Midoriya mentally steels himself before following Shinsou's lead and disappearing into the stream of UA students, walking towards the Cafeteria.

Utilizing the stealth training that he'd recently started learning from Aizawa-Sensei, Midoriya blended himself *seamlessly* within the crowding of students.}

"He picked that up quick." Midnight remarks.

{Call him cowardly for going to such lengths to avoid his friends, but honestly after just pulling a stunt like *that*, Midoriya doesn't really want to deal with them at the moment.}

"That's fair." Todoroki nods.

{And maybe he's being too petty— but he also hasn't forgotten their previous *words*…

A brief flash of *anger* suddenly flickers through Midoriya's viridian eyes before he seems to catch himself and takes in another

steadying breath.

After getting his food and successfully avoiding any of his classmates' notice— Midoriya sits himself down at a relatively vacant table on the far side of the cafeteria.

Enjoying his personal solitude for all of 2 minutes, Midoriya abruptly notices another distinct presence that seems to have their attention on *him*.

Monoma Neito.}

"Well that is my seat." Monoma grumbles.

{Despite what the blond is previously known for— Monoma doesn't actually look like he was seeking out a confrontation. Rather, he's got that "oh shit— the place that I usually occupy is being occupied. What do I do now???" face instead of his usual sneer.

The two heroics students just kind of slowly blink at each other a couple of times before Monoma breaks the impromptu staring contest first with an audible *"Tsk"* before turning to go find a different seat.

At least he would have if Midoriya didn't call him out first.

"Sorry if I was In your spot… I can— you know— move if you want?" Midoriya's words stumble over his awkwardness as he rubs the back of his neck.

A flash of surprise briefly filters through Monoma's grey eyes before he seems to remember what class Midoriya was in and promptly channels his inner weasel. (Bastard)}

"Hey!"

{"Ha— what's 1-A scum doing all the way over here anyways? Doesn't 1-A's poster boy usually have his little friend group to hang around with— or did you think your arrogant asses needed to take up more space?" Monoma questions.

Monoma's clearly not prepared to go off on a 1-A member right now, as all of his points are flimsily at best. If you look close enough Monoma's sporting a minor wince as he's obviously noticed that too.}

"He *plans* his little confrontations?" Sato asks bewildered.

{Despite Midoriya's sudden urge to laugh, he knows that will only add fuel to the fire and promptly stomps it down. Instead, Midoriya opts to answer Monoma's question.

"If you really must know— I'm actually avoiding them right now. Long story short they pissed me the fuck off after saying some pretty fucked up shit and I genuinely fear I'll do something I'll regret if I hang around *anyone* from 1-A for too long." Midoriya admits, finally finding his previously withering self-confidence.

If Monoma could cover his surprise before he sure as hell can't *now*. From all of the stories he's heard of the green-haired teen— Midoriya Izuku was depicted as 1-A's poster boy cinnamon roll that had a self-sacrificial streak a mile wide. Monoma didn't peg Midoriya as someone who swore, so hearing a bunch of swears come out of his mouth was surprising on its own.}

"He looks so dumbstruck." Jiro chuckles.

{Initially Monoma perceived Midoriya as arrogant or pretentious given the way 1-A seemed to think he represented heroism. For someone who had such a self-destructive— yet powerful ass quirk, Monoma admitted it was odd to see that the teen had a heavy nervous aura, but skimmed over everything in favor of thinking 1-A was pretentious for saying one of their own was the pinnacle of what a hero should be.}

"You guys really think that?" Izuku questions his friends, all of whom agree with different degrees of fervor.

{So looking at Midoriya right now all by himself and clearly just as distasteful of 1-A as Monoma was is certainly surprising.

'The fuck did those idiot 1-A bastards say to have Midoriya turn on them this drastically? Geeze Louise' Monoma thought bitterly.}

"It is rather idiotic." Kendo agrees.

{"So… Do you want to sit down together?" Midoriya suddenly asks— breaking Monoma out of his train of thought.

Pondering it for a moment, Monoma determines Midoriya wouldn't be the *worst* to hang out with. As much as Monoma thinks 1-B is superior, he does admit that they've been a little too

pushy with him recently. (Not that he'd admit that out loud)

"Fine— but *only* because you clearly hate 1-A as much as I do right now and that's always a pass in my book," Monoma said with a nod before plopping down in the seat directly In front of Midoriya.

Midoriya lets out a chuckle "Heh— whatever you say".}

"Wait till he hears why." Izuku murmurs.

{Slinking out of the teacher's lounge like an alley cat, Shouta sauntered down the hallways on his way toward his Homeroom.

'Dammit— I don't think I can hold this off any longer' Shouta grumbled internally as he rubbed at his temples.

He'd been *meaning* to do this the second Problem child #1 showed him his analysis notebooks but…

'It's fucking Nedzu'}

Nedzu grins.

{Shouta *really* didn't want to have to deal with The Rat, but at the moment the pros outweigh the almost guaranteed con of *world domination*.}

"I won't do that!" Izuku claims.

"You underestimate Nedzu's power Problem Child." Aizawa responds.

"But I won't!" Izuku promises.

"Not in *this* world at least." Headcase comments causing all attention to snap to her.

"What does that mean?" Aizawa demands.

Headcase looks the man dead in the eye and simply stated "Spoilers." with a wicked grin.

{Despite that dangerous detail about letting The Rat and Midoriya meet— it's a risk Shouta's unfortunately willing to take.

'Quoting the Problem Child: *"In the good name of learning!"'*

Ughhhhhh}

"Poor sensei." Hagakure giggles.

{Peering into his classroom he's surprised to find it vacant. Where were Shinsou and Midoriya?

Shouta's about to go gear up for an excursion into the cafeteria when he notices a presence.

Glancing down the hallway he sees Shinsou trudging forwards completely *covered* in soot and sporting a dead look in his tired eyes. Shouta would compare Shinsou's look to someone who opened the gates of hell once, slammed them shut, and is currently on their way home to sleep for 16 hours because *they aren't paid enough to deal with this.*}

Mei cackles "I completely understand!"

{When Shinsou finally reaches Shouta they stare unblinking at each other— Shinsou looking at Shouta as if challenging him to question *anything*.

Sighing loudly— Shouta resigns to the fact that he probably doesn't *want* to know.

"Have you seen Midoriya? I need to borrow one of his notebooks for *Nedzu*" Shouta grumbles.

Shinsou blinks before smirking.

"Tough luck. Anyway, I have no idea where he is. But I do have —"

Shinsou pulls out Midoriya's notebook dramatically.

" —*This* already in my possession!"}

"Really?" Todoroki deadpans.

"Without a doubt." Shinsou assures.

{Shinsou holds it out to him like a knight presenting a treasured artifact to their king.

Shouta only groans louder when he begrudgingly takes it.}

"I like that kid." Mic grins.

{Despite the mocking dramatics— Shouta gives Shinsou a quick hair ruffle even at the cost of his hand getting covered in soot.

“Thanks Shinsou”

Strolling off, Shouta makes his way to The Rat Demon himself.}

"Demon?" Nedzu turns to Aizawa.

There's a moment of silence before the man responds "He thought it, not me."

A beat "I suppose that's true."

{‘Fucking *Rat*’ Shouta thought to himself as the obnoxiously giant ass doors opened by themselves.

“Greetings Aizawa! To what do I owe this pleasure?” Nedzu grins.

“Cut the shit Nedzu— you know why I’m here” Shouta grumbles out.

“Yes… I suppose you’re correct”

There’s a bout of awkward silence.

“Well don’t dilly-dally! Bring it here, bring it here!” Nedzu prompts excitedly.}

"At least we know there won't be a repeat of the *Solidarity* incident." Uraraka comments with a slight growl.

{With great reluctance, Shouta walks slowly over to Nedzu— setting the notebook on the table for Nedzu to look over. However, instead of going to sit down, Aizawa keeps a finger on the book as he leans forward a bit in Nedzu’s face.

“Whatever you decide to do had better not hurt Midoriya Izuku in any way— got it?” Shouta threatened.

“Oh! But I wouldn’t dream of it!” Nedzu chirps— unaffected.}

"This is so tense." Sato whispers.

{That does little to reassure Shouta, but he, unfortunately, has to accept that Nedzu probably wouldn't cause any mental scarring in Midoriya.

Like a child on Christmas— Nedzu carefully takes the notebook in his paws and starts to leaf through it. The Rat's grin only grew more animalistic after each passing second.}

Shivers

{After what seemed like an eternity Nedzu finally snaps the book shut.

There's a moment of silence.

'Maybe If I leave now, I'll—' Unfortunately Shouta didn't get to finish his thought before Nedzu bursts out in maniacal laughter.

'*Fuck*'}

"Agreed."
"Only in the best way."
"Mood."

{Heights alliance descends quickly into the night as the day comes to a close. The halls are pitch black and the dorms are quiet.

All except for a singular light resting on the common room table.

"Was it really necessary to have a *lantern* for this?"

"Of course— there's no other way"

"There's a *million* other way ways—"

"SHHHHH"

Everyone shuts up.}

"What is going on?" Uraraka asks before noticing Izuku glaring daggers at Todoroki, who refuses to acknowledge him.

{"Todoroki, while I do sometimes seriously question your methods, I think we need to actually discuss why we are here…"

Everyone present looks down at the lantern currently sitting on the coffee table before collectively sharing glances with each other.

All of the “Dekusquad” and some other students like Yaoyorozu, Kirishima, and Kyoka all sit around the table. Given the ambiance, you’d think they’re telling ghost stories.

Todoroki suddenly stands up. As their resident conspiracy theorist, he’s admittedly an invaluable asset to figuring this mystery out despite most of his ideas being recognized as outlandish.}

"They're each completely reasonable." Todoroki corrects, much to Iida and Izuku's dismay.

{Todoroki brings his hand down on the table— rattling the lantern slightly and calling for attention.

Todoroki lets his grey and icy blue eyes look around at everyone present.

“We need to figure out the mystery that is *Midoriya*” Todoroki states.

Kyoka continues to stare intently at the tiny flame flickering in the lantern, deep in thought.}

"Awwww. It stops there?" Ashido whines.

"Can we stop with the taking time between chapters thing?" Dabi groans.

"They do have to load you know." Headcase huffs, gesturing to the screen just as the next chapter starts. "See?"

Now Playing

Chapter End Notes

Rouge's Gallery Discord

Solidarity pt2 ch2

Chapter Summary

The detective gets involved, people get fired, and Eri comes home.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Now Playing

no stability (without solidarity)

aftermath (n.): the consequences of an unpleasant event

{“Detective Tsukauchi Naomasa interviewing Midoriya Izuku regarding his expulsion from U.A High School.” Tsukauchi spoke into a recorder, and then set the thing down. He’d already noted the dates and times, and he had his pen and paper at the ready. They were in the interview room, a warmly painted area with a wood table and a coffee machine to help ease the people they had to speak to. It was better to do this here rather than in an interrogation room.}

"We get to see some real police procedure." Kaminari smiles curiously.

{“Alright, just to get a baseline, go ahead and give me your name, age, and school year followed by a blatant lie. It’s just protocol to make sure my quirk is up to snuff.” Tsukauchi smiled good-naturedly at Midoriya, who sat across from him. He’d requested that Toshinori sit in with him and not his mother, which surprised the detective but brought a smile to his face. He knew Toshinori needed a good influence in his life.}

"That and Mom has this habit of answering for me." Izuku mumbles.

{“Um, Midoriya Izuku, sir. Age sixteen. I was a first-year in U.A.’s hero course. Um, a blatant lie… I hate All Might.” He said. Toshinori chuckled in his seat with something akin to fatherly amusement in his eyes. *Truth, truth, truth, lie,* the detective’s quirk easily identified Midoriya’s statements. Tsukauchi gave another

small smile and a nod.}

"You're a terrible liar." Uraraka chuckles.

"He told me to be blatant." Izuku whines.

{“Good. All clean there. So, why don’t you start from the beginning? Start with what led up to your expulsion and then the actual expulsion itself.” He said. Midoriya pursed his lips and picked at the skin around the scars of his fingers. Toshinori gently stilled the boy’s hands and gave him a look so gentle Tsukauchi had to make sure he wasn’t looking at an actual father and son.}

"See?" Todoroki insists.

"Okay, fine, I see it." Izuku huffs.

{Once the serious stuff was out of the way, Tsukauchi was teasing him mercilessly.}

"Really?" Yagi deadpans.

"Absolutely." Tsukauchi smirks.

{“Um, so, to start off with, I suppose I should say I do, um, a lot of hero analysis.” Midoriya said softly, letting his hands rest on the table. “It started off as a way to compensate for things, I guess, because I was, um, a l-late bloomer with my quirk.”

The last part of his statement registered as a lie, but Tsukauchi knew the secret behind that. He was one of the few privy to the secret of One for All, so he would leave that as the only acceptable lie and didn’t mark it down. He nodded for Midoriya to continue.}

"Should have known the lie detector knew about it." Bakugo huffs.

"Are we still not talking about *it*?" Sero asks.

"Spoilers dude." Kaminari waves him off.

{“But hero analysis grew to be something I genuinely enjoyed doing, as I got older. Um, but people didn’t like it very much. They thought it was creepy. I guess it’s because of how thorough I was with it. And because I - I have a bit of a muttering habit I can’t curb…” Midoriya explained, visibly uncomfortable with the subject at hand. But he kept pushing through.

“Anyways,” Midoriya sighed as if to push away the negative thoughts, “some kids at U.A must’ve thought the same thing. Because, um, they went to Principal Nedzu and told him I was taking notes on the students, which w-wasn’t true at all. The only notes on students I’ve taken at U.A. were for my classmates, and they all gave me permission!”

“Truth,” Tsukauchi nodded as his quirk registered Midoriya’s statement. “You’re telling the truth. They gave you permission and that they were the only students you took notes on.”

“Right, but I did take notes on teachers. They were all Pros, so I thought since they were public figures and my teachers it would be okay. Normally I compile my analysis just based off of what I see on TV and online, but U.A. was nice because I could ask them questions about their quirks directly!” Midoriya said. Tsukauchi nodded again.}

"You have fun with that, huh?" Shinsou asks.

"Yep." Izuku chirps.

{“Truth.” He said again. Midoriya let out a shaky breath.

“They all answered me, you know, and if they said no I never bothered them. I never want to do analysis on somebody who isn’t a pro or has given me permission.” Midoriya shook his head as if remembering something unpleasant. “But that’s what I wrote in my notebooks. Just analysis of heroes and my classmates, all written entirely based on my own observations.”

True, Tsukauchi’s quirk confirmed, and he wrote it down. That seemed important, somehow. Midoriya clenched and unclenched his fists.

“But the other students at U.A, they thought I was taking notes on them I guess, so they told Principal Nedzu. And he had Aizawa-sensei ask me for my notebooks. At the time I didn’t think much of it, I asked why he wanted them but he didn’t tell me… I just assumed he wanted them because he wanted to know what my classmates were working on. They all like my analysis! They said it was cool and they wanted to learn from it!” Midoriya smiled at that, then turned red.}

"Adorable." Hagakure coos.

{“Oh, I’m getting off-topic, sorry. Anyways, Principal Nedzu looked at them and, um, I guess he thought badly of them… he called me in yesterday to talk about my notebooks containing ‘sensitive information’, and I asked if my mom or All Might was going to be there if he was going to question me…” Midoriya muttered. “But he said it was just a few questions, but if *I* thought I should be interrogated…”

“So he didn’t allow you to have a parent or guardian with you during the meeting regarding your expulsion?” Tsukauchi asked, an eyebrow raised. Midoriya shook his head.

“No, sir. At least, there wasn’t one there and I was too scared to ask again after that, so I never had another adult there besides Aizawa-sensei, and he was… *really* mad at me. He thought I… well, I’ll get there.” Midoriya shrunk in on himself at that.}

"He's going to be pissed." Tsukauchi says.

{“Alright, continue.” Tsukauchi gestured.

“So, he asks me why my notebooks have sensitive information. I didn’t know what he was talking about, because it was just my hero notes, you know?” Midoriya scratched the back of his neck a little awkwardly. “But he said some of the notes and diagrams couldn’t have been done without an intelligence quirk, and that they matched things in his own files. He thought I… he thought I stole information from his personal files on the teachers.”}

"Utterly ridiculous." Tokoyami grumbles.

{“And? Did you steal any information?” Tsukauchi asked gently, and Midoriya rapidly shook his head, flustered at the memory of the altercation from yesterday.

“No! I’ve never stolen a thing in my life, information or otherwise!” Midoriya insisted. *True,* Tsukauchi’s quirk confirmed. “And like I said before, all of my analysis was created based off of what I saw on TV and the questions I asked them myself. I didn’t think it was anything special, but… apparently it was good enough to warrant suspicion…”}

"Without real evidence." Jiro snarks.

{“Truth. Alright, thank you for clarifying, Midoriya. I know you didn’t steal anything and the notes were all your own. What else

happened?" Tsukauchi asked, and the boy shifted in his seat. This next part apparently made him more uncomfortable, judging by the look on his face.

"Aizawa-sensei… Got really mad. He… He thought I had betrayed the class. He asked me how I could… how I could come up with ways to kill people." Midoriya's face twisted into something like anger and sadness. "I didn't think about it in terms of killing people. I'd never willingly or intentionally hurt my friends or my teachers! I just wrote about their weaknesses so they could improve on them, you know? Be the best heroes they could be…"}

"He just wanted to help." Kirishima sniffles.

{"… True," Tsukauchi sighed. He'd have to talk to Eraser about this afterward. He was sure that by now the man had to have realized his mistake, but… still. This was beyond bad. This poor kid had been through the wringer, accused of stuff like this, and then being made to feel like he was a killer, all over some notebooks he wrote as a hobby.

"Anyways… then he asked if I had sold my information to the League of Villains." Midoriya's voice got so quiet, and it was clear he was trying not to cry. Tsukauchi's eyes widened. That was… that was awful. "He said I must've been the one to tell Shigaraki where our summer camp was during the incident at the mall…!"

Midoriya hiccupped a little, and Toshinori gently rubbed circles into the boy's shoulder to help ease him out of a crying fit. Tsukauchi's hand tightened around his pencil. His thoughts were going a mile a minute. How could Eraser claim a traumatized child had done *anything* during that incident at the mall? Surely, the man had seen the handprint bruise around his neck? Unless… Midoriya had kept it hidden from him. That didn't bode well either, because it would mean he already didn't trust Eraser at that point.}

"He did, didn't he..." Aizawa realized "...I really fucked up."

{"Okay, I'm going to ask you these questions as is the procedure, alright, Midoriya?" Tsukauchi started, and Midoriya nodded with a sniffle. He wiped at his eyes as Tsukauchi spoke. "Did you ever have contact with the League of Villains outside the few documented instances?"

“No, sir. I’ve never met or had contact with the League aside from the U.S.J, the mall, the training camp, and the Kamino Ward incident.” Midoriya said firmly.}

"Of course not." Bakugo huffs.

{“Truth.” Tsukauchi noted it. “Next, have you ever given the information in your analysis to a villain or anybody that would want to do harm to the people you’ve written about?”

“No, I actually coded it so that wouldn’t happen. Yaomomo suggested I should so villains couldn’t be able to figure it out if they ever found my notebooks. Er, Yaomomo is a classmate of mine.” Midoriya explained. “But no, I’ve never given out my notes to anybody besides my class.”}

"I'm glad I could help." Momo smiles softly.

{“Truth. Lastly, did you tell Shigaraki any information that wasn’t documented in our interview after the incident? Specifically, did you tell him the location of the training camp your class was taking place in?” Tsukauchi asked.

“No! I only talked to him about what I told you about, Detective, I promise.” Midoriya’s fists were clenched tightly, but his words registered true. “I never gave any information out about me or my class. The only thing I didn’t mention back then was that I… asked him a question.”

“You asked him a question?” Tsukauchi repeated, his eyebrows raising. It was coming up as true, but why had he not mentioned this back then? “What did you ask him?”

“I asked him what, uh, *his boss’* goals were. But he just said ‘Who knows?’ and walked away. I didn’t think it was important to mention at the time… but that was the only thing I didn’t mention at the interview.” Midoriya said.}

"Sensei never told me everything." Shigaraki groans.

{“Alright, true.” Tsukauchi nodded, letting out a breath. That was okay. Nothing incriminating there. He was worried he’d asked something strange, but that was fairly normal. A hero would always want to get to the bottom of things. “Continue telling me about your expulsion.”

“There’s not much else to tell.” Midoriya shrunk in on himself. “R-Really, I just tried to tell them the truth… but Nedzu and Aizawa-sensei didn’t believe me. And Nedzu said whether or not I gave out information, I was too dangerous to stay in U.A.… and they expelled me and took my notebooks. I worked really hard on those… he let me keep my first one, at least…”

“Do you mind if I look at the first notebook? Do you have it with you?” Tsukauchi asked. Midoriya nodded mutely, pulling it out of his bag. He handed it over to the detective, and immediately his expression turned melancholy as he flipped through the pages. “Let the record show that… that the first notebook is written in a child’s handwriting, and it’s in crayon. It’s… mostly just drawings of All Might, there’s no real analysis in here as far as I can tell.”}

"That's so cute, kero."

{“One more question for you, Midoriya, and then I think we’ll be done.” Tsukauchi finally said after a moment of silence, staring down at one of the drawings. Midoriya just nodded again. “During the meeting regarding your expulsion, did Principal Nedzu or Aizawa ever bother to allow you the chance to properly defend yourself or explore other methods of determining whether or not you were actually telling the truth?”

“… No, sir. Principal Nedzu… he was certain I was guilty. And I… was too panicked and upset to really argue for myself. So I would say no, there was no effort to determine if I was lying or not. They just… expelled me.” He said, sagging in his chair as if the realization was finally hitting him after an entire day. He’d been *expelled* from a *hero school*, warranted or not.

And that, Tsukauchi figured, was enough to make anybody feel defeated.}

"I imagine that would be quite devastating." Iida winced.

{Shigaraki looked at the media tearing U.A. to shreds and scoffed. He hadn’t even needed to do anything to bring the stupid school down. They’d done it to themselves. Those heroes had gotten it in their heads that somebody as ridiculously, *stupidly* heroic as Midoriya could have been their traitor? He almost wanted to laugh.

Stupid rat.

His traitor wasn't a student at all.}

"So there *is* a traitor." Todoroki stands.

"Possibly," Headcase agrees "but who it is changes between the worlds."

"Shame." Nedzu says disappointed.

{He turned his attention off of the news, though Dabi was strangely intent on learning more about what happened to 1-A. He left the scarred man be and went off to do his own thing. Ah well, less hero brats to get in his way later if they went to a different school. His plans would still carry on just the same, with or without 1-A always interfering. He was a little disappointed that his hero rival was farther away, though.

He'd have to figure out a new spy, too… that would be annoying.}

"Right, the green kid is basically your nemesis by default." Twice realizes "**Inherited war!**"

{After the media storm had happened, an investigation had opened up on U.A. to comb through all of their previous expulsions and determine if Midoriya was the only person who had been accused of something before. Tsukauchi had agreed to assist, and what he found genuinely surprised him. Eraserhead expelled entire classes full of students at a time.

An entire class full of students was expelled from U.A. on his whims, and yet the media had never breathed a word of it before. Nedzu's influence, maybe? And anyway, what basis did Eraserhead expel his students on? And all within the first week of school? Wasn't the point to foster and grow the next generation of students? Tsukauchi couldn't wrap his head around it. Eraserhead had cited his reasoning as 'they didn't take the hero course seriously.' Well, they were *students!* Only 15 when they first arrived in U.A!}

"I had hoped those rumors were exaggerated." Tsukauchi sighs.

"I reinstated most of them." Aizawa informs.

"In this world." Tsukauchi says back making Aizawa flinch.

{Wasn't it the teacher's job to *make* them understand the seriousness of a hero's duty? If they didn't pick it up by the end of the first semester, he could understand. But the *first week?* And not only that but most were not only within the first week but on the *first day*.

That wasn't enough time to see somebody's potential - take Togata, a third-year who had taken his near-unusable quirk and turned it into something special in the span of his second year. And Midoriya had been dangerously close to expulsion on day one too - all because he broke his bones with a newly manifested quirk he had *no idea* how to use. His late manifestation was noted on his file, so did Eraser just not read the student files and *assume* Midoriya didn't care?}

"That's... exactly what I did." Aizawa grumbles.

{Somehow, that felt incredibly negligent. Tsukauchi was in a constant state of disbelief. Had U.A. always been run like this, unknown to everyone? Did Nedzu know and just let dozens of potentially skilled heroes go on Eraser's whims? He didn't want to believe it, but…

And then there were the student interviews. He'd personally interviewed dozens of students, some from 1-A and others from the rest of the classes. On 1-A's end, they stated Eraserhead often seemed more interested in sleeping than teaching, letting his homeroom be run virtually by Iida and Yaoyorozu, the class reps. He often pawned off other teaching duties as well, when he could.}

"Sho this is so bad." Mic grips the man's shoulder.

{And his method of getting the class to behave and fall in line was intimidation. Not to lead by example, but to use his quirk and scarf to make them quiet when he wanted.

And the other teachers, by Bakugou's own admission, openly paired both him and Midoriya together despite there being ample evidence for their relationship being one of hatred and not rivalry at the beginning of the year. The blond had owned up to the fact that he used to bully Midoriya, and the teachers did nothing to separate the two. Even the other students recognized from their first exercise together that Bakugou was his bully, not his rival.}

"And we tried to get them to 'duke it out'." Aizawa sighs.

{And everyone knew the teachers had decided to restrain Bakugou, a child, like an animal at the sports festival. He was upset at his own victory, but everyone in his class - even Midoriya, despite their relationship at the time - knew he would never have just violently gone off on somebody outside of an actual fight. According to their testimonies, the only ones vocally against the boy's restraints had been Midnight, Hound Dog, Thirteen, and All Might. All of the other teachers had gone along, or at the very least never said a word against it.}

"That was a traumatic event in its own right." Hound Dog growls.

{Tsukauchi was beyond disbelief by the time he got through the interviews. He hadn't even gotten to the current point in the school year. There were still two months' worth of incidents to comb through. The Hosu incident, the Kamino incident, the fight between Bakugou and Midoriya, and so many other small things all piled on this poor class.

How the hell did they still want to be heroes?}

"Trauma bonding." someone deadpans causing a few snickers to break the tension.

{Tsukauchi sighed and gathered the findings he *did* have. The HPSC wanted his report today, so they'd get it. He hoped they did the right thing with it. They were shady and did just as many morally questionable things, but they would at least set a school straight. He'd seen them do it to smaller hero schools before, as a matter of fact.

Ketsubutsu itself had undergone an HPSC-mandated rebranding many years ago after an incident, and it ended up as one of the highest-rated schools by its own graduates afterward. Not the biggest school, but they consistently produced good heroes who had good things to say about their school. Maybe the HPSC could do the same for U.A.}

"Let's hope so." Nedzu frowns.

{Izuku was… nervous to say the least. His class' official first day at Ketsubutsu wasn't for another week due to the logistics nightmare that was transferring an entire class, but the HPSC was facilitating everything. It probably looked good for them media-wise to assist the class that was the center of attention right now.

But that wasn't why he was nervous, no.

He was nervous because he was going back to U.A. to collect his notebooks. They were still his property, and if they weren't evidence of a crime, the school had no reason to keep them. His mom wasn't available, she was working out things for the lawsuit, so he had to go without her. So Izuku was picking at his fingers, his skin itching at the thought of facing Aizawa and Nedzu again.}

"If they hurt him again..." Midnight warns.

{"Deku!" A voice startled him, and he turned to see Mirio and Eri waving at him. Eri was sprinting full speed towards him, and with practiced ease, he scooped her up into a hug and she clung to him for dear life. She was very obviously trying not to cry, so Izuku shushed her and gently stroked her hair, trying to help her calm down.}

"Eri!"
"Sweet girl!"
"He missed you!"

{"Mr. Deku, I missed you so much!" She sniffled, and Izuku nodded.

"I missed you too, Eri, I missed you all the time. Are you doing okay?" He asked, and Eri nodded back, cuddled against his shoulder. He sighed from relief, he had been worried about her since he left. That was the only regret he had about leaving, that he couldn't help take care of Eri anymore. He knew it had to be worrying for her.}

"It'll be okay eventually." Uraraka coos.

{"I'm okay, Mr. Deku… I just missed you… I like talking to you…" She mumbled, and Izuku felt his heart do a somersault in his chest. Eri was too sweet.}

'D'aww." Hagakure squeals.

{"I like talking to you too, Eri. You're a good kid. Have you been practicing your quirk?" He asked gently. That question, though, seemed to make Eri withdraw, and she minutely shook her head. Izuku's eyebrows drew together. "Why not? Did something happen?"

“I-If I mess up, will I have to l-leave too?” She asked, so soft Izuku could hardly hear her. But the question made his heart break. She didn’t know if she could trust U.A. anymore either. Was that… was that his fault?}

"No Problem Child it's mine." Aizawa corrects.

{“No, Eri. You’re still learning. They wouldn’t make you leave for something like a simple mistake, honest.” Izuku reassured her. But her hands clenched in his shirt.

“B-But you were still learning too… Mr. Mirio said you left e-even though P-Principal Nedzu made a mistake, not you…” She said, looking up at him with her big red eyes. Izuku bit the inside of his cheek. Kids sure were perceptive… “Are you sure I won’t have to leave?”}

"Poor baby." Midnight whispers.

{Izuku knew, realistically, that U.A. would probably never send Eri away over something so trivial. She was a *child*. But so was he, wasn’t he? By technical definition, anyways. He may have his provisional license, but he was still a minor and somebody who had depended on the higher-ups to be teachers and guides, not that he actually trusted them farther than he could throw them.

“I’m sure they wouldn’t make *you* leave, Eri.” Izuku finally settled on his answer.

“You shouldn’t leave either.” Eri frowned. She didn’t say much else, just content to be carried by Izuku for the time being. Instead, he turned his attention to Mirio.

“So, are you the escort for today?” He asked with a weary smile. Mirio nodded with his own, equally weary smile. It seemed like recent events had taken it out of both of them in equal measure. It was probably rough, staying in U.A while it underwent an HPSC-style overhaul.}

"Completely revamping the school." Hadou nods.

"That sounds so stressful." Amajiki shakes.

"Looks like it." Mirio agrees.

{“That’s me!” Mirio smiled as much as he could manage.

“Kirishima texted Tamaki that you were coming today, so I asked to be your escort. I figured you’d be more comfortable with a familiar face, and of course, we couldn’t forget Eri!”

“I don’t know why they didn’t just have you bring me the notebooks…” Izuku sighed, shifting his and Eri’s weight. “Probably some attempt to talk to me before I’m at Ketsubutsu for good, I guess…”

“Wait, they didn’t tell you?” Mirio blinked in surprise. Izuku felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up at that.}

"What now?" Dabi scowls.

{“Didn’t tell me *what*?” He asked carefully, his voice tense. If this was another situation like his expulsion, he was turning right around and leaving, with or without his notebooks.

“Er… I don’t think it’s my place to talk about it,” Mirio moved his eyes to Eri with a look Izuku couldn’t quite place, “But it’s nothing like before. A situation came up that they wanted to talk to you about. ‘They’ being some HPSC people who are staying during the rebranding.”}

"If he isn't worried then it can't be bad right?" Kaminari asks nervously.

{“Ah, okay. HPSC is fine.” Izuku visibly relaxed. “I was worried it was about something else. Alright then, I suppose we should get going.”

Principal Nedzu’s office was… just the same as he remembered it before. The principal’s eyes made him uncomfortable as they stared. But then, Izuku realized, there was the HPSC liaison as well as Detective Tsukauchi. Eri still held tightly to him, insisting she comes with him even if it might’ve been a little scary. Izuku was happy to oblige, her presence comforting him just as much as he did for her. Although he made her promise to wait outside with Mirio if it got to an ‘adult conversation’ that she shouldn’t listen to.}

"I know he's a little young to say this," Recovery Girls mentions "but I believe Midoriya will make a wonderful father one day."

{“Ah, Midoriya,” The HPSC liaison smiled, a man with a welcoming presence. He didn’t seem hostile or even like a

bureaucrat might, but instead, he seemed genuinely caring. “You’re the remarkable one behind these notebooks, then?”

Izuku narrowed his eyes and nodded, taking a seat across from the detective and the HPSC liaison. “Um, yes, though I didn’t know anybody else had read them…”

“That’s correct, I’m sorry if it made you uncomfortable, but I promise only myself and Detective Tsukauchi read them. It was for the sake of the investigation. I’m Fujita Akihito, a social worker and official liaison of the HPSC for hero schools. Of course, these are yours, so you're free to take them back.” Fujita pushed the box of notebooks across the table towards Izuku.}

"He's nice, that's good." Uraraka sighs in relief.

{“Thank you, sir. Although I asked Togata-senpai why he didn’t just bring me the notebooks, he said there was a situation you wanted to talk to me about? One I wasn’t informed of?” Izuku asked, wary even though Eri was there with him.

“Ah, yes, it was my every intention to tell you prior to this, honestly.” Fujita raised his hands placatingly, and Tsukauchi nodded in confirmation. “We simply got overwhelmed with the investigation before this. But you’re here now, so we’d like to discuss little Eri’s living situation.”}

Izuku straightens in his seat.

{“Eri’s living situation?” Izuku asked, straightening up and his expression scrunching in confusion and concern. “What about it?”

“Well, she was considered a ward of U.A. under Eraserhead’s purview, given that he was able to help her with her initial quirk troubles. But she’s come a long way, and as a product of the investigation, well…” Fujita sighed, rubbing the back of his head almost nervously. “There’s going to be a few changes in staff. Eraserhead no longer works at U.A. based on what we’ve found, and pending the full results of the investigation into U.A. and his hero record, his license may be temporarily suspended. Nedzu is also currently in his waiting period before we find a suitable replacement for the principal.”}

"We were fired." Aizawa winced.

"Rightfully so." Nedzu frowns "I'll have to make some adjustments

when we return."

{“So Eri has no guardian?” Izuku asked, his eyes wide with understanding. That wasn’t good… “Where will she go?”

“Well, that’s the thing,” Fujita gestured to Eri, still curled up against Izuku and now soundly asleep. “She’s expressed a desire to go with you. And while technically you only have a provisional license, that license still allows you to act with the same authority as a pro in certain situations. So, therefore, the law that allows pros to temporarily take children in need under their care applies to you so long as your parent or guardian also consents, since you're a minor yourself. For the time being, until we can figure out a more permanent situation-”}

"FUCK YES!" Izuku shouts with feeling. Iida can't even bring himself to mention his language.

{“You don’t even have to ask!” Izuku said quickly. “Of course, I’ll help take care of her. And my mom, she’d love to help as well when I can’t be around. She’ll have a place with us as long as she needs, you just let me know what I need to do.”}

"This is amazing!" Midnight squeals.

{“Oh, thank goodness. I was hoping you’d agree. It would be much easier for everyone if she went somewhere she was happy staying. I would hate to send her off with a stranger.” Fujita let out a sigh of relief. Izuku thought he was surprisingly understanding for an HPSC liaison, but he supposed he was also a social worker, so perhaps it made sense.

“So, with that out of the way, all you need to do is fill out the paperwork stating she’ll be under your care, and I’ll just have to perform a home check to make sure you have adequate and safe space for her. All of that can be done today, if you’d like, and everything will be squared away regarding little Eri, there. She seems quite fond of you.” Fujita smiled.

“I guess so, huh?” Izuku chuckled sheepishly, still aware of Nedzu’s eyes watching him carefully and warily. It made his skin crawl, but he didn’t acknowledge it. “I was on the mission to rescue her, so I guess she associates me with safety in that sense.”}

"As she should." Todoroki agrees.

{“Hmm…” Eri yawned sleepily, “Mr. Deku is safe… Mr. Deku understands…”

“Understands?” Izuku asked gently, adjusting her so she was a little more comfortable now that she was waking up from her little nap. “What do I understand, Eri?”

“You understand when I’m sad… you don’t get sad too.” She said. Izuku’s expression melted into quiet comprehension. He didn’t *pity* her. He just understood.}

"Pity is a terrible thing." Izuku scrunched his nose.

{“Oh,” he said, softly. “Did Mr. Aizawa get sad when you’re sad?”

“Yeah… sometimes…” She murmured. Izuku sighed quietly. He wondered if Aizawa had ever been pitied before, the way he and Eri had been. The looks people gave him and his mother growing up, some people even blatantly telling his mom she should give him up for adoption. Nobody wanted a quirkless kid, and they assumed Inko would be the same.}

"Names!" Uraraka says stone-faced.

"Too many to name." Izuku patted her as she pouted.

{People looked at Eri and saw a victim of Overhaul, not a child on the road to recovery. She didn’t need to be pitied, she needed the chance to work through things. Izuku knew that… he thought Aizawa did too, but maybe that was too much to hope for.

“Well, I understand, just like you said.” He affirmed, gently tucking her hair behind her ear. “And I’m not going anywhere. You told Fujita-san you wanted to stay with me, right? Well, you get to come stay with me and my mom for a little bit. How about that?”

“R-Really, Mr. Deku?” She asked, her eyes wide and shining with newfound hope. “I get to stay with you? You’re sure?”

“I’m positive, Eri. You can stay as long as you like.”

She buried her head under his chin, hugging him tightly again, and Izuku felt more at home than he had in a long time. Things were falling into place better than he thought they could. Maybe… Maybe his expulsion from U.A had been a blessing in

disguise.}

"That's so not cute." Toga pouts.

Dabi rolls his eyes "Whatever, go get some drinks blood bag."

"Who do you think the kid is going to roast in the next chapter?" Twice asks "**Not that it matters.**"

"That explosive brat I bet." Shigaraki huffs.

Now Playing

Chapter End Notes

Rouge's Gallery

With Confidence Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Bakugo gets roasted

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Now Playing

With Confidence

The Bully

“Called it.”Shigaraki remarks.

{It was an open secret that Midoriya ate his lunch in an empty classroom on the second floor, which is exactly where Bakugou and his two cronies found him.

“Oi, Deku.” Bakugou snarled as he slammed a hand onto Midoriya’s desk, causing his lunchbox to fall. Rice and vegetable spilled to the floor, along with an ice pack and an unopened carton of milk. “What the hell was that this morning? Since when the hell did you have a backbone?”}

"I already hate this." Bakugo groans.

{Midoriya finished chewing before he spoke.

“You owe me a new lunch. I’d demand yours but I know how spicy your curry is. Just give me some money and we’ll call it even.” he said with the click of his tongue, ignoring the questions aimed at him.

Smoke began to rise from Bakugou’s clenched fist the two behind him began to laugh.

“Oh wow! I never knew you were such a comedian, Mido.” Daichi said as he extended a finger to poke Midoriya’s cheek. “All throughout our childhood you were just a big crybaby.”

Midoriya caught the finger and squeezed.

“Hey - ow! Stop, that hurts!” Daichi yelped as he pulled his finger back.}

"I knew it." Izuku huffed.

{“I wondered if the bone density in your fingers was greater than most. Guess not. Touch me again and I will break your fingers.” Midoriya told him before turning to the other. “What about you, Eiko? Is there something you’d like to say to me?”

“I - no!”}

"Good." Todoroki deadpans.

{“Then why are you guys bothering me? We’re not friends and I don’t want to be associated with petty thieves.” Midoriya said as he opened up his notebook.

Bakugou snatched it off the desk, glaring.

“Who are you calling a thief?”

Midoriya scowled right back.

“Them because they've been banned from all the local arcades for it and you for taking my notebook. Give it back.”}

"Those were your friends?" Kirishima asked with a wince.

"Not friends." Bakugo denied.

{Bakugou smirked. “Sure thing, Deku. Here.” he let off an explosion and tossed the burnt book onto the desk. “Everyone else might be wetting their pants about what you said this morning, but I’m not. I’m the best and I have the strongest quirk in this whole school. Getting into UA will be easy! So I’m going to tell you one last time: give up. A quirkless nobody like you has no right to even think about competing with me. You’re a pebble on my road to greatness - not even worth glancing at.”}

"Then why are you there!?" Dabi snarks.

{Midoriya looked at his notebook. Then to Bakugou. Then, he let out an annoyed groan and ran a hand through messy hair.

“Bakugou, why are you so obsessed with me? It’s becoming uncomfortable.”

Tiny explosions were set off.

“What?! I’m not obsessed with you! I don’t care what you do with your shitty life. You’re not even competition for me.” he shrieked.}

"Once again, *why are you there!?*" Shigaraki growls.

{“If that was true, then you wouldn’t be trying to stop me from applying to UA.” Midoriya shot back.

“He kinda has a point.” Daichi said softly, still rubbing his finger.

“Shut up, extra!”

“If I’m not competition then you shouldn’t have to worry about me passing the entrance exam.” Midoriya was shaking out his notebook, frowning as ashes fell to meet his lost bento. “If I’m a pebble then stop looking at me. Worry about yourself, leave me alone, and stay out of my business.” he took his phone out and proceeded to ignore them.}

"Just walk away." Bakugo sighs.

"Wishful thinking?" Ashido pats his back.

{Bakugou’s rage meter hit the limit. He looked like he was on the verge of screaming before a thought crossed his mind. He gave Midoriya a vicious grin.

“You’re all talk. I’ve known you your whole life and this act of yours is pathetic. I’ll admit your creepy notes might help you a little, but they won’t get you into UA. Do everyone a favor and take a swan dive off the roof. Maybe you’ll get a quirk in your next life.”}

"Oh this is *not* the time to say that!" Izuku reacts.

{“Dude!” Eiko exclaimed looking around. “If a teacher heard you say that . . .”

Bakugou didn’t reply, he was busy looking at Midoriya, waiting for the hurt to fill up those green eyes, waiting for the tears and muffled sobs.}

"That's not what's going to happen." Izuku winces.

{Midoriya looked back, eyes dry. Not a hint of pain in them. After a pause, he spoke.

“Ok.”}

A beat.

"What!"
"Excuse!"
"The fuck!"
"Hell no!"
"That's not funny!"

{The other three sputtered.

“What?!” Bakugou screamed. “Are you crazy?”

“Oh god, we are going to be in so much trouble.” Eiko moaned.

“Like hell we are! Let’s get out of here.” Daichi yelped as they took off down the hall, leaving Bakugou to fend for himself.}

"First smart thing they've done so far." Jiro scowls.

{Midoriya began to move, talking as he packed up his things and began cleaning up the mess on the floor.

“It’s perfect, really. I die a short and painless death, Aldera gets scrutinized and fined for having a quirkless student commit suicide,” he looked at Bakugou and grinned.

“And you lose your chance at becoming a hero. I’ll even make sure to leave *this* with my suicide note, in which you will be mentioned many times.”

Like this morning, a voice came out of Midoriya’s phone.

“Take a swan dive off the roof!”}

"Oh, fuck." Bakugo whispers taking glances at Midoriya.

{Bakugou stiffened at hearing his own voice. He wasn’t an idiot; he knew that at this moment, Midoriya was holding his future in his hands. Not even the principal could help him out of this one.

“I’ll make sure your mom will be first to hear it so she can realize what an awful person you’ve become. I’ll make sure she forces you to look my mom in the eye as you tell her every awful little thing you’ve done to me. Even the things you don't remember. I'll write them all down for you as one last favor.”}

Bakugo makes a concerning sound that worries his friends.

{Bakugou felt an ample amount of sweat gathering in his palms and, for once, it wasn’t from anger. “Don’t joke like that, Deku.”

“Then don’t tell me to kill myself!” Midoriya snapped back. “Actions have consequences, Kacchan - even for you. I have always thought you were amazing. Ever since we were kids, I knew you could become a great hero. But this? Mocking me every day, calling me worthless, destroying my things - what kind of hero do you think you are, acting like that? Because lately, lately. . .” Midoriya trailed off, looking dazed.

“Lately you’ve been nothing but a villain to me.”}

"He said it." Izuku whispers to himself.

{Bakugou choked a little, eyes widening, unable to believe that Midoriya Izuku had said such a thing.

And right to his face.

“I was being serious this morning when I said you need to care about those weaker than you if you want to be a real hero. People don’t look up to All Might just because he’s strong - they look up to him because he makes them feel safe. You. . . you don’t do that.”

Midoriya smiled and it was bitter.

“We’re not friends. I know that, and while I have been friendly toward you in the past, it is not because I wanted to be friends again. It’s because I have manners and I admire you. But when you got mad this morning, when everyone else joined in, I decided enough is enough. I don’t owe you anything except a few punches to the face for all the shit you’ve put me through.”}

"Agreed." Shinsou grins.

{Midoriya glanced at his hands. “I didn’t get to your quirk this

morning. I would just dump water on you or spray you with a fire extinguisher. There isn't a public building that doesn't have one so it'd be easy to find. If I really wanted to take you out permanently, I'd knock you unconscious and cut your hands off - or just kill you while you're knocked out. You do have a strong quirk but I wasn't joking - that's not enough, Kacchan. If you don't care about people - especially those weaker than you - then you have no right to call yourself a hero."}

"Write that down." Shigaraki commands.

"I am I am." Toga whines.

{It was more on instinct than intent, but Bakugou swung, fist already sizzling. Midoriya dodged, which wasn't unusual, but Bakugou was surprised when his arm was slammed onto the desk and his explosion died prematurely, covered in a suffocating cold.

Deku had smacked his ice pack on top of his hand.}

"Savage." Kaminari chuckles.

{"I told you I was done, Kacchan." he sounded sad. "Things will be changing around here. I'm not going to be some punching bag you can use when you're mad. Seriously, for your own sake, leave me alone. If you keep harassing me, I will send that voice recording to UA."

Midoriya let him go. Bakugou didn't move, still stunned that a fucking ice pack had killed off his attack.}

"Fair enough." Midnight smirks.

{Swaying a little, Midoriya walked towards the door, yellow backpack slung on one shoulder.

"Don't worry. A-about the suicide, I mean. I won't actually kill myself. I respect myself too much to listen to you and I wouldn't do such a mean thing to your mom or mine. I have better things to do. I have dreams and you're not taking them away from me. I'll see you later."}

"Thank goodness." Koda murmurs.

{The room was silent.

“Damn, Deku.” Bakugou muttered under his breath, throwing the ice pack on the floor. “What kind of quirk did you get hit with? Fuckin’ terrifying.” It had to be the influence of a quirk. People don’t change overnight like that and Bakugou did know Midoriya better than most. That's mostly why he stayed quiet during Deku's lecture. It had been entertaining to see all those extras get put in their place. Now that Deku did the same to him, it wasn't as funny.}

"I can imagine." Sato shivers.

{He had a lot to think about.

The rest of the school day went smoothly, though people walked softly around Midoriya - even the teachers had been warned after a very terse email was sent out, reminding everyone about a certain law. The rumors spread fast and Midoriya seemed content at being left alone, if not looking a tad sluggish. He nodded off in his last class but wasn’t scolded. A collective sigh of relief was heard when the final bell rang.}

"The quirk must be wearing off." Izuku mentions.

{The thing about Confidence Boost was that as it wore off, it was like coming down from an adrenaline rush. It could leave one feeling tired and irritable. A, So Tired And Done With Everything mood, if you will. Which sums up what Midoriya was feeling when he walked through a tunnel on his way home.}

"And cue the slime." Izuku sighs.

{Because he was more focused on trying to stay awake and not trip over his own feet, he was an easy target for a villain hiding right beneath the manhole cover he had passed. Before he could blink, he was wrapped in slime with a bulging eye looking directly into his.}

"You'll be okay. He'll be okay." Uraraka tells herself.

{“Don’t worry, I’m just going to be taking over your body for a lil’ bit. It’ll be painful for about 45 seconds - ow.”

Midoriya poked the sludge villain in the eye.}

Snort "That's one way to do it." Dabi remarks.

{“No.”

The villain yelped, letting him go and reforming a few feet away to recover.

“Don’t be stingy! It won’t take long - oof!”

Midoriya flung his backpack into the face of adversity. It seemed to work.

“No.” he repeated as the villain reformed, looking angry.}

"I like 'so done' Midoriya." Jiro mentions.

{“I’m going to enjoy suffocating you, you little -” the villain's words were cut off as a powerful force came up from the manhole. A gale of wind ripped through the tunnel and scattered the villain's body.

“DO NOT WORRY! I AM HERE!” All Might exclaimed with his signature smile. “Thank you for keeping him occupied, young man! I’m sorry you had to get involved - oh dear.” his smile turned into a nervous frown.

The air pressure from his punch had defeated the villain but it had also knocked the boy into a wall, causing him to pass out.}

"Not my finest moment." Yagi sighs.

{“No concussions, no concussions, please don’t have a concussion.” All Might whispered fervently under his breath as he worked quickly to collect the sludge villain and keep an eye on the boy at the same time, hoping he would wake up soon.

All Might couldn’t just leave him, but his time was running out.}

Izuku is laughing "I'm sorry just seeing him freak out right now is kinda funny."

Iida sighs "You're unconscious."

"I'm fine, I promise." He assures.

His friends look like they want to argue but the next chapter starts before they can.

Now Playing

Chapter End Notes

Rogue's Gallery

Going On Strike ch 5

Chapter Summary

So connecting the wrong dots!

Chapter Notes

{on screen}

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now Playing

Going On Strike

Chapter 5

{There's a soft, but reverberating clap that brings a hushed silence in its wake.

"Thank you Todoroki for starting us off. First I'd like to thank everyone for being here so we can figure out what happened to Deku to make him… you know—" Uraraka trails off. Though the meaning seems to get out fine, as some nod in grim understanding.}

"She can't even say it." Uraraka groans.

{"Yeah man, It's been kinda surreal seeing Mido-bro look so… I don't know— *cold*? A-and he's been avoiding everyone recently!" Kirishima's words tumble out of his mouth as if he doesn't really know how to articulate his feelings on the matter.

"Yes, I have noticed that too, Kirishima! Midoriya also seems to have been favoring spending his time with the new transfer student Shinsou!" Iida points out.}

"Why does that sound like he's blaming me?" Shinsou frowns.

"He better not be." Iida narrows his eyes at his other self.

{"I know some of us aren't in Midoriya's immediate friend group, but it's been quite disconcerting seeing him changing like this. I'd

like to help him in any way I can, so I suggest looking back to where we first started noticing changes?" suggested Momo.}

"Yeah Yoamomo, you're the smartest of us so you should figure it out before a lot of us!" Kaminari cheers.

{Everyone takes a moment to mull it over as Kyouka looks up from her lantern-gazing to look at Momo after feeling a little tap on her arm.

"Hey, are you alright? You've been staring at that lantern for quite a while" whispered Momo worriedly.

Kyouka ponders her words for a moment before giving a reassuring smile and nodding. Momo, one of her best friends, appears to silently sigh in relief. Seems she took the half-lie at face value.}

"I kind of feel bad that my other self is lying to you." Jiro comments apologetically.

"I'm more sorry any version of myself put you in such a position." Momo comforts.

{Like everyone in the room, and (Kyouka would bet good money) probably the entire class was worried about their resident sunshine child. Gone was the nervous and skittish demeanor—and in its place a determined toxicity that would bend to no one.}

"Terrifying." Dabi snarks.

{Kyouka always found it weird how fast Midoriya could *change* . Before, it'd happen in little bursts. Where the slightly erratic and fluttery heartbeat of someone clearly nervous would suddenly become as steady as an undisturbed pond. It was a little unnerving when she'd hear it, but it's not like it bothered her any.}

"You noticed that huh?" Midoriya turns to Jiro to hear her answer.

"Oh yeah, it's this weird mix of mortifying and comforting because you only seem to be calm when shit hits the fan." She agrees teasingly.

{Kyouka can confidently pinpoint the exact moment Midoriya decided enough was enough. That day, when he shattered that glass cup with his bare hand as her classmates talked about what

they thought about quirkless people. Honestly, she'd have never thought she'd hear such words come out of her classmate's mouths— and she was about to say so when her friend Momo joined in. For once in her life, Kyouka had no idea what to say.}

"Yes, the dangers of being a simp." Ashido nods to herself in false wisdom. Sero and Kaminari snickered at her words.

{Since then It's been eating her alive. Like a sickness that ate away at you from the inside out. A constant itch under your skin that whispered "You should've said something. You *need* to say something". But at the same time, she didn't want to argue with Momo about it. She'd had to drop too many friends in the past for that, she didn't want to lose Momo too.}

"Never hold back with me, I've been sheltered far too long." Momo commands. "I'm counting on you to teach me." She said a bit more softly.

{But at the end of the day, Kyouka felt as if she'd lost a chunk of herself. She'd heard it before— "quirkless people are nothing but used pieces of gum uselessly sticking to a society that didn't need them anymore". She's heard every variety of that below the sun. She's heard it said in pity, disgust, and disdain. She's heard "they're underdeveloped" and "they can't even be considered human" more times than she can count. And she's Jirou fucking Kyouka, the one that overhears everything, so she's heard a lot.}

"That's a sensory quirk for ya." Monoma scoffs.

{Her cousin is quirkless, after all.}

"Oh shit, that's a plot twist!" Jiro barks out a disbelieving laugh. The rest of the theater clue into her hint.

{So, Kyouka did what she did best. She listened in on everyone in this room, trying to "figure out" the quite frankly obvious answer to their questions. It's almost scary how blind someone can be— terrifying actually. Sometimes Kyouka herself is kept up at night just thinking about how blind *she* could be while simply not knowing about it. But, as it was, she's got the 20/20 vision of hindsight on her side.

'I'm just too fucking cowardly to use it' Kyouka thinks as she clenches her jaw.}

"Admitting it internally is better than most of us are doing." Todoroki comments.

{Her jaw hurts.

"Do you maybe think it's a quirk?" Uraraka mumbles, more to herself than anything.}

"The opposite actually." Kaminari quips.

{"Oh yeah! That could explain—"

"I don't think so kero, it would have worn off by now if it was" Tsuyu cuts Kirishima off.}

"At least one of these kids can is basic logic." Aizawa remarks.

"Do you have to be so mean?" Mic whines.

{Her jaw *burns*.

"In fact kero, I think he might be mad at us." Tsuyu bluntly states sadly.}

"She's catching on!" Mei cheers from her blueprint corner.

{Kyouka's breath catches. *'Could she know too—'*

"Interesting theory, but I don't believe that is the case" Todoroki suddenly states with all the resolve of someone who knows they've figured it out. With that, Todoroki rises from his seat and begins to pace around the room.}

"Todoroki." Izuku groans in slight annoyance.

{"For anyone who knew, at the beginning of this school year I had never used my fire once" Todoroki ignited a small flame and let it flicker in the palm of his hand.}

"Todoroki." Izuku warns.

{Once he gets a round of confused nods he continues.

"That is until Midoriya basically threw the match in the sports festival at my face and forced me to use it"}

"Yes but why?" Shinsou drops the question at seeing the boys wince.

{“But what most of you probably don’t know is the reason why. And I’m here to tell you…” Todoroki pauses for dramatic effect, heterochromatic eyes glinting from the flame.

“Midoriya is acting the way he is right now for the exact same reason as I had for not using my flames”}

"Yes, but also no." Midoriya sighs as Shouto pinched the bridge of his nose.

{A heavy silence falls over the group.

Kyouka tries not to let the incredulous face she wants to make show through her facial expressions.

‘Are you fucking serious right now? ’}

"Unfortunately." Todoroki grumbles.

{“Yes, I’m being very serious when I say it’s as bad as it could be.” Todoroki says solemnly, completely unaware of Kyouka’s internal crisis.}

"Todoroki please just stop." Izuku whines.

{“W-well what do we have to do to help him?!” Uraraka and Kirishima shout in unison, desperate for answers.

“The answer is simple, we re-enact the sports festival, just in a completely different setting. I will personally volunteer as Midoriya’s challenger, and I will fight him until he has no choice but to use his quirk again.” Todoroki lets the flame flicker out, leaving the lantern as their only light source once again.}

"You will do no such thing!" Eraser scolds toward the screen.

{"He saved me that day, and I don’t plan on leaving him behind when I could help.” Todoroki states with finality to his tone. Everyone else in the room seems to be thoroughly persuaded and ready to give their aid in this new plan.}

"I'm not the one who needs help." Midoriya throws his hands up in exasperation.

{*‘Shit, this is dangerous. He connected all the wrong dots… Fuck ’* Kyouka abruptly shoots up, startling Momo.

“Sorry guys, I forgot I had something I needed to do right about now” Kyouka hurriedly spits out, forcing out a horribly strained awkward laugh before hurrying out of the common room and up to her dorm.}

"Smooth Jiro." Kaminari teases earning himself a middle finger.

{Everyone watches her swiftly receding back with puzzled expressions, while Momo just looks plain worried.

‘Fuck fuck fuck fuck FUCK’ Kyouka internally chants as she speeds walks up the stairs. This was bad, like *really* fucking bad. She might not be the closest with Midoriya or even count as a friend, but she’d be damned if she didn’t do *something* here.}

"It is the hero thing to do." Hagakure shrugs.

{As Kyouka speed walks through the halls, she glances down at her phone to see what time it was.

‘12:06 AM, damn it’s late, why was the meeting this late again?’}

"Problem Children." Aizawa groans.

{Just as Kyouka begins to accept this might have to wait for tomorrow she looks up and hears light muttering from Midoriya’s room. Looking over at the dorm room she noticed there was the soft light of what might be from a computer screen leaking out from the gaps in the door.}

"Lucky her, I'm doing a late-night research drive." Izuku comments.

"Midoriya you shouldn't do this often." Iida remarks a little disappointed. "Or at least not school nights."

"I can only try." Izuku agrees.

{Taking a moment to organize her thoughts and take a much-needed deep breath, Kyouka silently steels her resolve as she slowly walks over to the door.

Lifting her hand, she knocks—

Once

twice

After waiting a few agonizing seconds the door finally opens. Midoriya doesn't look annoyed like Kyouka had feared and instead he just looks surprised and vaguely confused.}

"It's after midnight the little shit's allowed." Dabi snarks.

{"Oh, hey Jirou— do… do you need something...?" Midoriya asks, clearly trying his hardest to stifle a yawn.

"Yes, I apologize for coming so late— but I've got something important I need to talk to you about," Jirou says upfront.}

"That's an understatement." Ojiro comments

{Midoriya just blinks at her for a second before opening his door wider to make room for Jirou to come in.

Midoriya's room is the same all-might-filled room that she remembers from the dorm room contest thing, but his desk is a mess of random papers and notebooks. It kinda looked like a bookshelf exploded on his desk. The computer on his desk was also on, proving her earlier theory.}

"Refining plans." Izuku murmurs.

{Walking over to his desk chair he takes a seat, gesturing for Jirou to sit on the bed. She obliges.

"What did you want to talk about?"}

"**So** much." Jiro groans.

{Kyouka didn't expect many things to happen after she'd told Midoriya.

But what she was not prepared for was to have Midoriya burst out laughing.}

"I'm probably the one he's laughing at." Todoroki sighs; no one argued with him.

{"HA! Holy shit— does he really fucking think that? Oh my god, that's *too* funny—" He continues on trying to suppress the giggles and laughs that threaten the bubble out more. He's failing.}

"At least the nerd's having fun." Bakugo grumbles.

{It takes a couple of minutes, but Midoriya is finally able to compose himself enough to continue the conversation.}

"Somehow." Shinsou drawls.

{"Sorry— sorry, you probably don't know what Todoroki is talking about— Basically it has something to do with Todoroki believing I'm All Might's secret love child and that's all you need to know." }

"Which is, once again, *not* the case." Izuku immediately informs.

"In this world." Todoroki and Headcase retort in unison. Todoroki turns to Headcase with a gleam in his eye and Midoriya does the same with a glare.

{Kyouka couldn't stop the incredulous laugh that she abruptly barked out.

"Damn— I knew Todoroki was a conspiracy theorist, but *seriously*?! Though, I suppose I can see where he *might* come to that conclusion…" Kyouka lightly teases.}

"Oh, don't *you* start." Midoriya scolds, pointedly ignoring the giggles in the crowd.

{Midoriya shoots her a playful glare.

"If you want the full story I'd suggest asking Todoroki, but something tells me this isn't the only reason why you came?" Midoriya asks with a raised eyebrow. *Was she really that transparent?*}

"To him maybe." Sato comments.

{"Heh— yeah… was I really that obvious?" Kyouka asks an almost subdued air floats around her.

Midoriya doesn't respond, just keeping himself open for listening.

Kyouka sighs.

“I didn’t go to this meeting to find out why you were acting this way. I *think* I already know. I just wanted to see what everyone else thought…” Kyouka starts, glancing up to see Midoriya sporting an impassive face.}

"Not the easiest thing for me." Izuku mumbles.

{“And— well— I just thought that maybe if someone else came to the same conclusions that I did, I would be able to talk to my best friend Momo about it… but I was wrong.”}

"I'm sorry." Momo says solemnly.

{“It’s about what everyone said right? That day you broke your glass. That day when everyone was talking about quirkless people. Honestly, It surprised and sickened me at the exact same time and I wanted to say something! But…” Kyouka doesn’t look up at Midoriya. Kept her gaze firmly on her lap.

“But I faltered. Momo had joined them and I— for once I didn’t know what to say.”}

"The one time Jiro doesn't say something." Kaminari sighs.

{“I should have spoken out, I know that… But, in that moment I —” She gets cut off by the hand being raised in her peripheral. A gentle and kind hand lands on her shoulder, grounding her.

“It’s *okay* Jirou. The fact that you’re here right now and talking about it is proof enough that you *know* what they said was wrong and are trying to help fix it, if only subtly.” Midoriya reassures.

“I for one didn’t exactly say anything either, but like you, I’m trying to fix it the long way around. I’m not using my quirk for a reason you know.”}

"Oh, 'Going On Strike', I get it." Mineta realizes.

{Kyouka looks up, Midoriya’s eyes are soft and full of silent understanding.

Kyouka’s eyes widened with sudden understanding.

“As for my “new attitude”, I think that wonderful song I sang explains how I’m feeling pretty well. I don’t want to worry about appeasing people who don’t seem to give much of a shit about the

people around them anymore. I've done that my whole life, I'm kind of tired of it." Midoriya explains.}

"We've put up with a lot of bullshit." Shinsou huffs.

{"And I'm aware most of them probably don't mean anything by it, but it's not something I want to let stick around. I made that mistake with Bakugou, and—" Midoriya suddenly cuts himself off, seemingly thinking about his reply before shaking his head.}

"And what!?" Bakugo smalls defensively.

{"Doesn't matter. The point is I'm trying to let myself go a little, you know?" leaning back in his chair, Midoriya puts his hands behind his head to support his head.

"Makes sense. Honestly, it's almost kind of nice seeing you like this. It feels less… I don't know— fake?" Kyouka replies, falling into the easy conversation.}

"Yeah, there's always been at least a little bit of a mask there." Jiro agrees with her on-screen self.

{Midoriya lets out a little chuckle at that. "You think so?"

Kyouka smirks. "Totally. And by the way, what are you going to do about Todoroki and his "master plan"?"}

Todoroki scowls at the screen.

{Midoriya's eyes glint that toxic green that very clearly screams mischief and excitement.

"You'll see"}

"Ominous." Ochaco chuckles.

Headcase starts shutting down the screen and unlocks the dorms. "Alright, goodnight, see you in the morning."

After a good night's sleep and a good meal the crowd settles in for another day of mistakes and consequences.

Now Playing

Chapter End Notes

https://discord.gg/arrQ8Eu2xK

Solidarity pt2 ch3

Now Playing

no stability (without solidarity)

like a breath of fresh air

{Izuku straightened his uniform with a smile. The grey polo and slacks didn't look half bad on him now that he looked at it. Eri stood in the doorway excitedly, practically bouncing up and down with joy. He laughed and leaned down to give her head a pat and she beamed a smile at him.}

"She's so cute!" Hagakure squeals.

{"Somebody's excited!" Izuku laughed. Eri nodded, still energetic. She was wearing her own little version of the Ketsubutsu uniform, tailored specifically for her. She had on a backpack, yellow to match Izuku's, which warmed his heart and almost made him cry the first time he saw her with it.}

"I'm gonna have cavities by the time this is over." Shinsou drawls.

{"Yeah! I get to go to school with Deku-Nii!" She said, bouncing on her feet. Eri had quickly been taken into the Midoriya family, with Inko insisting she'd be fostered and adopted as soon as she could get the paperwork drawn up. All it took was one look at how Eri fell asleep next to him and Inko was crying about being a grandmother, which made Izuku turn red. She reassured him later she was joking about the grandmother part, but it was heartwarming for her anyways.}

Katsuki snorts "Sounds like Auntie."

{Eri had also taken to calling Izuku 'Deku-nii,' stating that he was like her big brother now that she got to stay with him. Izuku had promptly burst into tears again when she said that. And Ketsubutsu, after being informed of her situation, agreed to take her on and help her continue catching her up to other kids her age. Eri was behind, as she didn't know how to read or write when she first came to stay with U.A.… But she was smart and learning fast.}

"*That's* what you meant about writing lesson." Ururaka smiles at her friend.

{So now, Eri got to wear her own little uniform with a long skirt, just how she liked it. Inko had braided her hair, and she was wearing green clips in it. She looked like a little Deku fan, and his mom had taken a dozen pictures of them together.}

"Tell me we can keep screenshots." Midnight begs Headcase, who chuckles as she promises.

"Alright, can you tell me the rules for when we go to school together again?" Izuku asked gently. He and his mom had come up with a simple list to follow, that way she would feel more safe in a new environment. Eri nodded firmly.}

"So cute."

{"Make sure I hold your hand the whole way there and back!" She said. Izuku nodded and she continued. "When we're at school, make sure to stay with you or somebody from your class unless a teacher calls me!"}

"A good start." Aizawa comments.

{"Very good, what else?" Inko smiled.

"If somebody does something bad or I get scared, come find Deku-Nii!" She said. Izuku and Inko nodded. "And make sure to be good in school!"}

"She's so sweet." Ashido gushes.

{"Nice, Eri!" Izuku smiled and spun her around a little bit. She giggled excitedly and they made their way out to the front door.

"You two be safe now, okay? I love you!" Inko smiled and waved as they made their way out of the Midoriya apartment. Eri waved back enthusiastically, while Izuku stuck with just a casual wave. "Don't get into trouble! Don't go looking for it either!"}

"Hey!" Izuku exclaimed, insulted.

{"We'll be fine, Mom! I love you!" He laughed.

"Bye, Ms. Midoriya! I'll keep Deku-nii safe!" She said seriously, puffing out her cheeks as if to intimidate away any potential

threats. Inko laughed and wiped at her eyes. Izuku just carefully held Eri's hand all the way downstairs and to the end of the apartment complex, where they saw Bakugou waiting for them. He was in the Ketsubutsu uniform too.}

"Walking to school together is so manly." Kristina claims.

{"C'mon, nerd, we're gonna be late for our train. The class wanted to go in together for the first day, but I told 'em you were probably too busy to read your phone." He grumbled. Izuku fished his phone from his pocket to discover that, indeed, it had blown up with text messages. He just grinned sheepishly and laughed a little.}

"Called out!" Ochaco teases.

{"Yeah, I was pretty nervous this morning. Thanks for walking with me, Kacchan." He said, and Bakugou just huffed and rolled his eyes.

"Hey, Kacchan?" Eri asked curiously, and Bakugou coughed in surprise before turning around to stare at her, dumbfounded.}

Bakugo shouts out "What are you teaching her nerd!?"

{"Wh - Did you teach her that, nerd?!" He asked, and Izuku shook his head, stifling a laugh.}

"I-I didn't teach her that!" Izuku defends.

{"N-No, I swear! Eri, 'Kacchan' is my nickname for him. His name is Bakugou, Bakugou Katsuki." He explained. Eri just smiled and nodded.

"Well, I like Kacchan!" She said, completely glossing over the talk about his name. "Why do you look so angry all the time, Kacchan?"}

pfft
"This little girl."
"I love her."

{Bakugou just grumbled something about there being 'two nerds' and ran a hand through his hair before sighing. "I don't know, kid, why do you have red eyes?"

"Um… because I do?" She said, tilting her head in confusion. "Is your quirk angry face? Is that why you look like that?"}

"Ha!"
Snort
"I can't!"

{Izuku was barely restraining laughter, and Bakugou just yelled at him. It was a normal sort of interaction, and he felt like life was finally getting back to where it should be.}

"Yeah, it is!" Ashido cheers.

{Ketsubutsu was smaller than U.A. by quite a lot. It resembled more of a traditional high school campus, with some extra facilities added to it. Izuku remembered somebody mentioning Ketsubutsu did a lot of their field training exercises off-campus at other locations. Izuku wouldn't mind that, honestly; it would be good to get a different perspective on things.}

"I know we plan to host Shiketsu, but do we plan to have them host us later on?" Aizawa asks their Principal.

"I'll work on that." Nedzu assures.

{"Ah, Bakugou, Midoriya, Eri! You're all here!" Yaoyorozu called, getting their attention. All of 1-A were already there, waving and calling out to them. Izuku smiled and waved, and Eri waved as well. Bakugou, being himself, just shoved his hands in his pockets and walked forward wordlessly. Once everyone was together, Izuku hefted Eri up so she could sit on his shoulders.}

"I know this was the plan but part of me thought we might still end up split up." Shinsou remarks.

Izuku hums "The other shoe."

"Yeah."

{"Well, everyone!" Iida got the class' attention. "We're here at our new school. We're meeting early because I wanted to say that as Class Rep… or, well, former Class Rep I should say, I wanted to say that I'm proud of everyone for banding together. I know Midoriya already thanked you all, but I wanted to say it too. I've never been prouder to call you all my classmates."}

“Aww, Iida.”
“Dude.”
“You’re gonna make me cry.”

{“Aww, Iida-kun!” Uraraka said, clutching where her heart would be. “I’m gonna get diabetes! That was so sweet! And don’t worry, we still want you as our class rep, right guys?”}

“Iida, Iida, Iida!”
“Always!”
“Rep, Rep, Rep!”

{Everyone gave a shout of agreement, and Iida looked a little misty-eyed.

“W-Well, thank you!” He said, adjusting his glasses to discreetly wipe at his eyes, “So then as your Rep, I say let’s make a good impression here at our new school! And if you have any problems with the teachers, please let me or Yaoyorozu-san know! We’ll be happy to discuss it with them on your behalf if you’re uncomfortable.”}

“Have I offered to do that?” Iida asks.

“Not that I remember.” Izuku tells him.

“Well…” Iida starts.

“We know, kero,” Tsu interrupts him “the other you just said it.”

{“Iida, you’re the coolest! So manly!” Kirishima grinned. “Like he said, let’s show Ketsubutsu what we’re all about!”}

”Yeah!”

{The class moved as a group, going inside the school quietly. Eri had to come back down from his shoulders and she pouted a little at that but accepted it once she could hold his hand again. The school was indeed similar to a normal high school on the inside, though, like U.A., there were all sorts of adjustments made for those with varying quirks or those who needed different accommodations, like bigger doors or ramps or all manner of things.}

“A lack of accommodations in this day and age would just be embarrassing.” Momo remarks.

“And yet...” Jiro sighs.

{“Hello, hello! You all must be our new class!” A friendly voice called to them. They turned to see a woman in a pinstripe suit walking towards them. She had reddish-blonde hair in a pixie cut and she looked very professional. “I’m Tojo Akari, principal of Ketsubutsu. It’s a pleasure to have you all here, and I’ll show you to your classroom!”

“A pleasure to meet you as well, Mrs. Tojo.” Yaoyorozu gave her a small bow. “We look forward to learning here, thank you for taking us all on at once.”

“Of course!” Tojo nodded a genuine smile on her face. “Now, Hatsume-san, your classroom will be elsewhere seeing as you’re in the support course, so I’ll show you there after I take them to theirs, but please follow along. And it’s good to have you in the hero course, Shinsou-san, I was impressed by your display at the sports festival.”}

“Still not used to compliments.” Shinsou grumbles quietly.

Izuku snorts “Same.”

{“What about me, Mrs. Tojo?” Eri spoke up, raising her hand. Tojo looked like she was about to combust from Eri’s cuteness - a feeling Izuku knew well.}

“She is deadly cute.” Ashido nods.

{“And you must be Eri-chan! Well, for today, I’m going to have you stay with everyone, and after school, your big brother here will take you to my office so we can see what you know. And then we’ll get you schoolwork just for you! And you can work on it in class with everyone else. How does that sound? Good?” Tojo asked with a warm smile. Eri nodded shyly, ducking behind Izuku’s leg for safety. She smiled and nodded and gestured for everyone to follow her.}

“She’s rather good with children.” Yagi comments.

{The class walked through the halls, students still milling about before class. They all looked and whispered, probably having heard about an entirely new first-year class being added to Ketsubutsu’s hero course. They kept their gazes straight ahead, however, ignoring the whispers around them as they followed the

principal to their new class.}

“It all started with a whisper.” Tokoyami remarks.

{Eventually, they came to a room on the far end of the school, quiet and out of the way. She opened the door and let them in.

“You all can choose your seating layout for now, your homeroom teacher will adjust it later if need be. Sorry for the location, this was the only free classroom we have right now. If you have any questions, please let me know, but your homeroom teacher will be here shortly. There’s also a smaller desk in the back for Eri-chan, you can put it where she’s comfortable.” Tojo explained. Nobody seemed to have any questions, however, so she nodded.}

“Wanna bet we stick to our old seats.” Kaminari teases.

“Dude, with all these changes what else would we do.” Sero chides playfully.

{“Alright then, welcome to Ketsubutsu! You all are officially our first-year hero course class 1-C, it’s wonderful to have you! Come find me if you need anything.” Tojo bowed and left the room. Everyone assumed the seating arrangement they had before, a familiar layout that made things easier. It would be weird getting used to another arrangement in the middle of the year for no reason. Izuku moved Eri’s desk next to his own on her insistence, and everything seemed right with the world for the time being.}

“Ugh, can we get to some action?” Dabi groans.

“Stop complaining.” Shigaraki grouches.

“Yeah, Dabi, just enjoy the show.” Toga scolds.

“Maybe if something actually happened.” Dabi continues to grumble.

{“Who do you think our teacher’s gonna be?” Hagakure asked curiously, though an undercurrent of nervousness was in her tone.}

“Understandable.” Mic comments.

{“I don’t know… I don’t want to have to go through another quirk assessment test, though… they might have even higher standards than Aizawa-sensei.” Jiro muttered. That thought sent

shivers down their spines; after the investigation, they knew his threat of expulsion hadn't been fake after all. They had all just barely managed to impress him enough to stay…}

Aizawa grimaces at that.

{"Ah, sorry I'm late!" A feminine voice shouted as the door opened to reveal… Ms. Joke? "I'm your homeroom teacher, everybody! It's good to see you all again!"

"Ms. Joke!" Izuku had to resist the urge to go for a pencil and paper. He'd… well, toned down the analysis since his expulsion from U.A. He decided not to write about his teachers at all, and only ever wrote about his classmates these days.}

Nedzu's fur puffs a bit as he bares his teeth at the screen.

{"That's my name, don't wear it out!" She laughed a little and set down a haphazard stack of papers on her desk. "Please forgive me, this is my first time being a homeroom teacher. I'll be learning a few things with you all, but I hope you can all come to rely on me! For those that don't know, I'm Fukukado Emi or Ms. Joke!"}

"Appreciate the honesty." Ojirou remarks.

{"Nice to meet you, Fukukado-sensei!" Mina smiled at her.

"Well, I have a few things prepared for our first day together, so we'll just jump right into things. To start, can you all introduce yourselves? And please let me know who your Class Reps were, and if you'd like to remain in those positions." Ms. Joke explained. "Let's start on this side and work our way back."}

"Ah, the spotlight." Aoyama sparkles.

{Aoyama introduced himself first and then went down the rest of the class all the way to Shinsou, who was in the back by himself. Ms. Joke had a hand to her chin in thought at that, thinking of a way to rearrange the desks to be more even later. Eri introduced herself as well, though she was a little shier about it and looked upset to not have a last name to give.

"I'm Eri," she said, "But I hope to be, um, Midoriya Eri!"}

"It is taking all my self-control to not squeal right now!" Ashido

claims.

“That’s a first.” Bakugo snarks.

“Hey!”

{Izuku almost started crying again, but Eri’s hand holding onto his kept him in check. He already cried too much this morning. He was turning into his mother… now he knew how she felt!}

“That moment you gain a newfound respect for your parents.” Tokage jokes.

{“Well, it’s nice to meet you all! So, our first item of the day is going to be a basic assessment.” The class tensed upon hearing that, and she blinked in surprise at that sort of reaction. “Er, it’s not going to be graded, this is just to give me an idea of where everyone stands so I can make individual lesson plans for each of you.”}

“Individual lesson plans?” Kaminari questions.

{“... Individual lesson plans?” Kaminari asked, almost nervous. “Like… extra hell classes?”

“Oh no, not hell classes…” Mina muttered, and Kirishima, Sato, and Sero looked a little nervous as well. They remembered Aizawa’s ‘lesson plans’ from summer camp and were not looking forward to doing something like that again. Ms. Joke just looked confused.}

“What did he do to those kids for them to act like that despite our attack?” Twice asks. *”Didn’t we put the fear of us into them?”*

{“Hell classes…? Uh, no, I mean lesson plans. What you need help with, what you’re good at so I don’t have to teach you again, that sort of thing. Everyone learns differently, and hero techniques are even more diverse. No two heroes have the exact same style, and I want to help foster your unique talents and quirks!” She said, smiling to ease the tension in the class.}

“They can do that?” Koda whispers.

{A murmur of surprise went through the class.

“So… we won’t be expelled if we do poorly? You’ll just… help

us?" Uraraka asked, in shock. Ms. Joke nodded, now more concerned than confused.}

Mic looks at Eraser. He waits for the man to shift uncomfortably "I told you so."

{"Did… Did Eraserhead just threaten to expel you whenever you did something wrong?" She asked, almost afraid to know the answer.

"Yeah, on the first day, he said he'd expel anybody without potential. And then we were always in danger of not having potential whenever we messed up…" Kirishima explained.

"Oh, dear." Ms. Joke sighed. "I knew he expelled students but… goodness. On the first day? No, nothing like that, I promise. You won't be expelled and there won't even be a ranking system. This is purely to see where you're at in your education."}

"Lucky." Monoma grumbles earning an elbow to the ribs.

{"Oh thank god." Izuku whined, putting his head in his hands. He'd been on the receiving end of Eraserhead's ire on the first day, and though he hadn't had the whole 'bone-breaking' issue in a while, it was still a particular fear of his. Especially since he'd only just uncovered *more* aspects of his quirk that he didn't know existed prior to their manifestation.}

"Wait what?" Izuku questions.

{"Right," she said, giving the class another worried glance, "If you'd all follow me to the gym, we'll get started."}

"Let's hope this goes better than the battle trials." Recovery Girl demands.

{Ms. Joke walked them through the exercises she wanted them to complete, and everyone lined up to go one at a time. She explained that the gym had basically been everything-proofed, so they didn't have to worry about damaging anything. The walls and equipment were made to take All Might levels of intensity. She was having them run through a sort of obstacle course to see what they struggled with regarding their quirks and then running them through scenarios they should have covered by that point in the year as a class.}

“I do wonder if this is the kind of systematic review we will be required to run through between years.” Momo comments.

“It should be.” Todoroki agrees.

{When they were done, they’d review and talk things through and ask questions as needed. All in all, it seemed like a very… basic and normal set of activities, with little pressure behind it. The lack of pressure almost made the class nervous in a different sort of way, like they were expecting one of Aizawa’s ‘logical ruses.’ But they changed into their hero costumes and got to work anyways.}

“Shota those kids look like they’re about to burn out.” Midnight points out frustrated.

“I’m hoping I was harsher in that world.” Aizawa mentions “If only so I haven’t driven my class into the ground.”

{One by one, the class ran the obstacle course and Ms. Joke made thorough notes on each of them. She even stopped a few of them to ask questions, some easy and some difficult.

“Hagakure, Yaoyorozu, can I speak to you both for a moment?” She waved them over after their tests. They approached a little nervously. “Your costumes, are you comfortable with them? And for yours, Hagakure, is your suit one of the DNA-infused ones?”}

“It is!” Hagakure cheered.

{“Um… DNA-infused suit?” Hagakure asked, tilting her head in confusion. “No? I’m not wearing a suit, ma’am. Just the boots and the gloves.”}

”WHAT!

{“Wait, wait, wait.” Ms. Joke pinched the bridge of her nose and let out a breath. “You’re saying U.A. approved your costume as just being *naked?”*

“Um… yes?”}

“That’s some bullshit!”
“How could that happen?”
“Why didn’t that happen in our world?”
“Who said that!?”

“Absolutely not!”

{“Okay, we’re fixing that immediately. There are DNA-infused suits that can be made for you so they should turn invisible with you. There’s absolutely no reason you should have to walk arouU.A.naked. And that’s saying nothing about the winter! You must be freezing! And Yaoyorozu, in a similar vein, are you comfortable showing that much skin? Did you design that yourself?” Ms. Joke asked, praying to everything that was holy she got a decent answer.

“Ah, no, I did not. The support company designed it given the specifications of my quirk.” She said gently. “To be honest, there are times I wish I could cover up more.”}

“Majima!” Eraser calls.

“On it!” PowerLoader replies.

“Me too.” Mei calls out.

{“Alright, we’re fixing that too. There are zippers for a reason. If you need more room to create, you can just unzip and zip at will as you need. No reason to always be showing skin if you don’t want to.” Ms. Joke sighed. “Jeez, no wonder U.A. got it so bad if they allowed this stuff… Er, sorry, you don’t need to hear me badmouthing your old school.”}

“No do go on.” Momo suggests.

Jiro snickers “The shade.”

{“It’s quite alright, ma’am.” Yaoyorozu said a pleased smile on her face. “We chose to come here after all, and you’re already being very accommodating. Thank you.”

“Yeah! I had no idea there were DNA-infused suits!” Hagakure said happily. “I can’t wait to get one of those! I’ll have Yaomomo help me design it!”}

“Aw.” Hagakure whines sad she can’t design a new costume with her friend.

“Do it anyway.” Ojirou suggests.

{“Alright, off you two go. That’s all I needed to ask you about.”

Ms. Joke shooed them off and back to the group. The tests continued, and then she called over another student.

"Midoriya! Can I speak to you next, please?" She asked, and the boy flinched but came over anyways. Ms. Joke frowned at that, but she supposed it was fair, given the situation he had just come from. "Right, just a couple of things. First, your quirk, in your file it said you only manifested it just before high school. Have you gotten quirk therapy for late bloomers?"}

"That's a thing?" Izuku questions.

"Hound Dog!" Aizawa calls out.

"On it." the hero agrees.

{"Um… no…" Izuku said, making himself smaller. "I kind of… figured everything out mostly on my own? My internship teacher helped a lot… but otherwise, everything's been mostly independent. I didn't, um, I didn't know there even *was* late bloomer quirk therapy at my age."}

"And now you do." Uraraka chirps earning a chuckle from her friend.

{"It's a mandatory requirement in hero schools, they should've offered it to you!" Ms. Joke sounded exasperated. "Sorry, I'm not bothered by you, kiddo. U.A. is just… *really* behind, and I think I'm just now finding that out. Alright. Is there anything you want to note about your quirk or your skills? Preferences, weaknesses, styles, that sort of thing?"}

Izuku leans forward.

{"Um… I use my legs mostly, these days. My right arm is - um - i-if I break it again, I might lose function in it." He said, picking at his scars and crooked fingers. "My left arm is a little better, but it's still on thin ice as well. And my quirk, um, recently manifested a few new aspects…?"}

"Which are...?" Izuku waves a hand to hurry his other self.

{"Alright, thanks for letting me know. What was your physical therapy like for your arms? That way I can make sure you stay on it." Ms. Joke explained.

"I… don't have any? Um, I tried not to go to Recovery Girl. She…

didn’t like me very much, I don’t think. She told me she wouldn’t heal me anymore, so…” Izuku said, rubbing at his elbow where it was beginning to ache from anxiety. The pain always flared when he was nervous.}

"Ex-fucking-cuse me?!" Uraraka asks.

"But she did!" Izuku shrieks. "She wouldn't... It was a joke."

"She even taught us some of the massages so we could help." Todoroki remarks.

{“She *what?!”* Ms. Joke yelled, startling everyone. Izuku flinched, and she immediately backed off. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you. I just - that’s illegal, not to mention absolutely awful! She shouldn’t be withholding medical care for any reason, it’s against the code of conduct for physicians!”}

"I don't think I'll be able to make that joke after this." Chiyo sighs.

{Izuku bit back the ‘tell that to quirkless people’ in the back of his throat.}

"I'm to have to go over his medical records..." Nedzu remarks "And contact his mother."

{“Alright, thank you for telling me. I’ll set you up with our school nurse, he’s a really nice man. He should be able to give you a physical therapy regimen that will help with your arms so you can hopefully get back to using them more frequently.” Ms. Joke shook her head in angry disbelief. How many times could U.A. just *fail* their students in every way, she wondered?}

"They're doing better here." Shoji comments "Or in our world."

{“Um, th-thanks, Fukukado-sensei… Is there… anything else?” Izuku asked meekly, eager to get the attention off of him. Ms. Joke nodded.

“Yes! I’d just like to see the manifested quirk aspects if you’re comfortable using them. If you aren’t, I’ll help tutor you to use them another time.” She said easily.}

Izuku leans forward again.

{“Um, there are two new ones… I call them, uh, Float and

Blackwhip. I think there may be more changes to it in the future, but I'm not sure…" He said awkwardly, not sure how to toe the line around talking about One for All. "I'll show you float, but Blackwhip is a little, um, volatile right now, I'm still learning it."}

Yagi puts a hand over his mouth hoping not to draw any attention.

{"Alright, I understand. Go ahead."

He showed her Float,}

Yagi felt tears run down his face as he saw a quirk he thought was dead and gone.

{_talked to her about a few more things, and eventually he was able to go back to stand with the rest of the class. She smiled once everyone was done and gathered them around, a pleased expression on her face.}

"This really is a different universe." Kaminari jokes. Bakugo shoves him out of his seat for it.

{"Alright! It seems like everyone has a really strong foundation! And I know that all of you have your provisional licenses, so that really goes to show just how hard you've worked! There are definitely some improvements to be made, but I think that can be saved for later when we're more meshed as a class and teacher! Do any of you have any questions?"

"Um… can we ask you for help with things we want to work on? Or things we're worried about?" Kaminari asked, and Ms. Joke nodded firmly.}

"At least he's doing something ." Jiro comments.

{"Of course, you can! Is there something on your mind?" She asked.

"Um… My quirk puts me in a shut-down mode when I use too much electricity, it basically fries my brain, my doctors said it wasn't good for me long-term but no quirk therapists could give me a real answer on how to avoid it… Well, Midoriya actually suggested a micro lightning-rod system for my clothes so the electricity will avoid my head! Can I, um, talk to somebody about putting it in my school uniform…?" He said sheepishly.}

"Dibs!" Mei cries out.

{“Of course! Absolutely, I’ll put the requisition in right after classes are over.” Ms. Joke smiled, and Kaminari looked stunned.

“Just like that? You don’t think I don’t need to work past it first, or…?”

“No! That’s your health and safety, it’s not something you just ‘work past.’ I wouldn’t dream of jeopardizing your health like that, kiddo.” She ruffled his hair, and Kaminari smiled so brightly it was like it lit up the room. “Does anybody else have any health or quirk concerns I should know about, while we’re on that topic?”}

"And now I have to take notes." Recovery Girl grumbles.

{“It’s not health, but my quirk makes everything really loud and it gets hard to focus when I can hear noises other people can’t… is it possible to requisition something to make things a little quieter but not silent?” Jirou asked, raising her hand.}

"Did we not already give her that?" Maxima asks.

"I can't remember." Aizawa thinks.

{“This is more of a concern, but… Can you please treat Dark Shadow like a person? Talk to them and not me? We were not a fan of Aizawa-sensei speaking to me as if Dark Shadow wasn’t there - they’re perfectly sentient and can think for themself.” Tokoyami explained, looking almost embarrassed to have said anything. “The class talks to them, but…”}

"We've never had that problem." Dark Shadow remarks, not noticing Eraserhead's relieved sigh.

{“Of course, I can! And that’ll go to you too, Dark Shadow, you can come to me with concerns or issues you have as well.” She said. Dark Shadow seemed pleased by that and nodded, retracting into Tokoyami’s body. “And Jirou, I’ll put in an order for muffling earplugs for you. Just send me a transcript of your hearing range so they can be adjusted to you specifically.”}

"That would be from the support course right?" Jiro asks.

"I would think so." Momo agrees.

{“You’re very helpful, Fukukado-sensei, kero.” Tsu spoke up, a rare smile on her face. “I never felt like I could go to Aizawa-sensei about these sorts of things, kero.”}

Aizawa flinches.

{“Oui, I agree!” Aoyama nodded. “You remind me of a mother, Fukukado-sensei!”

“Oh my!” Ms. Joke laughed, embarrassed, and her face red. “That’s nice of you to say, but these are just basic things a teacher should do for their students! If you’re having trouble you should always be comfortable with coming to me! I know it won’t be easy to ask me for help all the time, given your last teacher apparently… wasn’t very forthcoming… but I hope to earn your trust!”}

Again.

{Izuku smiled a little at that and was reminded of All Might and how he always accommodated the students when he could, or helped develop a training plan just for him when they first met. He thought maybe Ms. Joke wasn’t so bad, and maybe, just maybe, he’d be okay with having her as a teacher.}

Aizawa sighs questioning his every act.

{Yeah, he thought, things were looking up. It wasn’t perfect, and he didn’t fully trust her yet, but she showed more care than most teachers ever had before. It was a good start.

Izuku was just fine like this.}

"Whooh!"
"Congrats!"
"Wait to go, Ms. Joke!"
"What's next?"
"Hey wasn't Midoriya knocked out in the next one?"
"Dude, he totally was."
"Wonder who he's burning next."

Now Playing

With Confidence ch.5

Chapter Notes

{on screen}
{_paragraph break

Now Playing

With Confidence

The Idol

{This boy was not the first person Yagi had accidentally knocked out, but it had been a while since he had messed up this badly. So when the boy's eyelids began to flutter after only a few minutes of being still, Yagi silently thanked his lucky stars.}

"That's a part of heroics people don't talk about much." Thirteen mentions.

{"Thank goodness you're awake!" Yagi sighed, keeping up his grin as the boy blinked a few times before sitting up with a groan. "Are you alright?"}

Dabi snorts "Sure, he just got knocked out by All Might of all people, he's perfectly peachy."

{The boy clutched at his head and looked around in confusion before setting his gaze on Yagi. His eyes widened and his eyebrows went up in shock.

"Oh, my god. Y-you're, you're - am I dreaming?" he stuttered, pointing a shaking finger at Yagi. Being in his hero persona, Yagi was used to this reaction.}

"Oh, that's something I'm going to have to get used to isn't it?" Izuku asks no one in particular.

{"Your eyes do not deceive you, young man! I must thank you for helping me take down this villain." he held up the bottles he had trapped the villain in. "I apologize that I took so long. This isn't my usual patrol area so I got turned around - but that's no excuse for negligence!"}

“At least he’s taking responsibility.” Aizawa murmurs.

{The boy just stared at him. There was a small awkward silence and Yagi saw some sort of epiphany flash through green eyes.

“I was knocked out by All Might.” the boy whispered under his breath and Yagi withheld a wince.}

“Oh no.” Midoriya whispers voice filled with dread.

{“Yes, sometimes my attacks can be a bit-”

“ Awesome. ”}

“Pfft!”
“Oh my god!”
“Deku why!?”

{_ It was said with the same reverence and wonder Yagi had felt when he was offered One for All. He made an effort not to let any confusion show on his face. Perhaps the boy did have a concussion because that was not a normal reaction to getting knocked out by a hero's attack and - oh.

Oh. Seeing the grin spread across that freckled face, Yagi realized he was dealing with a true Fan Boy. Normally this type of person could be a bit difficult to deal with but this time he felt relief. No concussion, no hospital bill sent to his agency, and no one to yell at him for being careless.}

“I think he just jinxed himself.” Yagi mentions.

“If the pattern continues...” Torino agrees.

{“Wow! You even signed my notebook. Thank you!” the boy exclaimed as he stood up.}

“While he was unconscious?” Recovery Girl questions.

{“Of course! Anything for a fan! Now, I really must get going. Please continue to support me!” Yagi said, giving his fan one last grin and a thumbs-up. As he turned and began to gear up for a long-distance jump, he just barely heard over the wind-

“Wait, there’s something I need to ask you-”}

“Really?”

“And don’t know why I’m surprised.”
“Idiots the both of them.”

{Yagi landed on a roof a few seconds later with a little barnacle of a boy attached to his leg.

“Of all the reckless things! Child, I do not have time to talk with you. I am on patrol right now.” Yagi scolded as the boy let go. He turned away, heart racing because he felt his time was quickly running out, and despite how annoyed he was, he did not want to yell at the boy.}

“How much does he have left?” Todoroki asks “Lately he’s only...”

“Buffed up?” Shinsou suggests.

“Yes,” Todoroki agrees “He’s only buffed up a few seconds at a time.”

“About three hours back then?” Midoriya mentions.

“Oh, are we talking about it now?” Mei asks.

“Uh...”

“I’ll take that as a “not yet”

{“I know and I am sorry, but I will never get another chance to ask. Just answer one question and I will never bother you again.” the boy said, sounding strangely composed for someone who probably just discovered what a rollercoaster without seatbelts or a seat would feel like.}

“That’s one way to describe it I guess.” Kaminari chuckles.

{“I need to know - do you think a quirkless person can become a hero?”}

Both Yagi and Midoriya wince.

{Yagi turned around, surprised, and discreetly wiped at the dribble of blood that had welled up around the corner of his lip.

“Can a quirkless-”

Yagi never finished his sentence because One for All decided it was done for the day. Once the smoke cleared, his civilian form was in full view of a curious child.}

“Well, this is awkward.” Mic jokes.

{“Oh.” the boy blinked a few times but showed no other signs of surprise. “I wasn’t expecting that, but I guess that makes sense.”}

Bakugo snorts “This is so weird.”

{“What?” Yagi coughed up some blood and the boy gave him a handkerchief. How kind. If the boy hadn't just hitched a ride on Yagi's pant leg, causing this situation, he would have been touched by the thoughtfulness.}

“Yeah, can’t blame him for that.” Ojirou agrees.

{“Well, All Might is the most popular hero in Japan but no one sees him outside his patrol times. I thought you just ran really fast when you didn’t want to talk to people, but a second form makes more sense.” }

“Mental picture!” Ashido calls out.

{“Listen, you can’t tell anyone about this.” Yagi sighed as he sat down. He lifted his shirt, showed the boy his injury, and explained what was essentially a national secret to a middle schooler.}

“This’ll go well.” Jiro snickers.

{One that was apparently sassy enough to point that out.

“While I always appreciate context, maybe you shouldn’t have told me all that.” the boy said, sitting next to him. “You don’t even know my name. I have a lot of power over you now.”}

Shigaraki scoffs “If anyone would believe you.”

{But Yagi wasn’t number one for nothing. He looked the boy in the eyes and gave him a slightly evil smile.}

“Little shit mode engaged.” Kaminari jokes.

{*“ No one will ever believe you .”*}

“Hahaha!”
“He didn’t!”
“Our number one everybody!”

{The boy blinked once. Then he laughed. “Yeah, you got me there. No one would believe that All Might would say something like that to a complete stranger. Not even if I had a quirk.”}

“Way to kill the mood.” Monoma scoffs.

{That dampened Yagi’s mood a little.

“About that. You asked me if I think a quirkless person can be a hero. Truthfully, I don’t. Being a hero is a dangerous job *with* a quirk. Without one, it’s just a long, drawn-out suicide.}

“It is not.” Aizawa growls

{_ I’ve known so many people with amazing quirks that have died or had to go into early retirement because they faced a villain that was a bad matchup for their quirk. If you’re serious about helping people, try being a police officer. They get a bad rap with the public and it’s a bit of a thankless job but they help a lot of people.”}

“Thankless job?” Tsukauchi asks Yagi who raises his hands in defense.

{Yagi stood up, groaning as he stretched his shoulders and made his way toward the door.

“It’s not a bad thing to dream but be careful not to obscure the facts, kid.” Yagi said. He hated saying things like that, especially to someone who had probably faced a lot of prejudice in their young life. Yet, he also felt that this was a more painless way to break that dream than later on if the boy tried for a hero school. The public ridicule if it got out after he failed would be awful.}

Midoriya snort earning concerned looks from his friends.

{“Huh, so that’s what you think.” Yagi stopped short at the door and looked back. The boy looked disappointed but not heartbroken. Perhaps it didn’t mean as much to him as he had implied.}

Midoriya chuckles humorlessly.

{“Can I give you some advice, All Might? I know I asked for your opinion and you gave it to me, but next time a quirkless fan asks you a similar question to mine, you should lie. Or at the very least, reword it so that they’re left with some sort of hope.”}

Shigaraki leans forward.

{“I know what I said is harsh, but I cannot in good conscious give people false hope. What if they try? What if they fail?” Yagi asked.

“Oh, yes, keep digging.” Dabi grins.

{“And what if they succeed?!” the boy snapped back before sighing, running a hand through messy hair. “Look, it’s not about whether *you* actually believe a quirkless person can become a hero. In truth, we shouldn’t need anyone's approval or opinions about our dreams. But when you’re told your whole life that you're useless or that you’ll never accomplish anything - when nobody thinks you can do it. . .”}

“Oh, Deku.” Ochaco reaches to give his hand a squeeze receiving one in return.

{He gave Yagi a helpless smile.

“It’s nice to think that someone’s in your corner. That’s what I loved about you. Watching you on the screen - you are always smiling; like no matter how bad a situation is, you find some good somewhere in it. I admire your strength but that’s not why I look up to you.” his laugh was bitter and heartbroken like there were shards of glass in his throat. “You've said it so many times - ‘Anyone can be a hero if they try!’ -"}

Todoroki leans closer to Midoriya not sure how else to offer comfort.

{And Yagi remembers. Remembers that feeling of hopelessness. Remembers the doubt in people's eyes when he said he would be a hero. He remembers the laughter and gossip behind his back and the dismissive tones of his teachers. He remembers looking at Yuuei’s gates, wondering what god he would need to pray to, and what sacrifice he would need to make just to get that chance to step inside.}

“Wait was he...?” Shinsou starts cutting himself off at the uncomfortable look on Midoriya’s face.

Meanwhile...

“You were quirkless too.” Aizawa says it as a statement.

“I was.” Yagi agrees.

“You need to apologize.” Aizawa demands.

“For some things I have, I’m still working on the rest.”

{“My boy. . .”

“Earlier today, someone told me to jump off a roof and pray that I get a quirk in my next life.” the boy continued on and Yagi felt his jaw drop. He knew quirkless people had it worse than in his day, but for someone to say that! And for this boy to mention it so casually!}

“He did not tell me that.” Yagi says before Aizawa can snipe at him again.

{It broke his heart.

“Please don’t. Your life is worth something and quirks aren’t everything. You don’t need one to live a great life.” Yagi was quick to get out realizing, belatedly, they were on a rooftop. He didn’t know if he could transform in time if the boy jumped.}

“Oh look another nightmare to add to the list.” Kirishima says, earning concerned looks from his friends even Bakugo briefly glanced at him before pretending not to have heard it.

{The boy looked offended.

“I know that. It’s everyone else that seems to think that quirks define everything. Even you. Honestly, All Might, who tells someone to become a police officer like it’s some sort of consolation prize? Especially after describing it as a thankless job? What are you trying to say to me? That I deserve to be miserable because you don’t think I can become a hero? That’s pretty heartless.”}

Shigaraki cackles “This is glorious!”

{“No! I believe that the police do an admirable job. I think I would have applied if I hadn’t made it as a hero. In no way do I believe you deserve to suffer because you’re quirkless!”}

“I know that.” Midoriya whispers.

{“If I don’t deserve to suffer then why is everyone hellbent on

making sure that I do?" the boy asked as he began to pace. "All I want is a chance to prove myself. That's it. That's all I want. I'm not asking to be a special exception - *I don't want that* - I just want a chance to prove myself. Your solution wouldn't work either. The police wouldn't take me for the same reason you don't think I can be a hero." Yagi wanted to say that wasn't true but he realized the boy was probably right. "Well, I guess it's not fair of me to expect you to side with me. I get where you're coming from even if I don't agree."}

"What?"
"He does?"
"Why?"

{"You do?"

The boy stopped pacing and shrugged.

"We're strangers. I asked for your opinion and you gave it to me honestly. I guess I thought you'd be on my side because I've been cheering for you since I was a toddler." he smiled. "But you're human and me expecting you to just agree with me because I've watched you through a screen most of my life isn't right. I thought I knew you but I don't; I only know what you let the public see." the boy walked past Yagi and opened the door.}

"Ooh, that makes him sound so fake!" Himiko giggles.

{"I should take my own advice and stop listening to what everyone else thinks. Because at the end of the day. . . "

Yagi had never seen such determined and ruthless eyes. Paired with the smile on the boy's face it caused a shudder to go up his spine.

Just who was he looking at?

"At the end of the day, *you don't know me .*"

As the door slammed shut, an explosion went off in the distance.}

"Mike drop." Kaminari states dramatically.

"I just told off All Might." Midoriya whispers in horror.

Shinsou offers his sincerest condolences as he pats the boy on the

shoulder with a “there, there.” It earns him a smack to the hand and a scolding about patronizing people but the playful scowl that crosses Midoriya’s face made it worth it in his opinion.

Now Playing

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